SAIL

PICTURED BY
J. SPURLING
STORIED BY
BASIL LUBBOCK

VOLUME I

SAIL

VOL. I.

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Ship Argonaut, 1488 tons, built 1876,
with the square-rigged s.s. Mooltan, (P.&O.) built 1861.

SAIL

The Romance of the Clipper Ships

Pictured by J. SPURLING

Storied by BASIL LUBBOCK

Edited by F. A. HOOK, F.R.G.S.

With an Introduction by C. FOX SMITH

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TO

THE HONOURABLE COMPANY OF MASTER MARINERS.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THIS book, of which a third edition is now presented, does not claim to be a history of the clipper ships, although Mr. Lubbock's illuminating text sets out the salient points of the history and performances of typical vessels of the clipper ship era. One chief purpose has been adequately and handily to present a selection from amongst Mr. Spurling's pictures, painted for "The Blue Peter," reproducing, by a special process, their original qualities of form, movement and colour.

Appended are a subject index, an index of the names of ships which occur in the text, and a skeleton chart of the routes chiefly followed by the clippers in pursuit of their various trades.

F. A. H.

12 *St. Mary Axe,*
*London, E.C.*3.

April, 1930.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THERE is a kind of phrase which has attained a considerable popularity during recent times—since, that is to say, the prevailing interest in all matters relating to the sailing vessel and her story came into being—which describes the middle years of the 19th century as "the halcyon days," or something of the sort, of sail. Such phrases are not, perhaps, entirely satisfying. Popular catchwords of the kind very seldom are. They are usually a thought too consciously grandiloquent—too much the work of the professional turner of phrases. But they have, at any rate, the merit of a sufficient justification in fact.

For it was during the period to which they refer—that brief space of time bounded by the eighteen-forties and the eighteen-nineties—that the development of the sail-driven vessel touched the highest point of its achievement. Within that notable half-century there were built ships such as the world had never known before, and—unless, indeed, something unforeseen should happen to its supplies of coal and oil fuel—will never know again. They were the fine flower of the slow growth of maritime progress through the ages : the triumphant climax to which the patient work of generations of ship-builders had been steadily leading up since the days of the first skin-covered coracle and dug-out canoe.

It was a splendid culmination to the long story of sail : and it was also to prove a splendid finale. Even before she had attained the full height of her glorious heyday, the influences were already at work which were destined, within so amazingly short a space of time, to sweep the clipper ship for ever from the face of the waters. Within less than a century—nay, within less than three-quarters of a century—from the building of the first of that proud and beautiful sisterhood, the last of them was to give up the unequal struggle with the irresistible invasion of her realm by the once-despised "steam kettles" past which she had been wont to surge so disdainfully in the first days of their coming : and all those wonderful fleets which in their day made lovely all the harbours of the world were to vanish as completely as ice-floes in the Gulf Stream, or as one of their own fore-topsails snatched out of the bolt-ropes by the rough breath of the Westerlies.

* * *

The sailing ship, during the fifty years which come within the scope of this volume, was perhaps one of the most perfect creations ever made by man for man's service. She was in her special sphere the ideal of applied art. In herself a sheer delight to the eye, hers was also that peculiarly satisfying kind of beauty which always belongs to the thing absolutely fitted for the purpose it is designed

to serve. But it is not, I think, fanciful to see in her something more than that, and in her builders men of one brotherhood with the builders of Gothic cathedrals and the craftsmen of the Renaissance: for who, looking at those incomparable hulls, those magnificent sail-plans, so perfect in their austere cleanness and certainty of line, their blending of grace with power, their absolute sense of balance and proportion, would venture to deny in the men who made them the possession of that indefinable spiritual quality so inadequately expressed by the much-misused term "inspiration"?

* * *

As the ships were, so also were the men. Builders like Donald McKay, Green of Blackwall, Pile of Sunderland, Hall of Aberdeen, and Steele of Greenock, brought the design, construction and rig of the square-rigged sailing vessel to something as near perfection as is humanly possible; and Captains like Keay of the *Ariel*, Enright of the *Lightning*, Stuart of *The Tweed*, and Woodget of the *Cutty Sark*, elevated the handling of such vessels to the level both of an art and an exact science. The old "come-day-go-day-God-send-Sunday" school of navigation was a thing of the past, when it was a common enough thing for ships to be regularly snugged down at the approach of darkness, and topsails furled at the first blow. Nevertheless, there could be no more absurd misconception than that of the clipper ship commander as a modern speed-maniac born out of due time, a sort of salt-water road-hog bestrewing the seven seas with the splinters of spars and the rags of "flying kites," with a sublime indifference alike to the safety of his ship and the pockets of his owners.

The successful handling of ships of the clipper period—among which must be included the improved type of Blackwall frigate—called for the display of a rare combination of qualities: a blend of daring, foresight and caution with a thorough knowledge of the ways of winds and seas, and, above all, that instinctive "ship sense" which is as difficult to define, and as impossible of acquisition by those not born possessing it, as the gipsy's whisper itself.

* * *

The medal had, of course, its reverse side. Running down the easting in one of the iron wool clippers of the 'seventies, for instance, with bunks flooded, the galley fire out, and the main-deck lost to sight for days and even weeks on end, was, to put it mildly, by no means all beer and skittles for the seaman. But, when all is said and done, it was from the passenger's point of view that the halcyon days of sail left the most to be desired, even leaving out of account that type of voyager who is of one mind with Lord Bacon as to the monotony of sea travel. A sea-passage in the days of sail was not all flying-fish weather for the passenger any more than for the seaman: and when the jolly sailormen were

"Up, up aloft,
And the landlubbers lying down below"

it was probably the unfortunate landlubber who had the worse end of the stick. The sailor, whatever his dangers and discomforts, had at any rate the zest of the

conflict to keep him going. He was the fighting man doing battle with the elements: whereas the passenger, under hatches often for days together, in the cramped quarters and stifling atmosphere which were all that even the best sailing passenger ships could offer, listening to all the creakings and groanings of a wooden vessel in a seaway, and the monotonous thunder and roar of the seas as they broke over his floating prison, was in the position of the non-combatant in a besieged city, hearing the din of the bombardment while unable to lift a finger in his own defence, or even to know with any certainty how the fight was going.

The strange thing is that, in spite of all these discomforts, no one cherished more the memory of the sailing vessel than the very people who had experience of them; and there are plenty of men and women living to-day who still look back upon an old-style ocean passage as one of the most treasured recollections of life.

* * *

It seems, on the face of it, rather a surprising thing that the sailing ship, at the period when she had reached the culminating point of her long evolution, should have so conspicuously lacked for chroniclers. No "industrious Hakluyt" of the mid-19th century recorded the achievements of Black Baller and Blackwaller, of tea clipper and wool clipper, while they still sailed the seas in their unchallenged pride and beauty. No contemporary Van der Velde, Cooke or Huggins preserved with careful pencil for a future generation the faithful likenesses of the lovely ships of his day. Their portraits must be reconstructed from builders' models and sailors' models, from the bare bones of specifications and sheer plans, and from rough daubs in ship's-paint in which artistic merit is a very poor second to technical accuracy: and their history must be sought for and pieced together (with what infinite pains and patience no one can quite realize who has never had occasion to trace the life-story of some one particular ship through all the vicissitudes of her career) from sources often obscure and difficult of access—from bald entries in ships' logs, from faded letters, from the yellowed files of newspapers of fifty years ago, and from the oral narratives of old, and, very often, of inarticulate and unlettered men.

And yet this absence of contemporary records is not, after all, quite so surprising as it seems. The sailor, as everyone knows, is generally inclined to take up the *rôle* of "*laudator temporis acti*." With him, the old times were always the best times, and his almost idolatrous affection for some legendary "last ship" has passed into a proverb: there seems, indeed, to be a kind of "cussedness" innate in human nature, and especially in nautical human nature, which makes it always begin to esteem its possessions the more highly as soon as they are lost to it for ever.

As it happens, however, the lack in this respect bids fair to be amply remedied. One of the most astonishing literary phenomena of recent years has been the immense output both of art and literature relating to the history of the sailing ship during the past half-century. A very large part of this output is, frankly, negligible—the mere uninspired and uninformed book-making of those assiduous "copy cats" who are always to be observed following each new literary

vogue, like gulls in the wake of a steamer. When the present fashion abates somewhat, they, and their books with them, will no doubt sink into a deserved oblivion ; but the genuine literature of the subject will continue to command the interest of its special public so long as the sea tradition is able to touch a responsive chord in the hearts of an island people.

The ships which Mr. Lubbock and Mr. Spurling—both alike combining a real feeling for their theme with the knowledge and experience of the practical seaman—have here described and painted, are representative examples of four outstanding types of the aristocracy of sail—the Blackwallers, who maintained right to the end the traditions of discipline, seamanship and a sort of solid British reliability in every respect, handed down from the days of " John Company "—the great American and Canadian built clippers, with their bucko officers and hard-case crews, big powerful ships built above all for strength and speed, and driven as ships have never been driven before or since—the fairy-like China clippers with their yacht-like handiness—and, lastly, the vessels engaged in the Australian wool trade, which used to thrash their way out and home, out and home, year by year, in the high South latitudes and amid the greybeards of the Horn—perhaps the sternest school of all both for ship and man.

Even as I write, I look out across that great harbour of the West Country which—if the ghosts of ships ever revisit the glimpses of the moon—should surely, above all others, be haunted by the pale and lovely shadows of fair ships departed : and see the little *Cutty Sark* lying there at what will no doubt prove her final anchorage, and dreaming, perhaps, if ships do dream, of epic fights with winds and sea in the great years gone by—the symbol, as she is also the last survivor, of the halcyon days of sail.

C. FOX SMITH.

Falmouth, June 24th, 1927.

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BLACKWALL PASSENGER SHIPS.

"THE TWEED."

IN the days of sail it was usual to find certain names cropping up wherever old seamen gathered together. These were either the names of men of outstanding character in their profession, such as Bully Forbes, or the names of ships, whose qualities or idiosyncrasies had brought them a wide notoriety.

Of these much-talked-of ships and captains, none were better known than *The Tweed*, and her famous Master, Captain W. Stuart. If the ship gave her captain his opportunity, it may equally be said that Captain Stuart did not allow *The Tweed* to suffer for want of an able hand at the helm. But the old ship's history stretches back before the days of Stuart, and her first years of service in the Indian Marine, under the name of *Punjaub*, were quite as remarkable as her later ones under Willis's house flag. Yet the exciting times of her paddle-wheel days have long been forgotten, though her fame as a sailing ship is still green in a thousand fo'c'sles.

In 1852 Cursetjee Rustomjee, master-builder, of the famous Parsee family of Wadia, laid down two paddle-wheel frigates for the Indian Marine in Bombay Dockyard. The first of these was the *Assaye*, and the second the *Punjaub*, afterwards Willis's flagship *The Tweed*. The *Punjaub* was designed by Oliver Lang, and the story goes that the wreck or hulk of an old French frigate aroused such enthusiasm in the famous naval architect that he reproduced her lines in the new ship. It has been said that the *Punjaub* was one of the most expensive wooden ships ever built, specially selected Malabar teak being the only material used in her construction.

The *Punjaub's* tonnage and dimensions were as follows: Tons net, 1,745; length overall, 285 feet; length registered, 250 feet; beam, 39 feet 6 inches; depth, 25 feet. Her two cumbersome paddle-wheels were driven by engines of 700 horse-power, which were sent out from England, and her armament consisted of 10 8-inch 68-pounders. Years later, in her sailing-ship days, her apprentices, when cleaning the hold, found these same cannons down in her run, acting as ballast.

When the *Punjaub* was launched on April 21st, 1854, she was pronounced to be both the largest and finest frigate ever built in India. In those days nothing was ever hurried, and it was not until January 2nd, 1855, that the new ship was commissioned and Commander John W. Young appointed to the command. It happened, however, that there was now great cause for hurry, as reinforcements for the Crimea were being called for from India, and the *Punjaub* was actually fitted out as a transport in six days, and sailed on January 9th for Suez, with the Colonel and two squadrons of the 10th Hussars on board. In a fleet of a dozen transports, she at once proved herself so much faster than her consorts that she ran them hull down with her fires out and topsails on the cap.

We next hear of her in the Persian War of 1855, when she formed one of the ships of the Expeditionary Force, which left Bombay in November for the Persian Gulf. Commander Young had been transferred to the smaller *Semiramis*, and Acting-Commander A. Foulerton

was now in charge of the *Punjaub*. After the fall of Bushire, he was ordered to convey the captured Governor and his staff back to Bombay, in company with the *Assaye*, which was acting as flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Henry J. Leeke.

When the two ships were off the Island of Kishni they noticed that the British post there was being threatened by a Persian army. With the aid of their 68-pounders the two frigates forced the Persians to retire; but, not liking to leave the depot in such danger, the Admiral transferred his prisoners to the *Assaye*, and left the *Punjaub* on guard off the coast—thus she did not get back to Bombay until May 22nd, 1857.

When the *Punjaub* reached Bombay the mutiny had broken out, and every ship was engaged in rushing British reinforcements round the coast. In the wake of the *Assaye* and other ships, the *Punjaub* was raced to Calcutta. The transports arrived in the Hooghly on June 4th, and when their thunderous Viceroy's salute of 21 guns broke out, there were no complaints of broken windows, as was usually the case, for their arrival was just in time to stop the growing panic.

The *Assaye* and most of the transports turned short round and went back for more troops, but the *Punjaub* was detained with the *Semiramis*, and Commander Foulerton found himself the senior naval officer in port. He found the city in a veritable state of terror. Rumours of risings and massacres were flying through the bazaars. And every fresh rumour set a chattering, hysterical mob of Eurasians and Portuguese stampeding for safety to the ships in the river. Matters came to a head on June 14th, and Commander Foulerton was hastily summoned to the Viceroy's Council Chamber. The breezy sailor found the Council in a state of suppressed fright; with pale lips they told him that the Sepoys at Barrackpore had risen in the night and were marching to join the King of Oude's forces at Garden Reach, with the evident object of looting the city. The Council had decided to act with vigour; with the 53rd Regiment, the Viceroy's bodyguard, and seamen from the ships, they proposed to surprise the King of Oude and his rabble of 1,500 undisciplined men before the arrival of the Barrackpore mutineers. Foulerton was asked to drop down and anchor off the King of Oude's palace. He replied that he could not get steam up on the *Punjaub*, as her floats were off, but that he would take the *Semiramis*, with a landing force from the *Punjaub*, towing astern in her boats. This plan was agreed upon, and worked without a hitch, though it is said that Foulerton had to use rough measures with the pilot of the *Semiramis*, who wanted a formal order from the Council.

The rest is soon told. At daybreak the next morning the palace was completely taken by surprise. The King himself, surrounded by a mob of howling wives and officials, was found in a state of collapse in his bed by Mr. Edmonstone, the foreign secretary, Colonel Powell, commanding the 53rd Regiment, and the Captain of the *Punjaub*. The foreign secretary wished to remove the King and clear the palace, but the latter refused to budge. Foulerton suggested hoisting the wretched monarch aboard the *Semiramis* by means of a whip from the main yard-arm. This horrified Edmonstone, who was used to treating Indian potentates with ceremony, and in spite of the danger of delay, he insisted on sending back to Government House for a state carriage.

This capture of the King of Oude's palace was the first active service of the *Punjaub's* crew in the Indian Mutiny—but it was by no means the last. By the end of June detachments from the ships had been landed and sent out into the country in every direction. The *Punjaub's* detachment, under 1st Lieutenant T. E. Lewis, Acting-Master Connor, Midshipmen Arthur Mayo and W. Cuthell, and Mr. Brown, the bos'n, specially distinguished itself. Mayo gained a V.C. at the capture of Dacca. Lewis, though he never received any honour or reward, must have earned the V.C. over and over again. Both he and Mayo wore

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"The Tweed"

Built 1854. Blackwall Passenger Ship

themselves out in the hard service, and at the end had to be invalided home, their constitutions wrecked by wounds and fever.

Whilst the pick of her officers and men were fighting ashore, the *Punjaub* raced backwards and forwards round the coast. Her last service in the old Indian Navy was on the Muscat-Zanzibar Commission in June, 1860.

Early in 1862 the *Punjaub* and her sister ship, the *Assaye*, sailed for home in order to have their paddle-wheels removed and screws substituted. But by the time they arrived in the Thames, the Indian Marine had been merged into the Royal Navy and thus ceased to exist. The two warriors of the Persian War and Indian Mutiny were thereupon ordered to be sold.

John Willis, who had the keenest eye for a ship in the Port of London, bought both ships and converted them to sail. The *Assaye* he sold again for a large profit, but the *Punjaub*, which he rechristened *The Tweed*, was ever afterwards his pet ship, and the flagship of his fleet. He even gave her a new figure-head, representing Tam o' Shanter. It is needless to say that Willis hailed from the Tweed, and that Burns was his favourite poet. Captain W. Stuart, of Peterhead, Willis's most trusted captain, was given the command; and Moodie, afterwards the first skipper of the *Cutty Sark*, was put into the mate's berth.

The Tweed's first duty under Willis's house flag was a very arduous one; for, together with the *Assaye* and the *Cospatrick*, she took out and laid the Persian Gulf cable, under contract with the Government. This was in 1863, the passage out to Bombay being made in 77 days. After laying the cable up the gulf, Captain Stuart returned to Bombay, where the ship was refitted for carrying passengers and troops; she then took on board the Seaforth Highlanders at Vingorla and brought them home round the Cape in 78 days. After two such passages Willis at once realized that he had got a very exceptional ship.

The late Joseph Conrad in his " Mirror of the Sea " suggests that *The Tweed* did not look the clipper. He writes of her as " heavy to look at, with great sheer, high bows, and a clumsy stern." But he evidently confused her appearance with that of some other ship, for *The Tweed* had very little sheer, a by no means clumsy stern, and was a most majestic and handsome vessel, with her lofty masts and three skysail yards. Conrad goes on to remark: " There was something peculiarly lucky, perhaps, in the placing of her masts—who knows? Officers of men-of-war used to come on board to take the exact dimensions of her sail plan. Perhaps there had been a touch of genius or the finger of good fortune in the fashioning of her lines at bow and stern. It is impossible to say."

Certainly *The Tweed* was very finely masted and sparred; she was very lofty without being over-sparred, and carried her canvas well. She was one of those vessels which were exceptionally fast under any condition of weather; bore hard driving and made big runs in the " roaring forties," but was also a flyer in light winds. Under Captain Stuart she made hardly a poor passage, whether in the Indian or Australian trade.

One has no space to give details, but the following were some of her best: 1873, Lizard to Melbourne 72 days; 1874, St. Catherine's Point to Otago 78 days; 1875, Sydney to Dungeness 69 days. On one occasion she beat the mail steamer between Hong Kong and Singapore. During the Indian famine, whilst carrying rice between Rangoon and Madras, she put up a most extraordinary record. And her Indian voyages were much on a par with her first.

In 1877 Captain Stuart handed his old ship over to Captain Byce, but Byce, who had been mate in her, failed to equal Stuart's passages, though it is but fair to say that the famous vessel was beginning to leak a bit and get water-soaked. Byce was followed by Gentleman White. Stuart had never carried away a spar, but under White *The Tweed* was caught

aback running her easting down in 1882, and lost her jib-boom, fore topmast, with the foreyard, main topgallant mast and main topsail yards. Yet the very next day, whilst her crew were busy jury-rigging her, she ran 240 miles under her mainsail and mizen canvas alone ; whilst under her jury-rig she covered 2,000 miles in a week, and reached Sydney only 93 days out.

On her passage home from Calcutta this voyage, she was nearly dismasted again whilst off the Western Isles. She was running before a westerly blow, logging 16 knots under a goose-winged main topsail, when a sea was shipped over the quarter which gutted all the cabins on the port side of the poop. This scared White into heaving her to. He brought his ship to the wind successfully, but it was then found that the rigging was so badly stretched that the masts threatened to go over the side. There was no chance of taking up the slack of the lanyards until the weather moderated, so the backstays were hastily frapped together.

The last Commander of *The Tweed* was Moore, who was promoted from the *Cutty Sark*. He had her from 1885 to the end, which came in July, 1888. When bound from China to New York the old ship was dismasted off Algoa Bay. The s.s. *Venice* got a rope aboard her and towed her into Port Elizabeth. Here she was not considered worth repairing and so was broken up, her teak frames and timbers being taken for roofing a church in Port Elizabeth, where they may still be seen. It may thus be said that the famous old teak-built frigate is still doing good and faithful work.

"LA HOGUE."

THE *La Hogue*, at the time of her launch in 1855, was not only the largest ship ever built on the Wear, but the most up-to-date passenger ship that Sunderland could produce. Her registered capacity and measurements were: 1,331 tons, 226 feet long, 35 feet beam, 22 feet 9 inches deep. Just as the newspapers of our day give grandiloquent descriptions of the palm-courts, lounges, and drawing-rooms of our modern liners, so the newspapers of her day enlarged upon the immense size of her saloon, the airiness of her state-rooms, the wonderful system of her ventilation, and the extravagance of her lighting. Every cabin of the *La Hogue* was separately lighted with an oil lamp—a luxury which was not to be found on many of her predecessors. No doubt the luxury and comfort of her day could not compare with that of ours, yet it is more than probable that we do not enjoy our voyages as our grandfathers used to enjoy theirs. And, as regards safety, the *La Hogue*, throughout her long life as a first-class passenger ship, was as free from accident as any giant liner of the present day. She most worthily represented the supreme development of a type—that of the frigate-built, hardwood, East India passenger ship.

She was built by Laing, of Sunderland, one of the foremost passenger-ship builders of the day. Her owner was the great Duncan Dunbar. In 1855 his fleet ran into 40,000 tons—an immense figure for those days—when ships of over 1,000 tons sailing out of the London river could almost be counted upon one's fingers.

It is very interesting to trace the growth of our marine through the life-history of our shipowners. From 1833, when the East India Charter expired, until the date of the *La Hogue's* launch, there were only five firms of shipowners in the Port of London who were considered to rank as first class. These were the Greens, the Wigrams, the Smiths, Joseph Somes, and Duncan Dunbar. These five firms shared the trade to the East, and did their best to carry on the traditions of the defunct East India Company; but their energies were not confined to India and the East; Somes and Dunbar provided transports and even convict-ships for the Government. Green owned a number of South Sea whalers, whilst Dunbar, Green, and Wigram were all pioneers in the Australian trade.

Duncan Dunbar, when his father died in 1825, found himself the owner of a few small ships; thirty years later his fleet was the largest privately owned fleet in the world, and when he died, in 1862, he left a fortune of a million and a half. This great merchant prince was nothing if not patriotic. With the exception of the three ships which were given family names, all his vessels were called after famous victories of the British arms, both ashore and afloat. And his house flag was emblazoned with the Scottish coat-of-arms.

In the mid-Victorian era there was a great prejudice against big ships; beyond one or two special ships, which had been built for the purpose of being turned into men-of-war should Great Britain get involved in another European struggle, all the Blackwallers were under 1,000 tons up to the time of the gold discovery in Australia. This gave a tremendous

fillip to British shipowners; and before the year was out the London firms found that Liverpool, by investing in huge American soft-wood ships, meant to try to capture the entire passenger and emigrant trade to the Colonies. It was this sudden competition for the Australian trade—made by the Liverpool firms, headed by the Black Ball and the White Star lines—which caused Duncan Dunbar to build the *Dunbar*, of 1,321 tons, in 1852, and follow her with the still bigger *La Hogue* in 1855.

The *La Hogue*, though a typical Blackwall frigate, had characteristics which gave her a certain distinction of her own. For instance, her poop was the longest, so far as I know, that was ever built. It measured 96 feet, and all but reached to her mainmast, so that, what with a large midship-house and a fo'c'sle head 42 feet long, there was very little main-deck.

The *La Hogue* was also celebrated for her immense figure-head, the yellow lion rampant of Dunbar's house flag supporting a shield emblazoned with the St. Andrew's Cross. It is curious to contrast this golden lion of Duncan Dunbar's *La Hogue* with the figure-head of a man-of-war of the same name, built forty-two years earlier. The latter consisted of a green and chocolate lion with wide-open mouth, from which protruded a huge red tongue.

Duncan Dunbar put his new ship into the Sydney trade, and during a long life of thirty years I believe the old ship only made one voyage to any other part of the world, and that was in 1874, when she took 443 emigrants out to New Zealand. She usually sailed from London about midsummer or a little after, and arrived out in from eighty to ninety days. Then, leaving Sydney again towards the end of the year, was generally back in the Thames by Easter.

When Duncan Dunbar died his fleet was scattered to the four winds, but the *La Hogue* was bought by Messrs. Devitt & Moore, who had started in business as Dunbar's brokers. This firm kept the old ship on the same run, and maintained all the Blackwall traditions.

The *La Hogue* was commanded in turn by four very well-known men. The first of these was Captain Williams, a careful, fatherly man of the true Blackwall stamp, to whom the *La Hogue's* reputation as a happy family ship was greatly due. It is said that intending passengers often waited months in order to secure a berth in the *La Hogue*, in preference to sailing by any other ship; and to Captain Williams must be given the credit for this favouritism. In due course the old skipper retired from the sea, and was succeeded by his chief officer, William Goddard.

Goddard commanded the *La Hogue* until 1874, when he was transferred to her great rival, the *Parramatta*. Then the well-known David Corvasso had her for a couple of voyages. He was succeeded in 1876 by Captain Wagstaff, who commanded her for the rest of her active life.

Though the *La Hogue* was never hurried she beat many a notable ship, both on the outward and homeward runs. Amongst those vanquished by the old ship in a level race were the *City of Agra*, *Thyatira*, *Thomas Stephens*, *Darling Downs*, and *Loch Etive*.

The *La Hogue* sailed her last traverse in 1886. Her homeward sailing date from Sydney was delayed for several weeks owing to the Russian war scare, and that stout old sea-dog Wagstaff actually put a cannon aboard in order to be able to defend himself. Though the boom of this cannon was not heard during the passage, there was enough noise of another kind on board to keep nervous passengers awake, for besides the usual quantity of live-stock—poultry, ducks and geese—the steward on this occasion took charge of a consignment of a hundred dozen Australian birds of all sorts, but mostly parrots, cockatoos and diamond sparrows, so the din may be imagined.

"La Hogue"

Built 1855 Blackwall Passenger Ship

The old ship had a very rough passage round the Horn, during which much of this noisy live-stock was washed overboard ; yet it is related that old Wagstaff and his equally intrepid wife never failed to take their accustomed arm-in-arm promenade up and down the length of the *La Hogue's* ninety-six-foot poop, even during the worst of the weather. On her arrival in the Thames this famous passenger ship of the days of oak and teak was sold to go to Madeira as a coal hulk ; and, until 1897, when she was broken up, she was a familiar sight to the passengers of the Cape Mail boats, which called at Funchal for her coal.

THE "COSPATRICK."

SOME ships become celebrated for their part in heroic adventure; others for a much-prized quality, such as speed; still a third class are remembered for their association with some terrible maritime disaster.

The worst sea tragedy of the 20th century, if we except the war years, was undoubtedly the sinking of the *Titanic*, after collision with an iceberg. Every circumstance connected with the loss of this mighty ship on her maiden voyage gripped the imagination and thrilled the whole world to its depths. But for sheer unrelieved horror the burning of the *Cospatrick* in 1874 surpasses any record which can be found in the history of our Mercantile Marine, whether before that date or after it. Well indeed may Kipling write:

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of Admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full.

* * *

The *Cospatrick* was one of those short, beamy teakwood frigates which Duncan Dunbar built at his Moulmein yard for the Indian troop and passenger trade. She registered 1,200 tons, and measured 190 feet in length, 34 feet beam, and 23 feet in depth. She was launched in 1856, too late to carry troops to the Crimea, but in time for those so badly needed in India through the outbreak of the Mutiny in May, 1857.

The date of a ship's launch does not convey very much to our minds, if given without further remark. In 1856 wooden clipper-ship building had reached its high-water mark; the composite system was already being studied by our designers, and a few iron ships had already been built, such as the famous tea clipper, *Lord of the Isles*. The Australian gold-rush was at its height, but it was some ten years before the zenith of the China clipper. Frigate-built ships, such as the *Cospatrick*, were the P. & O. liners of that day, whilst the Atlantic ferry was still in the hands of the Americans, whose packet ships sailed for London, Liverpool and Havre regularly four days a week.

Of ships launched the same year as *Cospatrick*, the following were the best known:

Eastern Monarch, 1,844 tons, Blackwall frigate, built at Dundee for Joseph Somes.

Alnwick Castle, 1,087 tons, Blackwall frigate, built by Pile, of Sunderland, for Dicky Green.

Gosforth, 810 tons, Blackwall frigate, built and owned by Smith, of Newcastle.

Robin Hood, 852 tons, tea clipper, built by Hall, of Aberdeen, for James Beazley.

Lammermuir, 952 tons, tea clipper, built by Pile, of Sunderland, for John Willis.

Wave of Life, 887 tons, Australian liner, built by Hood, of Aberdeen, for the Aberdeen White Star Line.

Merrie England, 1,045 tons, Australian liner, built at Waterford for James Beazley.

The *Cospatrick* was a first-class passenger ship, steady-going, comfortable and safe, but no record breaker. Her voyages were regular and her life was quite free from spectacular incident, until her frightful end brought her name to the lips of the whole civilized world. After some strenuous years of trooping through the agonizing time of the Indian Mutiny, she was taken up by the Government in the autumn of 1863, together with the famous *Tweed*, in order to take out and lay the Persian Gulf telegraph cable. Having spent some very hot, sickly months up the Persian Gulf in the spring of 1864 laying her section of the cable, she resumed her place in the Indian passenger trade.

Duncan Dunbar had died in 1862, and his large fleet was sold, most of the best ships, including the *Cospatrick*, being acquired by London owners. These continued to sail out of the Thames, either to India or the Colonies.

In the winter of 1873 the *Cospatrick* was bought by Shaw, Savill & Co. from a Mr. Fleming, of London. The New Zealand emigrant trade was booming, and the old teak frigate now found herself in competition with the Scottish iron clipper. That she still ranked as a first-class passenger ship is proved by the price paid for her, namely, £10,000. Her first voyage under the Shaw, Savill house flag passed without incident.

On September 11th, 1874, she sailed again for Auckland with general cargo, 429 emigrants, and a crew of 44 men under Captain Elmslie.

On November 17th the *Cospatrick* was jogging along to the south'ard of the Cape with a light nor'-west wind on the quarter. It was the middle watch. Suddenly there came a wild cry of " Fire ! " from forward ; this brought the watch below on deck in their shirts, and they were quickly followed by the emigrants. By this time the whole ship forward was enveloped in smoke, which was pouring up through the fore-peak hatch, and it became known that the fore-peak, which contained all the bos'n's stores, consisting of such inflammable material as oakum, rope, oil and paint, was blazing furiously.

The fire-engine was rigged as quickly as possible in the darkness and confusion, and with the ship run off dead before the wind, it was possible to swamp the fore-part of the vessel in water, whilst clouds of smoke blew away ahead. For a moment it looked as if the fire would be conquered. But now we come to a catastrophe which sealed the fate of the ship and all on board.

Somehow or other, whether from negligence on the part of those in charge or because the sheets and running gear of the sails on the foremast had been burnt through, the ship came up head to wind, and immediately the men on the fire-engine were driven back by dense masses of smoke. As the smoke poured aft in suffocating clouds, every man on deck was cut off from his neighbour as if in a thick fog, and at once all discipline was lost. Amidst the shouting and screaming of the emigrants, the orders of the officers could not be distinguished, nor could the men carry them out if they had been, owing to the speed with which the fire was gaining ground.

In a short while flames began to burst forth in the 'tween-decks, through every scuttle-hole and air-vent. Then the rigging caught, and tongues of fire roared up the tarred shrouds, licking along the yards, burning through the rovings and spilling-lines, until flaming sails began to drop from aloft upon the distracted people below. Thus, within an hour and a half of the discovery of the fire, the ship was in flames fore and aft and all hope of saving her was gone.

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"Cospatrick"

Built 1856 Blackwall Passenger Ship.

The starboard quarter boat was presently lowered away, but immediately she touched the water the frenzied emigrants piled over the ship's side into her in their wild haste to escape from the roaring flames, and she was speedily capsized. The longboat actually caught fire whilst she was being swung out of her chocks—and in the end only two boats got safely clear of the ship. These were the port and starboard life-boats, the first with 42 and the second with 39 souls on board.

Henry MacDonald, the 2nd mate, who was in the starboard life-boat, ordered the two boats to lie off until the ship sank, which did not take place until the afternoon of the 19th—some 36 hours after the outbreak of the fire. One can hardly imagine the horror of those 36 hours. As the flames spread aft, the people left on the ship crowded on to the poop. First the foremast fell in a sheet of flame, then the main and finally the mizen, this last crushing numbers in its fall. The shrieks of the luckless wretches who still remained alive never ceased. Those in the boats were in their night-clothes, without food or water, mast or sail, and the 2nd mate's boat had only one oar—this gives one some idea of the terrible panic which must have raged through the ship.

During that second day the quarter galleries blew out in a burst of flame and smoke, and the last of the survivors were seen leaping over the counter into the sea. The boats dared not approach to pick them up, as they were already most dangerously overcrowded, and they could only look on and shudder. Lastly, the captain was seen to throw his wife overboard and spring after her himself. The *Cospatrick* was now nothing but a charred and smoking hull, and in a very short time she sank beneath the waves. The boats managed to keep together until the night of the 21st, when it came on to blow. The 2nd mate's boat survived the night, but the other boat was never heard of again.

The story of the next few days, with their ever-increasing toll of deaths from thirst and exposure, is too horrible to be described in detail. The weather was bad for the most part, with a high sea. A sea-anchor was made fast to the end of the boat's painter, but this soon parted and the oar was also lost. On the 23rd the survivors made shift to rig another sea-anchor, and this saved them from being overwhelmed, though the boat half filled with water. Just before daylight on the 26th a ship passed within 50 yards, but failed to hear the feeble cries for help. On the 27th, to quote from the 2nd mate's evidence at the subsequent inquiry: "There were but five left—two able seamen, one ordinary, myself and one passenger. The passenger was out of his mind. All had drunk salt water. We were all dozing when the madman bit my foot and I woke up. We then saw a ship bearing down upon us. She proved to be the *British Sceptre*, from Calcutta to Dundee. We were then taken on board and treated very kindly. I got very bad on board of her. I was very nigh at death's door. We were not recovered when we got to St. Helena."

One hardly dare let one's imagination fill in the gaps between his short, vivid sentences. The passenger and the ordinary seaman both died on the *British Sceptre*; the 2nd mate and the two able seamen recovered—the only survivors out of the 473 souls who had left London in the *Cospatrick*.

THE "SOBRAON."

THE *Sobraon* was undoubtedly one of the finest sailing ships ever built. When she was dry-docked in 1911, she was still found to be as sound as a bell, after 45 years afloat, and she thus ranks with the *Cutty Sark* as an example of extraordinary longevity in composite shipbuilding. The *Sobraon*, indeed, was not only one of the fastest, but by far the largest ship to be constructed on the composite principle of iron frames and teak planking.

She was also remarkable for her sea qualities and her comfort, being all that a first-class, perfectly run passenger sailing ship should be—and this is well proved not only by her great popularity amongst passengers, but also with her crews. Many passengers who had only intended to make the single passage made the round voyage in her, whilst seamen signed on regularly, trip after trip.

James Cameron, who was foreman shipwright in Hall's yard during her construction, served as carpenter throughout the whole sea-going career of the old ship, from 1866 to 1891. Thomas Willoughby, who had already been four years in the *Cospatrick* with Captain Elmslie, followed his commander into the *Sobraon*, and served in her continuously from that date to 1891—first as butcher, and afterwards as chief steward. James Farrance served 16 years as A.B. and bos'n, whilst Thomas Routledge was the *Sobraon's* sailmaker for 10 years.

These records speak well for the ship, and still more for her famous commander, Captain J. A. Elmslie, R.N.R., who took her over in 1867, on her second voyage, and had her for the rest of her active career, a period of 24 years, during the whole of which time the ship never had a serious accident of any sort.

The measurements of the *Sobraon* were as follows: Registered tonnage 2,131 tons, burthen 3,500 tons, length overall 317 feet, length between perpendiculars 272 feet, beam 40 feet, depth of hold 27 feet. She spread two acres of canvas, including skysails, during her first two voyages, after which these were given up for royals over double topgallant sails.

Built to the order of Lowther, Maxton & Co., the owners of the famous tea clippers, *Ariel* and *Titania*, *Sobraon* was launched in November, 1866, from the yard of Alexander Hall & Co., the great Aberdeen clipper-ship builders. Just about this date many shipowners were experimenting in auxiliaries, and at one time it was intended to put machinery into the *Sobraon*, but luckily the scheme was abandoned, the space for a screw in her sternpost was filled in, thus increasing her dead wood aft to the benefit of her sailing powers. This filling up of the space between the two sternposts, when early steamers or auxiliaries were converted into sailing ships, has been a well-known speed factor in many other cases, such as those of the *Lancing*, *Oberon*, *Darling Downs*, and *Accrington*, to name four converted ships which were famous for their sailing qualities.

As regards the *Sobraon's* sailing qualities, I cannot do better than quote Captain A. C. Elmslie, one of her commander's sons, who served in her from 1880 to 1891, starting as apprentice and ending up as chief officer. Some years ago he wrote me as follows: "Runs

of over 300 knots when running down the easting were frequent. On one occasion over 1,000 knots were covered in three days, and over 2,000 in a week ; 340 knots in the 24 hours was the best run made. I have seen over 16 knots reeled off by the log. This was with the wind some 2 or 3 points on the quarter, which was her best sailing point. On a wind and sailing within 5½ points, she could do her 7 to 8 knots good."

Until 1871 *Sobraon* sailed in the Sydney trade ; she was then transferred to Melbourne. Carrying 90 first-class, and 40 second-class passengers on an average trip, she was never hurried, and always made the more comfortable passage round the Cape when homeward bound ; nevertheless, she was rarely much over 70 days outward bound, her best to Sydney being 73 days and to Melbourne 68. On this latter passage she sighted Cape Otway on the 60th day out from the Channel, but was then held up by light and unfavourable winds.

The *Sobraon* was only owned a few years by Lowther & Maxton. She was always loaded in London by Devitt & Moore, forming one of their regular monthly packets to Australia. Devitt & Moore bought her outright about 1870.

On her first voyage she was unlucky in her commander, who was too fond of the bottle. In making the Channel homeward bound, he was so far out in his reckoning that he found himself well up the Bristol Channel when he should have been abreast of the Start. This man was succeeded by Captain Elmslie, who soon made the great clipper one of the most popular passenger ships in the Colonial trade.

The medical men of the 'seventies and 'eighties were very fond of prescribing a sea voyage for every kind of ailment from cancer to consumption, from insomnia to walking in one's sleep, and this course of treatment very seldom turned out wrong, the peace and freedom from worry, the pure fresh air and healthy life on board a well-run sailing ship often proving of the very greatest benefit to the patient. And of all passenger-carrying sailing ships the *Sobraon* was a long way the most popular amongst the physicians ; some of the cures which took place aboard her were stated to be nothing short of miraculous ; indeed, so notorious did she become for her health-giving voyages to and from the Antipodes, that when the usual passengers had deserted sail for the shorter voyage in steam, the consumptives, and those suffering from neurasthenia and overwork, continued to fill the cabins of the *Sobraon*.

Doctors still realize the value of a sea voyage for certain types of patients, but in spite of the comforts and luxuries of steam, it can never compare with sail in restoring health, and not half the sanatoria now in existence would be required if there were first-class sailing ships still afloat.

All Devitt & Moore's ships were run " Blackwall fashion," that is to say, kept up liberally with everything of the best. As regards provisioning, the *Sobraon* carried a regular farmyard of live-stock, consisting of 3 bullocks, 90 sheep, 50 pigs, 3 milking cows, and some 300 head of ducks, geese and chickens on each passage. She had an ice-chamber capable of storing several tons of ice, and a large condenser for fresh water, which was run every other day.

She was well manned, with a complement of captain, 4 mates, 8 apprentices, carpenter, sailmaker, bos'n, engineer, 2 bos'n's mates, 16 stewards, 2 stewardesses, 26 A.Bs., 4 O.Ss., and 2 boys—in all 69.

Only one voyage was made a year, and the ship always left London at the best time for an Australian voyage, namely, towards the latter end of September. She generally sailed from Australia early in February, and touched both at Cape Town and St. Helena on the homeward passage. At St. Helena a stay of three or four days was made ; about 100 tons of cargo, such as flour, corn, and preserved meat, being landed, whilst the passengers roamed about the island, visited Longwood and Napoleon's tomb, and climbed up the 699 steps to the barracks.

"Sobraon"

Built 1866 Blackwall Passenger Ship

Captain Elmslie always gave a fancy-dress ball whilst lying at St. Helena ; and this was very much looked forward to, both by the islanders and the ship's crew and passengers. There was plenty of room aboard the *Sobraon* for such festivities, for her first-class saloon was 200 feet in length, and filled the 'tween-decks from right aft to within 20 feet of the foremast, the second saloon occupying the remaining space, except for the store-rooms and sail locker in the eyes of the ship. The *Sobraon* rather differed from most passenger sailing ships in her accommodation plan, for she had a short poop, which did not reach to the mizen mast, though her topgallant fo'c'sle stretched well aft of the foremast.

The *Sobraon,* like most first-class London passenger ships, was very free from accident throughout her career. There were, of course, several falls from aloft, two of them being fatal, but the escapes were often miraculous. On one occasion a big apprentice, weighing 14 stone, fell from the foot rope of the main course, a distance of 58 feet, but he managed, as he was falling, to hunch himself into a ball, like a hedgehog, with his knees under his chin and his arms protecting his head. In this posture he fell on his side on the deck ; he was knocked senseless, but no bones were broken, and he was on duty again in less than a month. In 1886 a man fell off the main upper topsail yard when the *Sobraon* was standing into Plymouth Sound. He fell spread-eagle fashion, the very opposite way to the apprentice, and after breaking seven 27-thread ratlines in the main rigging, landed on the rail unharmed.

There was only one person lost overboard during the whole of the *Sobraon's* career, but this was a very sad case. One Sunday evening in November, 1883, in lat. 35° S., long. 5° W., the ship was making 13 knots under royals with a fine breeze on the starboard quarter, outward bound to Australia. Four bells had just been struck when a lady passenger, quite a young girl, came up on to the poop and sat down on the wheel-box. Five minutes later there came a cry from the quartermaster : " My God ! she's overboard ! "

The 3rd mate and quartermaster rushed to the taffrail and were just in time to see the girl, who was hanging to the lower rail outside, let go her hold and drop into the water. As the quartermaster had left the wheel, the ship came up into the wind ; the boat was in the water within four minutes of the cry " Man overboard ! " but even with her yards flat aback, the *Sobraon* had carried her way for quite half a mile.

It was a black night with a heavy sea running, and though the boat was very nearly swamped several times, the search was kept up for four hours, but no sign of the girl was seen, though two lifebuoys which had been thrown over were recovered. It was evidently a case of suicide. The girl had no relations or friends on board, and so the reason for her action was never brought to light.

On another occasion an apprentice fell overboard in the forenoon watch when the ship was going about 5 knots in the tropics. When the boat reached him, some twenty minutes later, he was found swimming quite calmly, having unlaced and taken off a pair of heavy boots in the water and slung them round his neck.

The worst storm ever experienced by the *Sobraon* occurred to the nor'ard of the Crozets, when she was running her easting down in 1889. The glass tumbled down to 27·75, and whilst all hands were shortening sail, the foresail blew away. With such a valuable sail as the foresail gone, the heavy seas rolling up astern threatened every moment to poop the ship, so the captain gave orders for a new foresail to be bent. It took 30 men four hours' desperate battling aloft to bend and set that new foresail, and hardly had they succeeded before the fore upper topsail blew to rags.

The squalls were now terrific, and with only the reefed foresail and two lower topsails set, the *Sobraon* was making over 14 knots. During that night the sea looted the ship. Most of the port bulwark was washed away. A boat in davits, 22 feet above the water,

disappeared, the davits being broken short off; the main skylight over the saloon was stove in, and so much water got below that passengers were actually washed off their feet. The forward house, containing the galley and engine-room, was almost demolished, and completely gutted of its contents.

The watch on deck were only saved from going overboard time and again by the life-lines stretched fore and aft. The mate and three men were washed away from the main fiferail, and knocked almost senseless against the boarding which had been put up to protect the break of the poop. If it was bad on deck, it was almost worse below. For three days the passengers were battened down below, soaked to the skin, terrified and miserable, with very little to eat, and all their treasured possessions washing to pulp around their feet.

The gale, which had raged from Sunday afternoon, abated on the Wednesday morning and soon dropped to a calm; then, for a few hours, with the sea still running mountains high, the *Sobraon* threatened to roll the sticks out of her, and only the perfect condition of her rigging and gear saved her masts and spars.

In December, 1891, on her arrival at Melbourne, the old ship was sold to the New South Wales Government as a reformatory ship, and for the next twenty years she lay quietly at her moorings in Sydney Harbour.

In 1911 the Federal Government took her over and converted her into a training ship for boys entering the Australian Navy. Thus for over thirty years the famous passenger ship remained a familiar sight in Port Jackson, an example of all that was best in shipbuilding, and in ship running in the days of our grandfathers.

THE "PARRAMATTA."

IN the year 1866, when the great tea race from China resulted in a dead heat, and the three famous tea-ships—*Ariel*, *Taeping* and *Serica*—all docked on the same tide, four very different types of first-class sailing-ships were launched. The first of the four was the *Titania*, the beau ideal of a composite tea clipper, a thorough-bred racer from truck to keel, built in Steele's yard of picked teak, and finished off like a yacht. Next came the iron clipper *Antiope*, one of the earliest of a type which for the last fifty years has shown the world what the Clyde could do in the way of shipbuilding. Then Hall, of Aberdeen, launched the celebrated passenger-ship *Sobraon*, a confessed experiment in type and design, but one which turned out to be a great success. Finally, there was launched, from Laing's yard at Sunderland, the *Parramatta*, which, though her lines were those of a clipper-ship, bore a far closer resemblance to the old East Indiaman than to the windjammer of the latter half of the 19th century.

The *Parramatta* was specially built for Devitt & Moore's passenger line to Sydney. She was a first-class London passenger-ship of the familiar Blackwall type, frigate-built of teak, with iron beams. In her design above water she adhered strictly to the characteristics of the old Blackwall frigates, and was practically an enlarged *La Hogue*. She had the same heavy stern, with large cabin windows, which had gradually been developed from the old East Indiaman's quarter galleries and balconies, with their wealth of carved work and gingerbread.

Like all true Blackwallers, she had next to no sheer; and the dead eyes of her rigging were bolted through wide channels to chain plates, which reached almost to her water-line. Her low poop or, more strictly speaking, her raised quarter-deck, extended so far forward that it only gave a small clearance for the fiferail round her mainmast. Her fo'c'sle head also reached as far aft as the fore swifter, and between the fore and main masts she had a long deck-house, whose top was on the same level as her fo'c'sle and poop decks. Thus she practically had an extra deck.

The great aim in passenger-ships of those days was to provide room on deck for working the ship, as well as give sufficient space for the passengers not only to sit about, but to promenade and dance. In the short, mallet-shaped frigates, which were the immediate predecessors of the *Parramatta*, the crowding up of the decks with cattle stalls, pig pens, extra boats, and the rows of hen coops had become quite a serious problem. Hen coops often lined the bulwarks, even on the sacred quarter-deck, and the smell coming from these coops, after the ship had been a few weeks at sea, will be remembered by all those who have made passages in sailing-ships as far back as the 'sixties and 'seventies.

In the painting of the *Parramatta* Messrs. Devitt & Moore adhered strictly to the fashion of that day for first-class ships, which was a close imitation of the Royal Navy. The sides were black, with black ports on a white band, white rail and deck fittings, white figure-head, bowsprit and lower spars. Even the boats were painted, man-of-war fashion, with white bottoms and black tops.

The rig of the *Parramatta*, except for the double topsail yards and wire standing rigging, was little different from that of twenty years before. Her bowsprit and jib-booms were of immense length, carrying four big headsails. I say jib-booms, for a long flying jib-boom was fidded on the end of the jib-boom. When she came out she set a full suit of stunsails, though when stunsails went out of fashion, towards the end of the 'seventies, the booms were reluctantly sent down from aloft.

All her sails were clewed up to the quarters in the old style of both Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. The modern fashion of clewing up to the yard-arm only became possible when square sails had become broad strips of canvas, with no flow or fall, owing to the doubling of the topsail and topgallant yards. Courses still clew up to the quarters, being deep sails, but it is rare to find clew-line blocks on the quarters of even a royal-yard in a modern sailing-ship.

Neither in her model, her rigging nor her cabin and deck fittings did the *Parramatta* in any way resemble the *Titania*, *Antiope* or *Sobraon*, but as regards her hull measurements she was right up to date. With a registered tonnage of 1,521, she measured 231 feet in length, 38 feet 2 inches beam, and 22 feet 8 inches depth.

During her whole service under the Red Ensign she was never diverted from the Sydney passenger trade. She usually sailed from London about the beginning of September, always calling at Plymouth for those passengers who wished to avoid a dusting in the Channel. During the first ten years or so of her career she came home round the Horn, but in the 'eighties the more comfortable Cape route was adopted.

The *Parramatta* was commanded by Captain J. Swanson until 1874, when he was succeeded by Captain Goddard, the chief officer of *La Hogue*, who had her for the rest of her existence under the Devitt & Moore house flag.

The officers of the Blackwallers were in a different class from the general run of seamen in their day. They had risen through the various grades, from midshipman to commander, in this particular service, which not only considered itself a great deal higher in the social scale than any other sea service, but on a level with the Royal Navy. It was a service with great traditions—traditions of good discipline, of liberal treatment, of dignity and good taste in dress and behaviour, which had been carried down from John Company's lordly East Indiamen. " Blackwall Fashion " is a sea term which is now extinct. But fifty years ago it was the synonym for " decent and considerate treatment " not only for the boys who were serving their time, but for the men before the mast. It comprised, of course, many other meanings, some of them technical, relating to Blackwall rigging methods, some of them conventional, relating to the etiquette and customs peculiar to Blackwall ships. And Blackwall Fashion nearly always meant a happy, comfortable, home-like ship, both for the passengers and crew.

This the *Parramatta* certainly was all through her career. She was always a favourite for families ; the comfort of her passengers was always the first consideration of both her captains, and, thus, she was never driven hard, and during her whole existence she was singularly free from mishap. Nevertheless, her passages were invariably good, and often well within the 80 days.

Iron ships usually made their passages through being driven to the limit in such weather as that of the " roaring forties," but the old wooden frigates, like the *Parramatta*, had a way of slipping along through the tropics when iron ships could scarcely move. No doubt the difference between copper and iron bottoms had something to do with this. But it was not the only reason—there were many others.

To show *Parramatta's* capabilities, I do not think I can do better than give a short description of one of her best homeward passages. She left Sydney on February 5th, 1879.

"Parramatta"

Built 1850. Blackwall Passenger Ship.

As Sydney Heads were passed the men struck up the chanty " London Town in Ninety Days," but ninety days, which was considered very good going, was well beaten by the *Parramatta* on this occasion.

Between New Zealand and the Horn the *Parramatta* fell in with the little tea-clipper *Chinaman*, one of Steele's composite beauties, which had been launched the year before *Parramatta*. The two ships parted company, but met again in the tropics. Finally, they towed up the Thames together. As the *Chinaman*, like all tea-ships, could ghost along in the lightest of airs, this encounter was a feather in the cap of the Blackwaller.

The *Parramatta* came through the rough weather of the Horn without incident, except that she had to thread her way through a number of icebergs to the northward of the Falklands. She was very nearly dismasted, however, in a violent squall in the doldrums. Luckily her old suit of canvas was bent, but thirteen sails were blown away, and for some exciting moments there was pandemonium aloft, with a tremendous tangle of gear, blocks and bull's-eyes being choked by whisps of torn canvas. One of the saloon passengers had his washing airing on the fo'c'sle—and lost it all ; every garment being hurled to leeward in the gust, and only the stops remaining.

From the Equator the *Parramatta* was only 21 days to Plymouth, where she arrived on April 26th, 79 days out.

Messrs. Devitt & Moore sold the old ship to J. Simonsen, of Mandal, Norway, replacing her in their Sydney service with the *Macquarie*, to which Captain Goddard shifted over. The *Parramatta* had ten years in the Norwegian timber trade, but disappeared from the register in 1899. Her end came about the same time as that of her old captain, who died in Sydney on December 2nd, 1898, after a service of thirty-four years as a master mariner without experiencing an accident or mishap worthy of mention.

THE "CARLISLE CASTLE."

THE *Carlisle Castle* was the second iron ship to be built in the Blackwall yard. Messrs. Green built her for their own use, and she was put into the Melbourne trade, where for many years she was a favourite passenger ship.

Her registered measurements were as follows :—1,458 tons ; 229 feet 8 inches length ; 37 feet 8 inches beam ; 22 feet 8 inches depth of hold ; 24 feet 7 inches moulded depth ; 4 feet 10 inches freeboard amidships ; poop 87 feet long ; topgallant fo'c'sle 44 feet.

Carlisle Castle was given a big sail plan, but she was a very powerful ship and well able to carry it. She crossed three skysail yards, over single topgallants and double topsails when she first came out. Later, when double topgallants became fashionable, she sent the double yards aloft at fore and main, retaining the single mizen topgallant sail. But whilst she had her single topgallant yards, the *Carlisle Castle* had rather a peculiar way of reefing her main topgallant sail. A yard was laced to the sail about half-way down ; by this means the sail could be halved. It sounds rather an awkward arrangement and must have been a big strain on the sail in heavy weather. She was one of the last iron ships to use stunsails. With these she was amply provided, having two sets, including storm lower stunsails for running the easting down. She was heavily stayed with three topgallant backstays each side, two royal backstays, and one skysail backstay.

The *Carlisle Castle* was never considered a fast ship—the little *Windsor Castle* being the clipper of Green's fleet—but, when heavily pressed under favourable conditions, the former could just about log 300 in the 24 hours, though this was well above her natural speed, and when forced over 12 knots, she was very wet and threw the water over in a succession of heavy dollops. When allowed to go her own gait she was a steady, comfortable ship.

Carlisle Castle saw the end of the famous Blackwall Line, but right to the last she carried a large number of boys. In the old days of the Indian trade these boys were called midshipmen in the Blackwall frigates. In the Colonial traders, such as the *Carlisle Castle*, *Windsor Castle*, *Melbourne*, and others, they gradually came to be known as premium apprentices. But there was really no difference between the two, both were drawn from the same class. A great number of them were the sons of naval and military officers, a few came from country parsonages, whilst quite a little clan were the sons of Indian civilians. The *Carlisle Castle* generally carried from eight to ten of these brassbounders in her half-deck. But it must not be imagined that they had the privileges and glorious times of the Mids in the Indian trade.

The Colonial ships, whether first-class Blackwall passenger ships or smart wool clippers, never attempted the lordly style, the almost naval discipline, and the rigid customs of the Indian ships. And though the Mids in the *Carlisle Castle* paid the same premiums as their luckier fellows in the Calcutta ships, they had to work like the apprentices of ships which had no Blackwall traditions behind them. There was little walking of the lee-side of the poop in uniform, but plenty of sand and canvasing, brass polishing and paint scrubbing.

Whilst in Melbourne they helped to heave out stone ballast, stow raw hides, shellac and tallow, and roll bales of wool from the dumping sheds to the ship. Nor, in the *Carlisle Castle*, was the half-deck always reserved for the boys. Often coming home it was required to help out the passenger accommodation or provide another receptacle for cargo, and the boys were generally berthed in the midship-house, which was practically waterlogged all the way to the Horn. On more than one occasion they were actually put in the hatch square—in the dark, with a screen lashed round the dumped wool. Those who experienced this queer abode never forgot the smell of the wool—it clung to their nostrils for the rest of their lives.

Other apprentices often looked upon those of the Blackwall ships as luxurious, effeminate, poop ornaments. This was chiefly owing to their having to work in uniform. Yet these Blackwall boys did everything on board the *Carlisle Castle* except clean out the pigsties. And their great complaint was that they had to do every kind of messy job in uniform, which speedily made their smart blue or well-starched white kit unfit to be seen.

The premium and cost of outfit in Green's was a big drain upon a poor parent, but it had long been known as the finest training procurable in the Mercantile Marine, so there was never any lack of applicants. In the 'seventies the first voyage premium was £60, and £20 a voyage after that. Mess money was £10; pocket money in the captain's charge £10, and share of midshipman's servant per voyage £2. (This unfortunate youth, who was known as the midshipmen's devil, earned his money.)

When the new iron frigate was launched from the Blackwall yard in September, 1868, many shipping experts believed that she would prove a wonder, and 18 knots was considered to be well within her capabilities. With Captain A. Cooper in command she was laid on the berth for India, and sailed with a full passenger list. But her maiden voyage was spoilt by the homeward passage.

She left the Maidan moorings on March 20th, 1869, but was hardly clear of the Sandheads before the discovery was made that her bottom was very foul with long streamers of ribbon weed, which almost stopped her moving at all in light winds. With such a handicap the Cape was not passed till the 78th day out, and *Carlisle Castle* did not make fast in the Blackwall Dock until September 5th, when she was 169 days out and had been posted at Lloyd's for about a month. Though she never really came up to Green's expectations as regards speed, she did much better when she was transferred to the Colonial trade.

At first she carried a full complement of passengers out and home, but later, when the passengers deserted the sailing ships for the liners, she loaded full cargoes of wool and grain. Under Captain A. Cooper she was a very consistent, if not a great, passage maker, and she was very free from accident. I find that the average of 11 passages to Melbourne between 1877 and 1887 works out at 86½ days. Homewards, like most iron ships, she made longer passages, occasionally coming home round the Cape.

In 1881 she made a trip from Melbourne to Calcutta—no doubt with horses on board. Leaving Melbourne July 4th, she arrived Calcutta on August 23rd—50 days out. Leaving Calcutta on September 14th, she reached Melbourne again on November 19th—66 days out.

Her best outward passage was 74 days to Melbourne in 1880. She took her departure from the Lizard at 10.10 p.m. on April 25th, and arrived in Hobson's Bay on July 8th.

In 1877 she passed the Lizard on the same day that the Loch Liner, *Loch Garry*, left Queenstown—July 11th. The two ships crossed the Equator in company on August 10th, and were in sight of each other for the next 12 days. *Loch Garry* was the first to reach Melbourne, but *Carlisle Castle* was close on her heels. *Loch Garry* arrived on September 26th, 77 days from Cork; *Carlisle Castle* sighted Cape Otway on the 28th, but did not anchor in Hobson's Bay till the 30th, 81 days from the Lizard.

"Carlisle Castle"

Built 1865 Vauxhall Passenger Ship

The best homeward passage of *Carlisle Castle* was in 1877–8. This time she entered the lists against the cracks of the wool fleet, and was dry-docked and carefully prepared for the contest.

The sailing dates for the March wool sales were as follows :

Miltiades	sailed	from	Melbourne,	Nov.	16th.
Patriarch	„	„	Sydney	„	21st.
Carlisle Castle	„	„	Melbourne	„	23rd.
Sir Walter Raleigh	„	„	„	„	23rd.
Salamis	„	„	„	„	24th.
Mermerus	„	„	„	„	24th.

All the *Carlisle Castle's* antagonists were proved heelers with many a fine record to their credit, and they no doubt looked upon the steady-going old Blackwaller as an interloper which they could afford to ignore. But it so happened that these world-renowned clippers had the surprise of their lives.

I believe I am correct in stating that Captain John Smith took her over in Melbourne for this passage. He was a young man then with his name still to make, and he carried sail for all it was worth. He afterwards achieved fame in the *Windsor Castle*.

At 7 a.m. on November 23rd *Carlisle Castle* passed through Port Phillip Heads. On December 20th, when nearing the Horn, she fell in company with *Mermerus* and *Salamis*. Three days later Diego Ramirez was sighted, *Carlisle Castle* being still in company with *Mermerus* and *Salamis*, whilst *Miltiades* had also appeared over the horizon.

These four vessels were still in sight of each other on the 25th, which shows that the *Carlisle Castle* was not doing so badly. It was fine weather, and the Blackwaller actually rounded the Horn with skysails set, and topmast and lower stunsails boomed out on either side. Her best run was only 270 miles, but she never had sufficient weight of wind, except for a few hours at a time. She continued to make good progress, however, and crossed the Equator on January 21st, 1878. No more was seen of the other ships. At 2 a.m. on February 16th the Bishops were sighted, 84½ days out, and two days later *Carlisle Castle* made fast in the East India Dock.

Only one ship, the *Mermerus*, was in ahead of her, the times of the racing wool ships being :

Mermerus	arr.	London,	Feb.	12th,	80	days	out.
Carlisle Castle	„	„	„	18th,	86½	„	„
Salamis	„	„	„	19th,	87	„	„
Miltiades	„	„	„	21st,	97	„	„
Patriarch	„	„	„	28th,	99	„	„
Sir Walter Raleigh	„	„	Mar.	1st,	98	„	„

This was considered a great triumph for the *Carlisle Castle*. In a race against five of the smartest ships in the wool fleet, she had come in second. It was her only real attempt at racing, and it was not a bad one.

In the early 'nineties she was sold to Captain J. Robertson, who stripped the yards off her mizen mast. In 1899, under Captain J. Lindsay, she left Glasgow for West Australia. On July 12th, 1899, the P. & O. *Oceana*, Captain L. H. Crawford, C.B., passed under the stern of the *Carlisle Castle*, and it was remarked on board the liner that the latter was carrying a very heavy press of sail for a vessel on a lee-shore with heavy weather coming on. Wreckage, which was identified as belonging to the *Carlisle Castle*, was afterwards picked up on the West Australian coast, and it was concluded that she struck on the rocks that very night and went down with all hands.

THE "HESPERUS."

ON March 27th, 1872, the *Yatala*, the finest passenger ship in the Orient Line, went ashore near Cape Gris Nez, when homeward bound from Adelaide, and became a total loss. This was a very serious loss to the firm, coming, as it did, at a time when the rush of emigrants to South Australia was at its height.

The *Yatala* was a composite ship of 1,127 tons, and under the famous Captain Legoe was noted for her passages, her best being 66 days to Adelaide in 1867. But, by 1872 the day of the composite clipper was already on the wane, and iron clippers were being built as fast as the North Country yards could lay them down. With their teak-built frigates and small composite clippers the great London shipping firms were already finding the competition of the new iron clippers from the Clyde and the Mersey more than serious, and it was quite evident that unless they abandoned teak for iron, they would lose their hardly-won position at the head of the British Merchant Service.

Thus it was that Messrs. Anderson, Anderson & Co. decided to replace their lost ship by the two finest iron clippers that could be built. Robert Steele, of Greenock, the foremost designer and builder of clipper ships in the world, was given the order for the two new Orient liners, and both in design and workmanship he gave of his very best. The new ships were named *Hesperus* and *Aurora*. *Hesperus* was launched in November, 1873. She registered 1,777 tons ; was 262 feet 2 inches in length with 39 feet 7 inches beam and 23 feet 5 inches depth, whilst her poop was 74 feet long, and her fo'c'sle head 40 feet. Her sail plan was a large one, with double topgallant yards on all three masts. She had very long poles above her royals, so that skysail yards could be sent up and crossed in the tropics, and her jib-boom was noted as the longest belonging to any ship sailing out of the Port of London.

On February 14th, 1874, the veteran Captain Legoe was appointed to the command of the new clipper, and she was put on the berth for Adelaide. Previous to commanding the *Yatala* from 1865 to 1872, Captain Legoe had had the *Murray* for four voyages, and before that the little tea clipper, *Celestial*.

The year 1874 was a boom year in the passenger trade to the Colonies, and nearly every ship sailing for Australia or New Zealand had her 'tween-decks full of emigrants. That spring the following ships left the United Kingdom for the Land of Promise :

Hesperus	with	416	emigrants	for	Adelaide.
Lady Douglas	„	300	„	„	Rockhampton.
Great Queensland	„	644	„	„	Maryborough.
La Hogue	„	443	„	„	Wellington.
Rooparell	„	361	„	„	Auckland.
Ballochmyle	„	484	„	„	Canterbury.
James Nichol Fleming	„	367	„	„	Port Chalmers.

With a full complement of passengers, Captain Legoe made no attempt to beat records, but relied on the natural speed of his ship. Many a captain, in those early days of iron, made the lives of his passengers into a sort of inferno, in his effort to make a good passage.

Small heed was taken of the fact that iron has not the buoyancy of wood, and many a ship was driven through the " roaring forties " like a submarine, with her passengers battened down below and her crew standing by on the poop. Of such was the *Loch Awe*, Captain Weir, which arrived in Auckland with her decks swept clean, her boats gone, and her passengers half-crazed with fright and half-dead with fatigue, from being hurled about below, whilst the ship crashed from sea to sea.

But this hard driving was not encouraged in the Orient Line, nor was it necessary in the case of a ship like the *Hesperus*, for not only did she prove to be a fine sea boat, stiff under canvas and easy to handle, but also a vessel of very exceptional speed. Though her passages under the Orient flag were always good, she was never raced, and always came home via the Cape and St. Helena in preference to the more strenuous route round the Horn.

Her sister ship, *Aurora*, was unfortunately lost on her maiden voyage, being abandoned in flames with fore and main masts gone in 40° N. 35° W. on August 9th, 1875, her homeward cargo of wool having caught fire by spontaneous combustion. Her place was filled by the famous *Harbinger*. *Hesperus* and *Harbinger* were favourite passenger ships in the Adelaide and Melbourne trade right up to 1890, when they were bought by Lord Brassey and Messrs. Devitt & Moore for their new cadet-training scheme.

Legoe retired from the sea at the end of the 'seventies, and set up as a stevedore at the Semaphore. He was succeeded by Captain T. R. Harry, who remained in command of the *Hesperus* until the Orient Line sold her.

On taking over the *Hesperus*, Messrs. Devitt & Moore transferred their crack skipper, Barrett, and his chief officer, F. W. Corner, from the *Rodney*. It was under these two officers that the *Hesperus* made her best passages. Captain Barrett, who had a strong objection to skysails, did away with the clipper's skysail yards ; he also removed her standing gaff and spanker-boom, and contented himself with a leg-of-mutton spanker.

On September 11th, 1891, *Hesperus* left London with a full complement of cadets. She reached Sydney on December 8th, 88 days out. Here her crew cleared out in order to follow a gold stampede up-country, leaving the cadets to do everything during the ship's four months' wait for a wool cargo. No history of Sydney would be complete without some mention of the sailing ship brassbounders ; the cadets of the *Hesperus* proved only too true to type, and when the vessel sailed for home, the three brass balls of a well-known pawnbroker in Argyle Cut hung conspicuous in their golden splendour from the end of the clipper's jib-boom. The run home was made in the good time of 85 days. In 1892 and 1893 the *Hesperus* made the two best passages of her career.

On October 11th, 1892, she left London and took her departure from the Lizard on the 13th ; the Equator was crossed on November 8th in 30° W. and the Greenwich Meridian on November 29th in 42° S. Her best runs in the 'forties were 300, 302, 319, 326 and 328 miles, and on December 23rd she arrived in Hobson's Bay, 71 days from the Lizard.

In 1893 she took her departure from the Lizard on October 18th ; crossed the Equator in 25° W. on November 8th, and the Cape Meridian on the 30th. On December 10th she made her best 24-hour run, 363 miles, with a strong North wind and smooth water. This was under all plain sail except the mainsail, which had to be furled, as it was badly torn whilst all hands were attempting to reef it at 4 a.m. The Otway was sighted at 6 p.m. on December 28th, but a strong southerly gale was blowing and the ship had to be hove to for some hours, and could not get inside until the following day, when she anchored in Hobson's Bay, 72 days from the Lizard.

"Hesperus"

Built 1873 Blackwall Passenger Ship

Throughout the 'nineties the *Hesperus* sailed to Melbourne with cadets and brought home a cargo of wool or grain. Her passages were nearly always above the average, which is not to be wondered at with picked officers and double watches.

In 1895 she arrived in Hobson's Bay, 81 days out from the Start. This year she lost Fred Corner as chief officer; he left the *Hesperus* to take command of the *Rodney*. The former's worst passage appears to have been her homeward one in 1897, when she signalled the Lizard on July 18th, 138 days from Port Phillip. On her next passage out, in 1898, she soon showed that she had not lost her speed, by making the run in 76 days from the Wight.

At the end of this voyage Captain Barrett had to give up his command owing to ill-health, and so it came about that Captain Maitland had the old ship during her last voyage under Devitt & Moore's house flag. He drove the *Hesperus* from the Lizard to Melbourne in 84 days. On her arrival home in 1899 Devitt & Moore sold their beautiful cadet ship to the Russian Government for £9,000. She was renamed *Grand Duchess Maria Nikolaevna*, and stationed in the Black Sea as a training ship.

When the war broke out she happened to be refitting at Wallsend. The famous cadet ship was not allowed to play any part in the gigantic struggle, but was taken across to Frederikshavn, Denmark, where she lay moored bow and stern throughout the war.

Soon after the armistice she was claimed by the Russian Republic, and the officials of the Russian Volunteer Fleet, who had headquarters in London, took her over and had her fitted for sea at Newcastle, with the intention of sending her into general trading. Her first charter under the Republican flag was to fetch a cargo of bass-wood logs from Montreal, where the lumber had been lying piled on the wharf, waiting to be taken to England to be manufactured into matches.

The *Grand Duchess* sailed from Newcastle in water ballast and made the run across to Montreal in 30 days. This was before the days of the Soviet, and her officers were Russians of the old regime. Both her captain and chief officer were gentlemen, and quite young. The skipper was a very clever navigator, and he showed his skill by sailing his ship through Belle Isle Strait and past Anticosti, by the North Channel. The mate was also very capable. He had been a cadet in her when she was the Odessa training ship before the war.

On her arrival at Montreal the crew deserted as soon as they saw what kind of a deck cargo the poor old ship had to load. This consisted of round, unbarked tree-trunks of bass-wood which, lashed down with chains, so blocked the main-deck, that one could hardly get at the gear, much less pull on it. The author and journalist, Frederick William Wallace, made the passage back to England in the ship, and in a letter written in January, 1922, he thus describes the ex-cadet ship:

" The old packet was in splendid shape—sails all new, gear rove off anew, and everything spick and span. The brass-work, teak and carving about her would have served a yacht and delighted the heart of a ' Blue Nose ' mate. Her figure-head and lines were beautiful and her iron hull was as good now as the day she was built. I have been down in her run and fore-peak, and there was no sign of corrosion. We had wireless and got all the news of the day, also the weather forecasts, and rated chronometers from Eiffel Tower. She was fitted with two donkey-boilers, steam heat and electric light—needless to say we had neither heat nor light as a common timber-drogher. Her original standing rigging was set up by lanyards and dead eyes—she now has rigging-screws and shear-pole ratlins. The teak forward-house was rebuilt of steel; fo'c'sle bunks are of the sanitary steel kind and steam heat and electric light were also fitted, though not used on our trip. There was enough spare gear in her peak to fit her out twice over. I never was aboard such a ship for fine fittings."

The difficulty, once the cargo was loaded, was to ship a crew. The mate made a trip to New York, and came back with nine men, but when the ship left Montreal, out of twenty

hands in her fo'c'sle, only six could be called sailormen; the rest were steamboat roustabouts, stiffs and hoboes. And when the old ship got clear of the Gulf, the officers soon discovered that there was no hope of making a passage, owing to her poor crew. Half the crowd were shirkers, who, when there was work to do aloft, loitered on the shear-poles or hid in the tops. One man, according to Wallace, hid behind the donkey-boiler and never went above the rail the whole passage. Other men actually went aloft up the inside of the lee rigging and crawled through the lubber's hole. And when it breezed up a bit, it took eighteen men a hard struggle to make the main upper topsail fast.

The *Grand Duchess* towed away from Montreal behind a Diesel-engined tug on October 2nd, 1920. It was a 240-mile tow down to Father Point. In the traverses there was something of a mix-up. It was raining hard and pitch dark. The tide took charge of the tug-boat; the tow-rope fouled the ship's martingale, broke off the arm of the figure-head, carried away the back-ropes, and took a turn round the fluke of the anchor, which was hanging from the hawse-pipe. For some minutes it looked as if the ship might go ashore before the tug got straightened out.

On her passage to Liverpool the best 24-hour run was 240 miles, but what with light winds and an indifferent crew, she never had a chance. Cape Clear was abeam on the 29th day out, but the ship was then held up by head winds. Finally, after a pluck from the Bar lightship, which cost £300, the *Grand Duchess* dropped her anchor in the Mersey on November 5th.

Since her sale to the Russians the old ship's bowsprit and long jib-boom had been replaced by an unusually long spike bowsprit of steel. Whilst she was warping into the basin of the North Carrier's Dock the following evening, this steel bowsprit raked the side of a steamer, sweeping away 22 feet of her rail and her port topmast backstay.

The next event in the life of the *Grand Duchess* was the eclipse of the Russian Republic by the Soviet; the day after she had docked, General Wrangell's defeat was in the papers. Uncertain what to do, the skipper of this aristocratic vessel put the *Grand Duchess* under the protection of France and hoisted the Tricolour. Then, after lying discharged for some time in the Wallasey Dock, the old ship once more came under the Red Ensign, her new owners being the London Steamship and Trading Corporation.

For some reason or other she was not given back her old name, but disguised under that of *Silvana*. Captain P. Balk handed over to Captain C. J. Soutar, and in September, 1921, the *Silvana* sailed for Santa Pola, Spain. Here she loaded salt and sailed for Buenos Ayres on July 12th, 1922. This last voyage of the famous passenger clipper seems to have been the most leisurely of her existence. She was no less than 88 days from Spain to the River Plate. Then on January 9th, 1923, she left Buenos Ayres and turned up at St. Michael's, Azores, 117 days later. Lastly we find her in sad straits, lying at Bordeaux, held up for want of money to meet the claims of various creditors, including her officers and crew.

With her owners unable to meet their liabilities, the civil tribunal at Bordeaux awarded the ship to the firm which had supplied her with 50,000 francs' worth of provisions. Then the Imperial Merchant Service Guild intervened on behalf of the ship's officers. Upon which the legal dispute raged round a very interesting object—this was a valuable icon, in the shape of a gold statue, set with precious stones, which, rumour stated, had been presented to the ship either by the late Czar himself or by one of the royal princesses of Russia. This icon was valued at £1,000. Suddenly it disappeared, but after being missing for some months, was at last discovered in the possession of a money-lender, who had advanced a small sum upon it. On being recovered it was deposited with the Finnish Consul at Bordeaux until the legal dispute over wages and claims was settled.

Finally the financial difficulties were cleared up, and an Italian captain was appointed, who sailed the famous old ship to Genoa, where she was broken up during the summer of 1923.

THE "MACQUARIE."

MANY good old-fashioned terms are gradually being lost to the Anglo-Saxon tongue owing to the extinction of sailing ships. Two of these, which express the way in which a ship is run by her captain and officers, are "Bristol fashion" and "Blackwall fashion." The same method of carrying on the work of a ship would undoubtedly be denoted in these days by the hard-used term "first class." Fifty or sixty years ago, anyone wishing to travel to the East under the very best conditions that money could buy always chose a ship which was run "Blackwall fashion." This meant engaging a cabin in one of Green's, Smith's, or Wigram's frigate-built Indiamen, known in the London river and the East as the Blackwall frigates. These frigates, which, as their name denotes, resembled those of the Royal Navy, were beautifully built of the finest Malabar teak.

Now the famous Dicky Green, the head of the firm of R. and H. Green, was one of the old hard-shell Conservatives, and clung to old methods, old customs and old habits with a strenuous fierceness which was curious in so gentle a nature. As long as he was alive no man dared to suggest his abandoning his wooden frigates and following the growing fashion for iron ships.

But when Dicky Green died in 1863 the firm hastened to make up for lost time, and launched their first iron ship, the *Superb*, in 1866, and their second, the *Carlisle Castle*, in 1868. Finally, they built the *Melbourne* for their growing passenger trade to Australia.

It so happened that they found themselves with a quantity of surplus plates after building a man-of-war. They thereupon decided to use these plates with the object of producing the finest iron passenger ship which could possibly be built. This, the last ship of a line which was considered to have no equal in our Mercantile Marine, was called the *Melbourne*, and registered 1,857 tons, 269 feet 8 inches long, 40 feet 1 inch beam, and 23 feet 7 inches depth. She cost when ready for sea as much as £42,000—a little over £22 10s. per ton.

For an iron ship she was most lavishly ornamented with gilding and scroll-work, whilst her figure-head was a beautifully carved portrait of Queen Victoria. Under a 69-foot poop she carried a first-class accommodation which was considered a great advance on that of any previous ship. The cabins were larger and better ventilated, whilst, what was hardly yet the custom, they were completely furnished. In retaining a stern cabin with large stern windows she formed the very last link with the old East Indiamen of John Company days.

This magnificent vessel was launched in June, 1875, and on August 16th, 1875, she left the East India Docks under Captain R. Marsden, late of Green's *Agamemnon*, with sixty passengers for the great Australian port after which she was named.

The firm of R. and H. Green were never ready to sacrifice the safety and comfort of their passengers for the sake of being able to advertise record passages. Thus the *Melbourne*, though a magnificent sea-boat specially noted for her dryness, was no record breaker. Her passages were good without being in any way above the average.

On her maiden trip she arrived in Hobson's Bay on November 16th, 86 days from the Start. This was not a bad performance considering that she lost her foretop mast and main topgallant mast in a squall on the edge of the N.E. trades when only 25 days out. Her run home was made in 104 days.

On her second voyage she went out to Melbourne in 77 days, and this was about as good as she could do.

Captain Norwood Harrison followed Captain Marsden in the command, and the following Australian shipping notice of the ship's Melbourne period is of interest :

FIRST SHIP
For the February Sales :
Messrs. Green's Blackwall Line of Passenger Ships.
For LONDON DIRECT.
To be despatched from the Williamstown Railway Pier about the middle of October.
The magnificent new passenger ship " MELBOURNE."
Norwood Harrison, R.N.R., Commander.

The SALOON CABINS are specially suited for families, and fitted with cabin furniture ; are also unusually roomy, well-lighted, and thoroughly ventilated.
Bedding and all cabin requisites are provided.
Ladies' and gentlemen's bathrooms.
The ship is accompanied by a surgeon.

For freight or passage, circulars, plans, etc., apply to J. H. White & Co., 49 William Street.

* * *

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SHIPPERS OF WOOL.

As a large portion of the *Melbourne's* cargo consists of flour and wheat the space for wool is sufficiently reduced to permit of the ship sailing earlier than usual.

The date of this notice is September 20th, 1880, and it is very interesting when compared with those of the great passenger lines of the present day, 47 years later.

The *Melbourne* was a regular first-class passenger ship to Hobson's Bay until 1887, when Messrs. Devitt & Moore bought her from the Greens in order to replace their old *Parramatta* in the Sydney trade. On her first passage to Sydney she took out fifty passengers under Captain Goddard, who transferred to the *Melbourne* from the *Parramatta*. Sydney was reached on December 27th, when the ship was 94 days out.

It was in 1888, on her second voyage to Sydney, that her name was changed to *Macquarie*, the name by which she is best remembered. Captain Goddard commanded the *Macquarie* until 1896 ; then the veteran Captain Corvasso, of *La Hogue* and *Dunbar Castle* fame, took her for a voyage, bringing home 5,555 bales of wool from Sydney in 95 days.

In 1897 Messrs. Devitt & Moore sold their famous cadet ship *Harbinger*, having decided to replace her by the *Macquarie*, which, now that a full passenger list was a thing of the past, was very well adapted to the carrying of a large number of cadets. The command was given to Captain Corner, who had been mate under Barrett in the cadet ship *Hesperus*.

Corner, to whose skill as a photographer we owe the many delightful views of the *Macquarie*, had a great success with the beautiful ship. On his first cadet passage he took

Marquette

Built 1875 Blackwall Passenger Ship

her out to Sydney in 86 days, leaving London September 3rd, 1897, and arriving at Port Jackson on November 28th.

The *Macquarie*, after six successful voyages as a cadet ship, was sold by Messrs. Devitt & Moore to the Norwegians for the sum of £4,500. Her new owners at once disguised the stately Blackwaller by stripping the yards off her mizen-mast and changing her name to *Fortuna*. Instead of passengers or premium cadets she henceforth carried timber. On January 13th, 1906, she once more visited Melbourne after a long absence, having come out from Frederikstadt in 100 days.

Three years later the Norwegians sold her to Lund for £3,500, the latter fitting her as a coal hulk in Sydney. Let me finish this account by quoting a letter from Sydney, written on June 10th, 1920 :

" The one-time clipper ship *Melbourne* has struck her last job. She has been converted into a coal elevator capable of bunkering steamers at the rate of 200 tons an hour. As she lies at Darling Island with her upper works demolished, coal-grabs fitted to her starboard deck, and a couple of 60-foot elevators towering over her port side, it is hard to realize that she was once a famous flyer."

THE "HARBINGER."

THE *Harbinger* was Steele's supreme effort at producing an iron passenger-carrying sailing ship. She was built to the order of Anderson, Anderson in 1876, with the prime object of displacing the favourite *Torrens* in the hearts of the South Australians, but though it would have been hard to produce a more perfect passenger ship than the *Harbinger*, the Adelaide people remained faithful to the *Torrens*, and the *Harbinger* spent most of her life in the Melbourne trade.

Launched just about the time when the iron clipper had reached its highest development, the *Harbinger* proved herself to be very fast, a perfect sea-boat, and a most comfortable passenger ship. If she broke no records, this is not saying that she could not have done so, but her captains had strict orders to study the comfort of their passengers before everything else, and this, naturally, did not allow of hard sail-carrying. *Harbinger*, indeed, was one of the last sailing ships which carried on the traditions of the lordly East Indiamen and their successors, those London frigates which were run "Blackwall fashion." She was considered one of the best finished vessels ever built by Robert Steele, much of her teak wood being beautifully carved, whilst brass was inlaid everywhere about her rails and stanchions.

Anderson, Anderson & Co.'s house flag was blue with a white cross from corner to corner, but I believe that for a short while in the 'seventies their ships flew a flag consisting of the rising sun on a white field. At any rate, the *Harbinger* had a rising sun carved on bollard heads, stanchions, etc., and this device was also on all her plate and crockery.

As regards her sea-going qualities, Frank Bullen, the sea writer, who served a passage in her as 2nd mate, bears enthusiastic testimony—indeed, so great was his admiration of the beautiful ship that he waxed quite poetical, and declared that "in a grand and gracious fashion she seemed to claim affinity with the waves." And his opinion was shared by all who sailed in her. Some ships are very heavy workers and peculiarly uncertain and balky to handle, but the *Harbinger* was one of those ships of which it used to be said that they would do anything but talk.

Like all narrow iron clippers she was wet enough when running in heavy weather, and it was usual to put up a temporary breastwork in order to protect the break of the poop, and also to rig life-lines fore and aft along the main-deck when running down the easting. Though a very tall ship, 210 feet from main truck to water-line, she was so stiff, and carried her canvas so well, that another 600 feet of sail were piled on her after her first voyage.

The *Harbinger* had certain details of rigging which were not usual in an iron ship; for instance, her rigging came down to outboard channels. In other ways also her riggers followed a bygone fashion, giving her a hoisting spanker, a spencer gaff, and a flying jib-boom. Further, she was a three-skysail yard ship, with double topsails, also double topgallant sails at fore and main. She had a poop 59 feet long, which provided accommodation for thirty first-class passengers; whilst in her 'tween-decks as many as

200 emigrants were housed on occasion. Her midship-house provided quarters for a donkey-engine and condenser, besides the usual galley, carpenter's shop, and petty officer's room. There were three tiers of bunks under her topgallant fo'c'sle.

As a first-class London passenger ship she carried a big crew, over fifty in number, with a full complement of officers and petty officers ; not the least important of whom was the butcher, who was in charge of the cow-stalls, pig and sheep pens and chicken-coops which made her forward deck rather cramped for space.

It is difficult to compare the passages of the regular passenger ships with those of the racing wool clippers, for many of the first were never driven to their utmost, whilst the latter were rarely given an easy. Yet there is no doubt that several of the crack London ships, such as *Harbinger*, would have made records if their captains had been minded to drive them. On her maiden passage she arrived at Adelaide on January 26th, 1877, 76 days out ; and this was about her average in the South Australian trade.

Her first voyage to Melbourne was made in 1884. She left London on July 9th, 1884, with 15 saloon, 21 second class, and 60 steerage passengers, under Captain D. R. Bolt, passed the Lizard on July 12th, and arrived in Hobson's Bay on October 3rd, 85 days out. From this date she remained in the Melbourne trade until she changed her flag.

After a perusal of several of *Harbinger's* log-books, I think the following may be taken as good examples of her speed :

Light unfavourable wind	6 knots.
Light favourable wind	8 „
In the Trades close-hauled	9 „
In the Trades yards square	10 „
Hard gale under lower topsails	10 „
Strong fair gale, main royal set	11 „
Strong Wly. gale, upper topgallant sails set	12 „
Strong fair wind under royals	14 „
Extreme speed logged	16 „
Best 24 hours' run	340 sea miles.

Harbinger was commanded in turn by Captains H. Y. Slader, Daniel R. Bolt, D. Forbes, F. W. Corner, and Charles Maitland. After 14 years of passenger-carrying without a mishap under the first three of these captains, she was bought in 1890, along with the *Hesperus*, by Devitt & Moore for their cadet-training scheme.

In buying these two ships Messrs. Devitt & Moore considered that they were procuring the two finest passenger clippers then afloat, and certainly few men in the shipping business would have been ready to dispute their contention.

Messrs. Devitt & Moore, who had succeeded to the mantle of Duncan Dunbar, had always run their ships " Blackwall fashion," and under the cadet scheme which they inaugurated with the help of Lord Brassey, the *Harbinger* was not only splendidly officered and manned, but most liberally kept up.

As a cadet ship the bunks of the fo'c'sle were occupied by 32 picked A.Bs. and 4 O.Ss. ; these, along with as many as 18 to 20 cadets, should have been sufficient to yank the beautiful ship out of the water. The Devitt & Moore cadet ships were always much sought after by steady-going old shell-backs who were in search of a comfortable foc's'le, good victuals and decent treatment, with the added attraction of a large crowd of embryo officers who would do most of the work aloft. These old seamen had a very proper pride in their calling, and they one and all looked upon steam-boating as a degradation.

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Westminster

Built 1876 Blackwall Passenger Ship

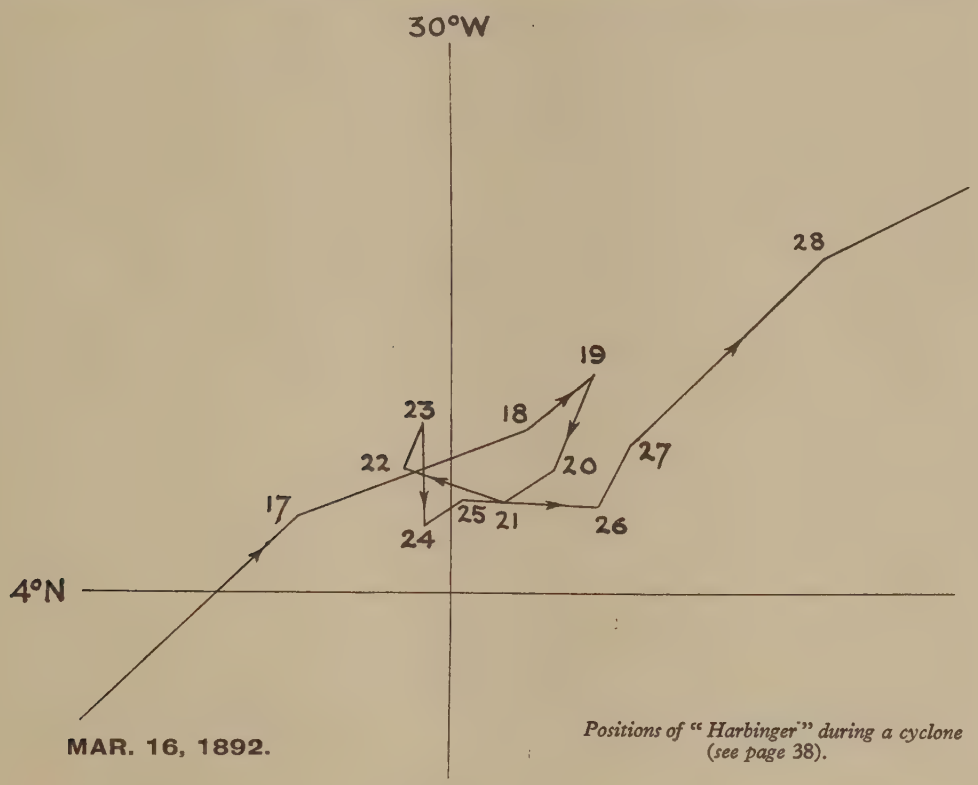
An old *Harbinger* cadet, in a most interesting letter of reminiscences to " The Blue Peter," writes as follows :

" Amongst the crew were several old ' salt-horses '—veterans who had never been, and never intended to go in steam-boats.

" ' What ! ' said one, Leggatt, to me, ' me go as a —— housemaid ? Me . . . ! '

" His scorn was immeasurable.

" Another we christened ' Nodder,' because his head was palsied with age, so that he stuttered. Yet I saw him slide down the leech of a lower topsail to reach the main yard-arm."



Positions of " Harbinger " during a cyclone (*see page* 38).

The writer of the above was a cadet on the *Harbinger's* first cadet voyage, and he gives a vivid pen picture of some of his shipmates. Of Mr. Groves, the mate, who later became a Channel pilot, he remarks :—" Will ever remain for me the beau ideal of a sailor-man. I fancy he had been a fire-eater in former ships : but we liked to think that we had tamed him by kindness. Still, when he spoke, we jumped."

The 2nd mate was Mr. Taylor, a merry soul with a playful way of joshing cadets. And he writes thus interestingly of Commander Frank Wild, the Antarctic explorer, who was also a member of the *Harbinger's* crew at that time :

" I never heard anyone ' chanty ' like Frank Wild. He could bellow like a bull or sing like an angel ; and many were the two-hour spells that I, acting as his ' lee-wheel,' spent with him (the *Harbinger* could kick a single helmsman bodily over her wheel in spasms of skittishness !) when, in a voice so modulated as to escape the notice of a prowling mate, he would sing me song after song. And I never knew a man want to ' cross ' Frank Wild, small as he was. No wonder to me that, with his kindliness, good company, and sturdiness of mind and body, he proved a tower of strength when destiny set him southward bound towards the Pole with Sir Ernest Shackleton."

Our old cadet also describes the *Harbinger's* chief steward :—" A strange old fellow, that chief steward, with his sparse straggling beard, dyed (it was said) with Condy's fluid, and his years a fixed quantity on the ship's Articles for many a voyage. He disliked the boys in the half-deck, and I fear we gave him cause. For one thing, we called him ' Lobengula.' "

The first voyage of the *Harbinger* as a cadet ship was uneventful, except that she was hung up in Port Phillip for three months owing to the big strike. But on her next voyage, when homeward bound and N.W. of the Azores, she received the worst dusting of her life. The storm was cyclonic, as is shown by the diagram on page 37 of the ship's noon positions.

Sail was shortened down to the fore and main upper topsails and foresail. But by the time this had been done, it was time for the foresail to come in. Though the foot-ropes were packed as tight as they would hold with men, it was a hard fight to get the sail on the yard and the gaskets passed. Yet this strenuous battle with the elements was no sooner finished than the order went forth to goose-wing the topsails, which had already been reefed.

The topsails were duly goose-winged, but blew away soon afterwards ; a storm trysail was also set, but this sail, made of the stoutest canvas that was woven, could not stand against the fury of the wind and also went to smithereens. Then with every sail blown off her, the *Harbinger* was hove to with a tarpaulin lashed in the mizen rigging ; and so she lay wallowing in the trough of the sea for a full week.

Although she was in very good trim, with a buoyant wool cargo, she rolled her lee rail under until the water was up to the centre of the main hatch. Her fore rigging, also, was constantly buried five feet under water, and when the cadets looked out of the starboard port-holes of the forward house, which was their quarters, they could only see the green of salt water covering the glass. When, at last, the gale blew itself out, the carpenter of the *Harbinger* found 7 feet of water in the well, all of which must have got in somehow through the deck openings.

Harbinger carried cadets in the Melbourne trade until 1897, when she was sold to the Russians for £4,800, her place as an ocean-going training ship being taken by the *Macquarie*.

Harbinger's new owner, J. L. Enlund, of Raumo, sailed her in the Baltic trade until January, 1910, when he sold her to the Dutch for about £2,000 ; and the fine old ship was broken up at Antwerp shortly afterwards.

AMERICAN-BUILT CLIPPER SHIPS.

THE "FLYING CLOUD."

OF all the famous American clipper ships which were launched from New York, Boston and other Down East yards between 1850 and 1860, the *Flying Cloud* had by far the best record. In strong whole sail winds she could not be beaten, though like all McKay's designs she was not a fast ship in light airs. Unfortunately, like all soft wood clippers, she soon became strained and water-soaked, and she was only at her best for about five years, after which her passages lengthened and she dropped out of the first flight.

The *Flying Cloud* was designed and built by Donald McKay of Boston to the order of Enoch Train, the owner of the White Diamond packets; but, to his lasting regret, Train sold her whilst on the stocks to Grinnell, Minturn & Co., of the Swallow Tail Line, for their New York–San Francisco service.

Flying Cloud registered 1,783 tons, and her chief measurements were as follows :— Length on keel, 208 feet; length on deck, 225 feet; length overall, 235 feet; extreme beam, 40 feet 8 inches; depth of hold, 21 feet 6 inches; height between decks, 7 feet 8 inches; dead rise at half floor, 20 inches; rounding of sides, 6 inches; sheer, about 3 feet. With regard to her deck plan, she had a full poop, on the level of the main rail, 5 feet above the main-deck. This poop was 68 feet long; beneath it there was ample cabin accommodation, which, in the language of that day, was described as " most elegant and tastefully wainscoted with satinwood, mahogany and rosewood, set off by gilded pilasters, etc."

Besides a topgallant fo'c'sle, 30 feet long, the *Flying Cloud* had the usual midship-house, which was 41 feet long and 18 feet wide. Her figure-head was a finely carved angel blowing a trumpet—Donald McKay was as celebrated for his artistic figure-heads as for his superb models, and *Flying Cloud's* was always greatly admired.

The famous clipper had the well-known McKay bow and stern with small overhangs, the curve of the cutwater being very slight, whilst the stern was elliptical in shape and the taffrail was only just behind the rudder post.

The sail plan of the *Flying Cloud* had height rather than breadth, which in those days was usually gained by long stunsail-booms. The following measurements give one an idea of her sail spread :

Mainmast, step to truck, 200 feet; main lower mast, 88 feet; rake of masts, 1¼ inches to the foot; bowsprit and jib-boom outboard, 58 feet; mainyard, 82 feet. She crossed three skysail yards with every imaginable flying kite, from watersails under her swinging booms to royal stunsails. Her single topsails had four bands of reef points and her topgallant sails were also fitted with a reef-band.

The command of the new flyer was given to Captain Joe Cressy of Marblehead, who had made his reputation with the *Oneida* in the East India trade.

On June 3rd, 1851, the *Flying Cloud* sailed from New York for San Francisco on her record-breaking maiden passage. From the first it was a case of " what she can't carry, she

must drag," and the following extracts from Cressy's log speak plainly of his desperate sail-carrying:

June 6.—Lost main-topsail yard, and main and mizen topgallant masts.
„ 7.—Sent up topgallant masts and yards.
„ 8.—Sent up main-topsail yard, and set all possible sail.
„ 14.—Discovered mainmast badly sprung about a foot from the hounds and fished it.
„ 15–18—Doldrum weather.
„ 24.—Crossed the Equator, 21 days out.
July 11.—Very severe thunder and lightning. Double-reefed topsails. Latter part, blowing a hard gale, close-reefed topsails, split fore and main-topmast staysails.
At 1 p.m. discovered mainmast had sprung. Sent down royal and topgallant yards and studding sail booms off lower and topsail yards to relieve the mast.
Heavy sea running and shipping large quantities of water over lee rail.
„ 12.—Heavy South-West gales and sea. Distance 40 miles.
„ 13.—Let men out of irons in consequence of wanting their services, with the understanding that they would be taken care of on arriving at San Francisco.

(These men had been put in irons soon after crossing the Line. The usual belaying pin and knuckle-duster warfare had been going on between officers and men.)

At 6 p.m. carried away main-topsail tye and truss band round mainmast. Single-reefed topsails.
July 19.—Crossed latitude 50° South.
„ 20.—At 4 a.m. close-reefed topsails and furled courses. Hard gale with thick weather and snow.
„ 23.—Passed through the Straits of Le Maire. At 8 a.m. Cape Horn North 5 miles distant, the whole coast covered with snow
„ 26.—Crossed latitude 50° South in the Pacific, 7 days from same latitude in Atlantic. (This was a record passage of the Horn.)
„ 31.—Fresh breezes and fine weather. All sail set. At 2 p.m. wind South-East. At 6 p.m. squally; in lower and topgallant studding sails; 7 p.m. in royals, 2 a.m. in fore topmast studding sail. Latter part, strong gales and high sea running, ship very wet fore and aft. Distance run this day by observation 374 miles. During the squalls 18 knots of line were not sufficient to measure the rate of speed. Topgallant sails set.
Aug. 1.—Strong gales and squally. At 6 p.m. in topgallant sails, double-reefed fore and mizen topsails. Heavy sea running. At 4 a.m. made sail again. Distance 334 miles.
„ 3.—Suspended first officer from duty, in consequence of his arrogating to himself the privilege of cutting up rigging contrary to my orders, and long-continued neglect of duty.
„ 25.—Spoke barque *Amelia Pacquet*, 180 days out from London, bound to San Francisco.
„ 29.—Lost fore-topgallant mast.
„ 30.—Sent up fore-topgallant mast. Night strong and squally. 6 a.m. made South Farallones bearing North-East half East. 7 a.m. took a pilot. Anchored in San Francisco Harbour at 11.30 a.m. after a passage of 89 days 21 hours.

Sandy Hook to Equator	21 days.
Equator to 50° South	25 „
50° S. Atlantic to 50° S. Pacific ..	7 „
50° S. Pacific to Equator	17 „
Equator to San Francisco	19 „
Distance Run	17,597 statute miles.
Daily Average..	222 statute miles.

The arrival of the *Flying Cloud* aroused a stir of enthusiasm in San Francisco. Crowds of people came off to see the new wonder. Old seamen pointed significantly to the state of her rigging with its extra seizings, rackings and stopper knots, to the fishings on her spars, and to the crushed and broken topmast fids and chain frappings round the mast doublings. All these scars of victory bore testimony to desperate sail-carrying. Captain Cressy was fêted right and left, but he found time to discharge his unsatisfactory mate, who immediately got in touch with a " shyster " lawyer with a view to making trouble, but dropped his proceedings on hearing a false report of the captain's death.

The *Flying Cloud*, like most of the Californian clippers in those early days of San Francisco, had to cross the Pacific to China in order to get a cargo home. On her first day

Flying Cloud

Built 1851 American built Clipper Ship

out on this passage she proved that her record run was no fluke, for she covered 374 miles in the 24 hours under skysails and stunsails. And she was only 12 days from the Pacific Coast to Honolulu.

Tea was loaded at Macao, from which place sail was made on January 6th, 1852. Although she had a favourable monsoon and made a very quick run down the China sea, the *Flying Cloud* was not well suited by the light winds of the East, and the beautiful *N. B. Palmer*, sailing 3 days after her, beat her home by 10 days, the *Flying Cloud's* time being 96 days.

On her second voyage round the Horn, the Swallow Tail clipper had a chance to wipe out her defeat by the *N. B. Palmer*.

Leaving New York in May, *Flying Cloud* had very light winds down the Atlantic, and took 30 days to the Line. The *N. B. Palmer*, sailing 8 days behind the *Flying Cloud*, came along with strong winds. When off the coast of Brazil, in a very light wind, the *Flying Cloud* gradually overhauled a vessel which was lying becalmed ahead. To his amazement Cressy recognized the *N. B. Palmer*. The *Flying Cloud* crept up until the two ships were within hail of each other, then she too lost the wind, and from noon until 4 p.m. the two clippers lay side by side without steerage way. At last a ripple on the water ahead warned them to prepare for a southerly breeze. In came all stunsails as quick as the men could work—Cressy had a splendid crew, but Low was having trouble with his; however, both ships stood away, close-hauled on the starboard tack, and with the wind steady and freshening, it was a fine test.

Slowly but surely, the *Flying Cloud* fore-reached and weathered on the *N. B. Palmer* amidst intense excitement, and by the following morning the light weather flyer was hull down to leeward. Both ships experienced a rough time off the Horn, and the *Flying Cloud* was 113 days out when she reached San Francisco. The *N. B. Palmer* did not arrive until three weeks later. Captain Low had to put into Valparaiso on account of his refractory crew. Here he was delayed nearly a week by the difficulty of replacing those who were landed in irons and others who deserted. This voyage the *Flying Cloud* again loaded Canton tea and, sailing for home on December 1st, made the same time of 96 days from China to New York.

On her third outward passage the *Flying Cloud* made San Francisco in 106 days, after an exciting race with the 1,400-ton clipper *Hornet*, built by Jacob Westervelt in 1851. The two ships left New York on the same day and both arrived in San Francisco Bay on August 12th.

Both clippers made good runs to the Line, which was crossed by the *Flying Cloud* on the 17th day out and by the *Hornet* on her 18th day out. In the S.E. trades the *Hornet* had the best of it, crossing 50° S. in the Atlantic 3 days ahead of *Flying Cloud*, but in the winter gales off the Horn, Cressy, with the more powerful ship, got round the corner in 9 days against the *Hornet's* 14, and crossed 50° S. in the Pacific two days ahead of his rival. However, the smaller ship made up the two days in the run up the Pacific, and so honours were even. The skipper of the *Hornet* was justly proud of himself, but Joe Cressy complained of want of wind.

On his next Cape Horn passage, in 1854, Cressy got the wind he wanted, with the result that the *Flying Cloud* came within two hours of her record maiden passage. She sailed from New York 8 days behind the new clipper ship *Archer*, 1,098 tons, which was on her maiden voyage.

Both skippers followed the tracks laid down in Maury's Wind and Current Charts, and *Flying Cloud* came up with the *Archer* off the Horn.

As the Cape Horn weather happened to be taking a breather, Cressy, after giving Thomas of the *Archer* the latest New York news, invited him to come aboard and dine; but it is not

wise to go ship-visiting in the neighbourhood of Cape Stiff, and Thomas reported that he was reluctantly compelled to decline.

The following table shows the way in which the *Flying Cloud* overhauled and outdistanced the *Archer :*

	Archer.		*Flying Cloud.*	
	Date. 1854.		Date. 1854.	
Left New York	Jan. 13		Jan. 21	
Crossed Equator ..	Feb. 2	20 days out	Feb. 7	17 days out
Passed Cape San Roque	Feb. 5	23 „	Feb. 10	20 „
Passed 50° S. (Atlantic)	Mar. 4	50 „	Mar. 4	42 „
Passed 50° S. (Pacific) ..	Mar. 18	64 „	Mar. 16	54 „
Crossed Equator.. ..	Apr. 7	84 „	Apr. 5	74 „
Arrived San Francisco ..	Apr. 29	106 „	Apr. 20	89 „

Once more the passage of the *Flying Cloud* filled the San Francisco papers with enthusiasm, and Captain Cressy was again lavishly entertained.

On her homeward passage from China this voyage, the famous ship was very nearly lost. On August 7th, in foggy weather, the *Flying Cloud* ran with such force upon a coral reef that her bow was lifted 3 or 4 feet. Cressy managed to back his ship off into deep water, but she was leaking badly, and it was found afterwards that the sharp coral had stripped off the shoe and cut right through her keel. Nevertheless the indomitable Cressy, refusing to put into the expensive Eastern ports for repairs, managed to bring her home to New York, thus saving the underwriters some 30,000 dollars. For this service he was banqueted at the Astor House and presented by the Board of Underwriters with some valuable plate.

On her fifth voyage the *Flying Cloud* reached San Francisco on June 6th, 1855, 108 days out from New York. For five passages between New York and San Francisco *Flying Cloud's* average was 101 days 7 hours, a record which has never been broken.

On the passage home this year, whilst the *Flying Cloud* was running 12 knots off the coast of Madagascar, a man fell overboard. The captain's wife was the only person to see the accident; as the man was swept astern she saw him through her cabin window. Rushing on deck, she threw over a life-buoy and gave the alarm. The ship was hove to and a boat lowered. After a long row it returned without finding the man. Whereupon Cressy, with characteristic determination, sent out two boats with orders to keep searching until dark. About four hours later the man was picked up some two miles from the ship, when at his last gasp. Mrs. Cressy had him taken down to her cabin and nursed him back to health.

Her sixth was *Flying Cloud's* last passage to San Francisco. Captain Cressy, who was badly in need of a rest, handed over the command to Captain Reynard.

New York was left on March 13th, 1856, the Line was crossed on the 19th day out, and the ship was off Rio on the 31st day. There is no doubt that Captain Reynard meant to uphold the ship's reputation, for she was credited with a 24-hour run of 402 miles, but by the time that she reached 40° S. the famous clipper had sprung her bowsprit, and was in such a shaky condition alow and aloft, that Captain Reynard reluctantly put back to Rio, where he arrived on May 10th. It took six weeks to repair the *Flying Cloud*, and she did not reach San Francisco until September 14th, being then 82 days from Rio. The year 1856 was one of great trade depression in the United States, and the *Flying Cloud* was laid up until January, 1857. Then Captain Cressy once more took over the command, and made the run home to New York in 91 days.

The depression, however, still continued, and after the famous ship had been laid up for two and a half years at New York, Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co. sold her.

Her new owners sent her across to London under Captain Winsor, who made the passage from Sandy Hook to Deal in 17 days. This was in December, 1859. The *Flying Cloud's* next voyage was from London to China and back.

On the outward passage, she arrived at Hong Kong on May 21st, 1860, 97 days from the Downs. Tea was loaded at Foochow, and the run home to the Thames, leaving the Min River on August 6th, was made in 123 days. On February 28th, 1861, *Flying Cloud* left again, for Melbourne this time, where she arrived on the 85th day out.

From Melbourne she crossed to Hong Kong in the average time of 67 days. Here the great American clipper was offered for sale, but she was finally chartered to bring troops home. Leaving Hong Kong on December 29th, 1861, she made a quick run to Anjer before the N.E. monsoon, being only 9 days down the China Sea. After making over a week's stay at St. Helena, *Flying Cloud* arrived in the Thames on April 20th, 1862, 112 days out.

She was now again in the sale list, but this time she was bought by James Baines, of Liverpool, who put her into the Queensland emigrant trade, along with such ships as *Young Australia*, *Royal Dane*, and *Sunda*.

In 1870, under Captain Owen, the *Flying Cloud* went from Liverpool to Hervey's Bay with 385 emigrants in 87 days, a fine performance for a strained and water-soaked soft wood clipper. On another occasion, in a four days' run round the Australian coast to Moreton Bay, she averaged just under 16 knots, though she was beaten by the *Sunda* by 18 miles.

In the early 'seventies the old ship was sold by the Black Ball Line, and her new owner put her into the North Atlantic timber trade, where most wooden ships ended their lives.

In 1874 the *Flying Cloud* got ashore on the New Brunswick coast. After bumping there for some time she was at length refloated and taken to St. John to be repaired. Whilst she was on the slip for this purpose a fire broke out aboard, and though it was got under, she was so damaged that it was decided to break her up for the sake of her metal.

Her old captain lived in retirement at his home in Salem until 1861, when he received a commission in the United States Navy on the outbreak of the North and South war. He first commanded the clipper ship *Ino*, with a crew of 80 men. On his second cruise in this ship, he sailed her across from New York to Cadiz in 12 days. This was in 1862. He left the *Ino* to take over his old adversary, the *Archer*, in which he made two China voyages. The famous shipmaster was only 57 when he died at Salem in 1871. Though in their latter years the record-breaking *Flying Cloud* and her captain were forgotten by their contemporaries, they have since been given their proper place in the history of the world's Mercantile Marine.

THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS."

PROGRESS in naval architecture has always proceeded in waves, each one of which has flung itself a little further up the steep shore of knowledge. These waves can always be traced, each in its turn, to the master-mind of some bold pioneer who was not afraid to brave the inborn conservatism of this short-sighted world with something new in the way of ship form. Within the last hundred years a number of these master-minds stand out a head and shoulders above their fellows; the first was Captain Sir William Symonds, R.N., who produced his *Symondites* between the years 1830 and 1850; then came Hall of the Aberdeen clipper, and Robert Steele of the Clyde tea clipper.

On the other side of the Atlantic one name stands pre-eminent amongst the many designers and builders of the famous American clipper, the name of Donald McKay. The boom in American clippers only lasted for a very short time—a bare ten years, from about 1848 to 1858. The first of these clippers, such as the *Rainbow* and *Sea Witch*, were small vessels of well under 1,000 tons. It was McKay who first began building bigger ships, and he launched the *Sovereign of the Seas* in June, 1852, in the face of the opinion of all the experts, who declared that she was much too big to fill her hold without so considerable a delay that all profits would be swallowed up by the lost time. But Donald McKay was a firm believer in big ships, and he actually built the *Sovereign of the Seas* "on spec." The choice of name shows what he thought of his new clipper; for he not only intended her to be the largest merchant ship in the world, but also the fastest.

No trouble was spared, to the smallest detail. Donald McKay, with his hawk-like eye, was continually hovering round his carpenters and shipwrights whilst the vessel was on the stocks; and directly she left the ways his younger brother, Captain Lauchlan McKay, took charge, and overlooked the riggers and sailmakers.

Her spar plan went a size larger than that of any previous American clipper. Her working suit of sails, without stunsails or flying kites, totalled 12,000 running yards of canvas. Her lower masts, from deck to cap, were :—foremast, 89 feet; mainmast, 93 feet; mizenmast, 82 feet. These are tremendous sticks, and her yards were also very square for that date, her main-yard measuring 90 feet, her foreyard 80 feet, her cross-jack yard 70 feet; main topsail yard 70 feet, fore topsail yard 63 feet, and mizen topsail yard 56 feet. Her burthen, by American register, was 2,421 tons; length of keel, 245 feet; length between perpendiculars, 258 feet; length overall, 265 feet; breadth, 44 feet; depth of hold, 23 feet.

She was so sharp in her ends that she could not load 3,000 tons of cargo. She loaded in New York for San Francisco, and received 84,000 dollars in freight, sailing on August 4th, 1852, under the flag of Grinnell & Minturn's Swallow Tail Line. Captain Lauchlan McKay signed on a crew of 105 men and boys, consisting of 4 mates, 2 bos'ns, 2 carpenters, 2 sailmakers, 3 stewards, 2 cooks, 80 A.Bs., and 10 boys.

It was a bad time of year for the run down the Atlantic, but the new clipper did remarkably well, crossing the Equator in 25 days, and 50° South Latitude on the 48th day. Her time of 9 days between 50° S. and 50° S. was also very good for that difficult passage round the Horn from the eastward.

No doubt the *Sovereign of the Seas* was severely tested, for, shortly after a northerly course had been set, her fore and main topmasts went by the board and her foreyard was badly sprung. Such a dismasting would have induced the majority of skippers to put into a Chilean port, but Captain McKay at once started to refit his ship at sea. This operation took 14 days, during which time the vessel's large crew were tested to the utmost of their endurance, whilst it is related that the hard-driving captain never left the deck, taking what little sleep he allowed himself in a deck-chair. It must have been a magnificent piece of old-time seamanship, and when the *Sovereign of the Seas* sailed in through the Golden Gate, on the 103rd day out, Captain McKay was congratulated on what was considered to be a record passage for that season of the year.

In 1852 there was very little outward cargo to be obtained at San Francisco, and most of the clippers went across the Pacific in ballast, in order to load Canton tea home. The *Sovereign of the Seas* was, however, much too big for the tea trade, and Captain Lauchlan McKay had to look elsewhere for his homeward freight.

It so happened that just about this date the American South Sea whalers had begun the custom of landing their oil at Honolulu, so as to provide room in their holds for a cruise to the new Japan grounds, or a further try in the warm waters of the Line Islands. Fast ships were thus wanted to convey these landed barrels of sperm oil to the markets of Boston and New York, and this demand just suited the *Sovereign of the Seas,* which rushed across to Honolulu in ballast, and soon was homeward bound with a cargo which, being liquid, favoured a quick passage.

McKay's models were at their best in strong, quartering winds, and the *Sovereign of the Seas* astonished her crew by logging 19 knots whilst running for the Horn in the South Pacific. In 10 days she covered 3,144 miles ; some of her 24-hour runs being :— March 11th, 332 miles ; March 12th, 312 miles ; March 16th, 396 miles ; March 17th, 311 miles ; March 18th, 411 miles ; March 19th, 360 miles.

After rounding the Horn she had average weather in the Atlantic, and, in spite of being handicapped somewhat by a weak crew (most of her men had run in San Francisco), and by doubtful spars (her fore-topmast was badly sprung), she arrived at New York on May 6th, 1853, having made a record passage from Honolulu of 82 days.

The *Sovereign of the Seas* arrived to find Liverpool calling across the Atlantic to the American and Canadian builders for every big ship they could produce, this tonnage being required for the booming Australian emigrant trade. For such a trade the *Sovereign of the Seas* was just suited, and she crossed the Atlantic with her designer on board. The Liverpool shipowners, such as James Beazley, James Baines, Wilson, and others, wanted big ships and cheap ships, but also strongly built and fast-sailing clippers, and all these qualities Donald McKay had no doubt about being able to supply. Whilst crossing the Atlantic on the *Sovereign of the Seas* he spent most of his time on deck watching the behaviour of the vessel, and his vigil, without a doubt, gave him the ideas which he afterwards reproduced in such masterpieces of wooden shipbuilding as the *Lightning*, *James Baines*, and *Donald Mackay*.

The passage of the *Sovereign of the Seas* began very unfavourably. She passed Sandy Hook at 6.30 p.m. on June 18th, sighted Cape Race at 6 a.m. on June 24th, and two days later, when 8 days out, lay becalmed on the Banks. The wind at last came away strong

Sovereign of the Seas
Built 1852: American built Clipper Ship

on the 27th, and by noon on the 28th the *Sovereign of the Seas*, close-hauled under single-reefed topsails, had run 344 miles. On the 30th the big clipper made a run of 340 miles under all sail to skysails and royal stunsails. That morning at 6 a.m. she was off Cape Clear, and two days later, at 10.30 p.m., she anchored in the Mersey.

The passage from New York to Liverpool, from dock to anchorage, was reckoned at 13 days 22 hours 50 minutes, but where she broke the record was from the Banks of Newfoundland, for she was only 5 days 17 hours from the time that she got the wind on the Banks to the Mersey. This was looked upon as the finest performance ever accomplished by a sailing ship in crossing the Atlantic, and the *Sovereign of the Seas* was immediately chartered by the Black Ball Line.

Captain Lauchlan McKay returned to Boston with his brother, and his place was taken by Captain Warner, who had been in the *Sovereign of the Seas* since her launch.

The new Black Ball Liner loaded a cargo valued at £200,000, and with 25 first cabin and 40 second cabin passengers sailed from Liverpool for Melbourne on September 7th, 1853. The run out to Melbourne was made in 77 days, which Captain Warner considered very disappointing. In his report he complained bitterly of light and contrary winds, declaring that he carried his skysails for 65 days out of the 77. The ship was certainly badly served, for she took 31 days to the Equator, and found no strength in the " roaring forties."

Captain Warner went to 53° 30′ South, and wrote :—" I think if I had gone to 58° S. I would have had wind enough, but the crew were insufficiently clothed and about one-half disabled, together with the 1st mate."

Unfortunately there was nothing worthy of sailing against the *Sovereign of the Seas* amongst the August and September ships. She beat the little iron clipper *Gauntlet*, of 693 tons, by 10 days, and packets, such as the *Mobile* and *Chimera*, by 12 days.

For the passage home the *Sovereign of the Seas* took the mails, as well as a very large consignment of gold-dust. Captain Warner had the usual difficulty in shipping a crew ; and some of his new hands turned out to be old lags, who tried to seize the ship for the sake of the gold. However, Warner was too much for them, and they spent the rest of the passage in irons. This was by no means an unusual incident during the height of the Australian gold boom, when every ship leaving the Colony had her strong-room packed with gold-dust ; and there was always the suspicion of mutiny and murder on the high seas when one of these treasure ships failed to arrive.

Although her passage home was a splendid one, being only 68 days between Melbourne and Liverpool, we hear no more of the *Sovereign of the Seas* either on the Australian run or the Horn route to California.

She was sold at Liverpool to the Hamburg firm of J. C. Godeffroy & Son, and it seems pretty evident from her subsequent history, that the Germans expected too much of the ship.

Captain Müller claimed to have driven her at the rate of 22 knots an hour and made a 24-hour run of 410 miles on his way out to Sydney, but his passage time was no better than 84 days, owing to the loss of topmasts in a squall.

Her first voyage under the German flag was certainly very unfortunate. From Sydney she crossed to Shanghai with the usual cargo, but stuck on the bar of junks and had to be lightened—an expensive operation. Then on her passage home, cholera, brought aboard, as usual, after liberty day, accounted for nearly half her crew.

The end of this beautiful ship came in 1859; on her passage out to China from Hamburg, she ran on the Pyramid Shoal, a small patch of hard sand at the south-east end of the South Sands, Malacca Strait, where she became a total loss, though much of her cargo and gear was salved by an American ship.

Donald McKay built a second *Sovereign of the Seas* when the first changed her name and flag, but the new clipper only measured 1,226 tons, and was by no means the equal of the first *Sovereign of the Seas*. This second *Sovereign of the Seas*, whilst discharging at Campbell's Wharf, Sydney, in 1861, was " wilfully, maliciously, and feloniously set on fire on September 10th " by one of her foremast hands; she was scuttled, and finally abandoned. I mention this incident, as the vessel which was burnt in 1861 has been mistaken more than once for the first clipper of that name.

THE "DREADNOUGHT."

THE *Dreadnought* was one of those specially famous ships which were honoured in song :

There's a saucy wild packet, a packet of fame,
She belongs to New York, and the *Dreadnought's* her name,
She is bound to the Westward, where the strong winds do blow,
Bound away in the *Dreadnought* to the Westward we'll go.

So runs the first verse. The song was sung to the tune of "The Pique Frigate," which begins :

O ! 'tis a fine frigate, the *Pique* was her name,
All in the West Indies she bore a great fame,
For cruel hard usage of every degree,
Like slaves in the galley we ploughed the salt sea.

Both songs run to an interminable number of verses, but whilst the *Pique* is abused for her taut discipline and "spit and polish" routine, which are described in detail, the *Dreadnought* is worked across the Atlantic through storm and calm with a cheery goodwill, most of the verses ending with the stirring line :

She's the Liverpool packet—O, Lord, let her go !

The *Dreadnought* was just ten years in the Atlantic packet service, but in that time she made such a name for herself that she is still remembered, whilst the other ships of her type are forgotten. Owing to the way in which she was driven by her remarkable Commander, Captain Samuel Samuels, she was nicknamed "The Wild Boat of the Atlantic."

Again and again ships which were lying hove to in a howling westerly gale reported sighting this New York packet plunging by under topgallant sails, her decks hidden in spray, and her keel showing to half its length, as she leaped from sea to sea. It was this sail-carrying, combined with a number of splendid passages, which spread her reputation far and wide, and made the name of her captain known not only amongst the shipping fraternity, but throughout America and the United Kingdom.

Samuels himself declared that he made his passages at night, by keeping sail on her throughout dark and windy nights, when other ships were snugged down. With regard to his daring navigation in crowded waters I find an interesting reference in the *Lightning Gazette*, the ship's newspaper, printed aboard the famous Australian Black-Baller *Lightning*.

In those days there were no strict rules about sidelights, and only the most careful shipmasters bothered to show a light, which was usually a two-colour lantern at the end of the jib-boom. This lack of sidelights made cross-tacking on a pitch-dark night in the Irish Sea or English Channel, when numbers of ships were about, a matter of great anxiety. On this occasion the daring Samuels forced a passage, although on the port tack. The entry in the *Lightning Gazette* runs as follows :

" January 7th, 1855. During the night we were nearly run into by a large American clipper, the *Dreadnought* of New York, which sailed from Liverpool a few hours before us (from Liverpool on January 6th). She being on the port tack, it was her duty to give way, but true to her name and with the independence of her nation, she held on her course, disdaining to turn aside. Our captain, with praiseworthy prudence, put his ship about and thus avoided a collision, which might have been serious to both vessels."

Curiously enough, on the very next night the *Lightning* was run into by a vessel on the port tack, but luckily the wind was light, the sea smooth, and the Australian liner received no damage, though the stranger lost her jib-boom.

To show the resolution of Captain Samuels, one might mention the shelf on which he was accustomed to lie down during the night. This was fixed in the after companion-way, and was purposely made too short, so that he could not stretch out upon it with any comfort; by this means he was certain of keeping awake, and became aware of the least change in the weather.

* * *

The *Dreadnought* was designed and built by Currier & Townsend at Newburyport, Massachusetts. She was specially ordered by her owners, E. D. Morgan, Francis B. Cutting, David Ogden, and others of New York, for Captain Samuels, who had already made a great reputation on the Atlantic.

Samuels superintended her building, and it is probable that he had more than a little say not only in her rigging and sail plan, but in the design of her hull and internal arrangements. " The Wild Boat of the Atlantic " was not an out-and-out clipper such as her contemporaries, the *Flying Cloud*, *Sovereign of the Seas*, etc., but she was built to bear driving to the limit in the hard weather of the North Atlantic, and this quality she certainly possessed, for she would stand up to her canvas until the breaking strain of rope, spar, and sail was reached. In light winds she was nothing wonderful, and a tea clipper of the 'sixties could have sailed round her in anything under Beaufort Scale No. 5.

The " Flying Dutchman," as she was sometimes called, was originally intended to run under the flag of the Racehorse Line to California, but the loss of six of their ships and the good rates ruling between New York and Liverpool—it was a time when the emigrant trade to the States was booming—decided her owners to make a packet ship of her, and with a red cross in her fore-topsail she sailed for the next ten years as the only representative of the St. George's Cross Line, for all the other ships of the line came to grief shortly after the *Dreadnought* went afloat.

With a tonnage of 1,400 tons, the new packet ship measured 200 feet in length, 39 feet beam, and 26 feet in depth. She was launched before a large and enthusiastic crowd on October 6th, 1853. On November 3rd she left New York for Liverpool with a cargo consisting of 3,827 barrels of flour, 24,150 bushels of wheat, 12,750 bushels of corn, 304 bales of cotton, 198 barrels of potash, 150 boxes of bacon, and 5,600 staves; this, together with a stiffening of 60 tons of pig iron, made up a total dead weight of 1,559·65 tons. The round trip was made in 58 days, 24 of which were taken on the maiden passage, and 19 days only for the much more difficult western run. The profits for the voyage came to 40,000 dollars, and the reputation of the vessel was made.

In those days there were only two regular steamship lines on the Atlantic, the Cunard and the Collins—the former British, and the latter American.

On her first passage to the westward, the *Dreadnought* left Liverpool the day after the Cunarder *Canada*, a flush-decked, paddle-wheel steamer of some 400 horse-power, which had been built in 1848. On the day that the *Canada* reached Boston the *Dreadnought* was

Dreadnought

Built 1853: American built Clipper Ship.

reported off the Highlands of New Jersey. This fine performance gave Samuels such confidence in his ship that he guaranteed to make deliveries in future within a specified time or forfeit freight charges, which bold undertaking induced shippers to offer the *Dreadnought* freight rates halfway between those of the other packets and the steamers. Another distinction was earned by the *Dreadnought* on her maiden voyage. She was the first full-rigged ship to pass through Hell Gate at night.

Her second and third voyages were nothing remarkable—18 and 30 days eastward, and 26 and 29 days westward, but the summer months were not those in which the *Dreadnought* made her best runs. Her fourth passage to Liverpool, however, was worthy of the ship. She passed Sandy Hook at 6.30 p.m. on November 20th, 1854, and her runs from day to day were as follows :—Nov. 21st, 120 miles ; Nov. 22nd, 57 miles ; Nov. 23rd, 225 miles ; Nov. 24th, 300 miles ; Nov. 25th, 175 miles ; Nov. 26th, 125 miles ; Nov. 27th, 250 miles ; Nov. 28th, 263 miles ; Nov. 29th, 240 miles ; Nov. 30th, 270 miles ; Dec. 1st, 242 miles ; Dec. 2nd, 222 miles ; Dec. 3rd, 212 miles ; Dec. 4th, 320 miles.

She was off Cape Clear on December 2nd, and took her pilot off Point Lynas at noon on the 4th ; then, after waiting eight hours for water to cross the bar, she anchored in the Mersey at 10 p.m., her actual time being 14 days 4 hours for a mileage of 3,071 miles.

The next eastward run of the Red Cross packet was almost as good ; she arrived at Liverpool on May 20th, 15 days 12 hours out.

In 1856 the *Dreadnought* made two very fine east-bound passages. On the first she averaged 222 miles a day, and, reaching Liverpool on February 9th, was 14 days 8 hours coming across. On the second she took 16 days in May. In February, 1857, *Dreadnought* only took 15 days from land to land in the terrible west-bound mid-winter passage, and she docked in New York 21 days out.

According to her skipper, her best passage was made in the early months of 1859. The details of this passage are as follows :

Feb. 27.—At 3 p.m. discharged New York pilot.
„ 28.—Winds South to W.N.W., brisk breezes. Distance 200 miles.
March 1.—Winds W.N.W., fresh breeze. Distance 293 miles.
„ 2.—Brisk gales and snow squalls from N.W. to N.N.W. Distance 262 miles.
„ 3.—Heavy gales and snow squalls, N.N.W. to North. Distance 208 miles.
„ 4.—Heavy gales and snow squalls, N.N.E. to North. Distance 178 miles.
„ 5.—Heavy gales and snow squalls, North to N.N.E. Distance 218 miles.
„ 6.—Winds N.E. to South, light. Distance 133 miles.
„ 7.—Winds S.S.E., brisk breeze and clear. Distance 282 miles.
„ 8.—S.S.W. to South, fresh breeze and clear. Distance 313 miles.
„ 9.—Brisk gales, South to S.E. Distance 268 miles.
„ 10.—Wind S.E. to S.W., brisk breeze and squally. Distance 205 miles.
„ 11.—Wind South to S.W., strong breeze and squally. Distance 308 miles.
„ 12.—Wind S.W., thick weather. Distance 150 miles.

Abreast of the North-West Lightship, 3,018 miles from New York, in 13 days 8 hours, and anchored in the Mersey an hour later, at noon.

Referring to this passage, Captain Samuels, in his old age, declared that he made the run from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 9 days 17 hours, and that the rest of the passage was held up by light and variable airs. This statement has caused a great deal of discussion and dispute. Unfortunately, the *Dreadnought's* log-books have long since disappeared, and Captain Samuels lost his own records when his cabin was gutted by a sea in 1862. But it seems most likely that the old man mixed up two of his passages, and that the 9-day 17-hour record was made in June of the same year, when the *Dreadnought* anchored in the Mersey on July 2nd, 16 days out from New York.

On his return passage in July, Captain Samuels had his celebrated encounter with the Bloody Forty—a notorious gang of Liverpool " packet rats," who shipped aboard the *Dreadnought* on purpose to make trouble. Captain Samuels, with the aid of his Newfoundland dog, " Wallace," and his plucky 2nd mate, managed to get the better of these desperadoes after an affray which terrified his passengers out of their wits.

In the year 1862, on her western passage, the *Dreadnought* was pooped by a sea which nearly killed her commander, stunning him and breaking his leg. The helmsmen, in their fright, deserted the wheel, then the rudder was carried away, and the tiller broke off short, leaving the ship helpless. After making a rough set of Samuels' broken leg, his officers, under the superintendence of their dauntless captain, managed to construct a jury-rudder ; but, in lowering it overboard, the tackle gave way, and their work went to the bottom.

By this time it was calm weather with a light westerly breeze. The ship's head lay to the northward ; Samuels wanted to steer for the nearest land, which was Fayal, bearing south by east. By means of drags they tried for 10 hours to get the ship's head round in the right direction, but the *Dreadnought* was sulky without her rudder, and would not bear up.

At last her skipper, who all this time had been lying on the poop in a fever of impatience and pain, decided to sail the ship backwards. The head-sails and all sails on the foremast were taken in, then with the main and mizen yards braced until every sail was flat aback, the *Dreadnought* gradually gathered stern way, and was actually sailed stern first for 280 miles in the direction of Fayal. By this time a second jury-rudder had been made ; this was shipped successfully, and 14 days after the accident the *Dreadnought* came to anchor in Fayal Harbour.

For the next 52 days Samuels, with his leg so indifferently set in splints that the broken bones were not together, had to endure agonies of pain, whilst his ship was being repaired. In the end the *Dreadnought* reached New York, but she had to sail on her next passage without her famous skipper, Samuels having to keep his bed for 11 months.

However, the ship was saved, and that was all the old man cared about.

Captain Lytle now took command of the " Wild Boat of the Atlantic," but on his return trip in December, 1863, he, too, was knocked down by a heavy sea, and so badly injured that he died.

Once more the *Dreadnought* was headed for Fayal, and after repairs, was taken on to New York by her mate, Mr. Rockwell, arriving there on February 26th, 1864. It was her last western ocean passage. The day of the packet ships was almost over, and her owners decided to put her into the Cape Horn trade.

Captain Cushing was now given the command, and he took her out to San Francisco in 134 days. From San Francisco the *Dreadnought* was sent across to Honolulu to load whale oil.

The *Dreadnought* brought her cargo of whale oil round the Horn to New Bedford in the splendid time of 84 days, though it is noted that her best 24-hour run was only 272 miles.

On her second Cape Horn voyage she took 127 days, arriving at San Francisco in January, 1866. This time she went down to Callao and loaded guano home.

In 1868 Captain Cushing was replaced by Captain Callaghan, who made the run from New York to San Francisco in 149 days. The *Dreadnought* left San Francisco on October 11th, 1868, with a grain cargo for Liverpool, which was reached in 125 days.

In 1869 the old ship left New York under Captain Mayhew, bound once more to San Francisco. But she never arrived. Whilst making for the Straits of Le Maire, Captain Mayhew got close in under the rock-bound coast of Tierra del Fuego. A heavy swell was running, and the ship was just forging ahead under all sail to her main skysail when it fell calm.

Though the *Dreadnought* rolled until the sails threatened to flog themselves to tatters there was nothing to be done. Then it was noticed that a current was carrying the ship towards the land. One can imagine how her crew would employ every device for bringing up a wind that was known to seamen. The mainmast must have been stuck full of sheath-knives. But it was all in vain. Not a breath stirred aloft. At last, in desperation the boats were lowered, and they tried to tow the ship clear. To tow a fully-loaded 1,400-ton ship in a Cape Horn swell was, of course, an impossibility. As the *Dreadnought* was caught by the breakers, she was hove inshore with irresistible force; then came the crash and all was over—the famous packet soon lay a battered wreck, which the angry surf slowly tore in pieces. Her crew were picked up by a passing ship, after three weeks of suffering, during which they ever had to be on their guard against the hostile Tierra del Fuegians.

Captain Samuels survived his famous ship by many years; though he never went to sea again except on a yacht. In his later years he became President of the *New York Marine Journal*, in which capacity he was able to keep in close touch with sailors and the sea. It may be interesting to record that his broken leg made a wonderful mend, though the old captain always had a slight limp.

Captain Samuels died on May 18th, 1908, in his 85th year; when he gained his first command, at the age of 21, the sea was covered with wooden sailing ships, few of which exceeded 1,000 tons, whilst the steamers were mostly small paddle-wheelers. When he died the sailing ship was so rare a sight that she was considered a curiosity, and great liners of 20,000 tons were doing the work of the *Dreadnought* and her sisters.

Then a health to the *Dreadnought* and to her brave crew,
To bold Captain Samuels and his officers too;
Talk about your flash packets, *Swallow Tail* and *Black-Ball*,
The *Dreadnought's* the flier that can lick them all.

THE "RED JACKET."

OF all the big American-built clippers which sailed out of Liverpool in the 'fifties with emigrants for Australia, the *Red Jacket* was undoubtedly the most pleasing to the eye. In spite of her size she was so beautifully proportioned that she looked like a dainty tea clipper rather than a high-sided passenger ship with three decks and the usual litter of white deck-houses. Though she had the fashionable hollow bow lines, they were not so pronounced as those of her great rival, the Black Baller *Lightning*, and her entrance was not quite so sharp.

But the curve of her cutwater was much more rounded out, and the fit of her figure-head, the step of her bowsprit, and the sheer of her trail-boards much more graceful and less severe than those of the McKay models; and her stern modelling was more pleasing, the counter being longer and less heavy-looking.

All these points gave her a delicate beauty of line and form which contrasted strongly with the appearance of power and workmanlike ruggedness which were such marked characteristics of the Boston and Nova Scotian-built emigrant ships. Yet the *Red Jacket* was in no way inferior to her rivals in seaworthiness or in sail.

She was designed by Samuel A. Pook, of Boston, who had already made a name for himself with the Californian clippers *Gamecock*, *Surprise*, *Ocean Telegraph*, and *Herald of the Morning*. Her builder was George Taylor, of Rockland, Maine, and her first owners were Seacomb & Taylor.

As was usual at the date of her launch, 1853, she was sent afloat uncoppered, and with only the barest necessaries in the way of interior fittings; following the customary plan, her owners put her on the berth for Liverpool, where coppering and the decorating of cabins and saloons were better done than anywhere else. American builders, however, did not leave all the embellishment of their ships to the Liverpool artisans; in fact they specially prided themselves on their artistic figure-heads and taffrail scrolls and carvings.

The *Red Jacket* was named after that Seneca chief of the Wolf Clan, who for his Scout work in aid of the British forces in the War of Independence, was presented from time to time with the red jacket of the British soldier. This chief died on the Buffalo reservation in 1830, and the figure-head of the *Red Jacket* was a careful portrait of him.

The measurements of the new flyer, as given in Lloyd's Register, were as follows: Length between perpendiculars, 251 feet 2 inches; length overall, 260 feet; beam, 44 feet; depth of hold, 31 feet. Her tonnage figured at 2,305 tons, and she was advertised in the Liverpool shipping lists as of 4,000 tons burthen.

Captain Asa Eldridge, a well-known Trans-Atlantic packet ship commander, was appointed to take her across the Western Ocean. The *Red Jacket* sailed from New York at 7 a.m. on January 10th, 1854. The following table shows the captain's abstract log of her remarkable passage to Liverpool:

Date.	Lat.	Long.	Distance. Miles.	Wind.	Course.	Remarks.
Jan. 11	40.33N.	71.45W.	103	S. by E.	E. ½ N.	Rainy, unpleasant weather.
„ 12	41.3	68.30	150	S. by E.	E. by S.	Rain, hail and snow.
„ 13	42.19	62.41	265	S.S.E.	E. by N. ½ N.	Rain, hail and snow.
„ 14	44.25	58.20	232	S.E. by E.	N.E. by E.	Rain, hail and snow.
„ 15	46.35	54.15	210	S.E. by E.	N.E. ½ E.	Rain.
„ 16	46.13	51.52	106	S.S.E.	E. by S.	Snowing and hailing.
„ 17	45.55	49.3	119	S.S.E.	E. ¾ S.	Snowing and hailing.
„ 18	50.39	47.0	300	E. by S.	N. by E. ½ E.	Snowing and hailing.
„ 19	51.58	35.55	417	W. by S. ½ S.	E. by N.	Ditto, terrific gale, high sea.
„ 20	50.39	27.0	364	W. by S. ½ S.	E. by S. ¼ S.	Ditto, and gale.
„ 21	49.27	18.35	342	W. by S. ½ S.	E. by S.	Ditto, and fresh gales.
„ 22	51.7	11.21	300	W.S.W.	E. by N. ½ N.	Snow, strong wind, heavy squalls.
„ 23	53.27	4.11	360	South	Up Channel	Ditto, and squally, dirty weather.

With hard westerly winds of gale force following on fresh south-easterly breezes the *Red Jacket* showed her power and quality by logging 15 knots on a wind and 18 knots with the wind abeam. The pilot was taken off Point Lynas between noon and one o'clock on the 23rd, in thick and squally weather, and the ship was only 13 days 1 hour from Sandy Hook to the Rock Light. She made the run from Point Lynas to the Bell Buoy in 2 hours and 30 minutes, but here she was held up by the weather, so that she was not berthed until late on the 24th.

Immediately on her arrival the *Red Jacket* was chartered by Pilkington & Wilson, of the White Star Line, and hastily fitted to carry emigrants to Melbourne. Captain Asa Eldridge could not be induced to leave the Atlantic trade, where he eventually lost his life when in command of the Collins' liner *Pacific ;* he handed over the *Red Jacket* to Captain Samuel Reid.

Meanwhile the new McKay-built Black Baller *Lightning* had arrived, after an equally good run across the Atlantic. The rivalry between the two great lines of White Star and Black Ball was already intense, and the merits of the two new clippers were debated hotly throughout Liverpool, and innumerable bets registered as to which would make the finest passage to Melbourne.

The fares charged depended entirely on a ship's reputation for speed. Those for passages in the *Red Jacket* after her first round voyage were as follows :

Saloon	50 to 60 guineas.
House on deck	30 „
First Class	25 „
Intermediate	20 „
No steerage.	

These show that she was considered a first-class ship, and too good to cater for the poorest class of emigrant.

The *Red Jacket* sailed from Liverpool for Melbourne at 1 p.m. on May 4th, 1854. The tug took her as far as the Old Head of Kinsale, where sail was made to a strong W.S.W. wind.

The new Black Baller, *Mermaid*, had sailed a day ahead of the *Red Jacket*, and James Baines & Co. hoped that she would make a race of it with her White Star rival. The two ships were close to each other, almost becalmed, off Oporto, on May 10th. Both made a long run to the Line ; the north-east trades were very light, and the *Red Jacket* did not cross the Equator till May 29th, the *Mermaid* then being in 1° N. Down the South Atlantic the White Star Liner, steering a more westerly course, had light and variable winds, whilst the *Mermaid*, more to the eastward, was romping along until on the Cape Meridian she was five days ahead. The *Red Jacket* had no need to touch her topgallant sheets until she was in 40° S. 14′ E.

Red Jacket

Built 1853 American built Clipper Ship

Her weekly records until June 25th were as follows :

May	5–12	1,507 miles.
May	13–22	1,619 „
May	23–June 5	1,677 „
June	6–15	1,809 „
June	16–25	2,236 „

Captain Reid set a great circle course for running down the easting, which took him into the regions of snow and ice in 52° S., but he had all the wind he could desire ; it was desperate work for the ship's company, and far from pleasant for her passengers. At one time the *Red Jacket* was iced up with frozen spindrift and drifts of snow as far aft as the mainmast, and the weight of this winter coat put her considerably down by the head, but she carried her sail and kept up her speed in the most wonderful fashion. Indeed, her record from June 26th to July 12th, which is shown in the following table, has never been beaten :

Date	Lat.	Long.	Winds and Weather.	Distance.
June 26	48.06S.	34.44E.	Variable, stiff rain and sleet	315 miles.
„ 27	50.06	42.19	Wind N.W., fresh and squally, with hail ; very cold weather	330 „
„ 28	50.54	49.16	Wind W.N.W., squalls, with hail showers	263 „
„ 29	50.34	56.34	Wind N.N.W., squalls, entire forepart of ship covered with ice	286 „
„ 30	52.03	63.50	Wind N.N.W., fresh, with hail squalls, very cold, air 19°	287 „
July 1	51.39	71.21	Wind N.N.W., fresh, with hail squalls, latter part light, air 19°	286 „
„ 2	50.29	72.26	Wind S.W., first part calm, latter part heavy gales and heavy sea	81 „
„ 3	50.12	80.30	Wind W.S.W., first part heavy gales, latter part fresh breezes, high sea, freezing	312 „
„ 4	49.25	88.30	Wind variable, fresh gales and heavy sea, freezing, rain and sleet	300 „
„ 5	49.13	95.00	Wind N.N.W., first part light and heavy rain, latter stiff with heavy squalls	288 „
„ 6	48.38	104.15	Wind W.N.W., strong gales and squalls, heavy sea	400 „
„ 7	47.25	112.44	Wind variable in strength and direction	299 „
„ 8	46.38	119.44	Wind N.N.W., stiff and squalls, with rain	350 „
„ 9	45.09	129.18	Wind N.N.W., strong and squally, with rain	357 „
„ 10	42.42	134.38	Wind N.N.W., fine weather	334 „
„ 11	40.36	139.35	Wind N.W., heavy squalls and rain	245 „
„ 12	—	—	Wind N.N.W., fine weather. Made King's Island at 10.50 p.m., crossed bar at 11.50 p.m.	300 „

The *Red Jacket's* passage from the Rock Light to Port Phillip Heads was made in 69 days 11 hours 15 minutes. She was under sail for 67 days 13 hours, and covered a mileage of 13,880 miles.

The *Mermaid* did not arrive until July 17th, 74½ days out, and the *Lightning* put in an appearance on July 31st, being 77 days from Liverpool.

The *Red Jacket* was only 19 days from the Meridian of the Cape to Port Phillip Heads, the *Lightning* took 30 days for the same traverse.

The *Red Jacket*, as usual with homeward-bounders at that date, did not succeed in loading a full cargo, and her passenger list was light, but her strong-room contained £208,044 in gold-dust and sovereigns. She weighed from Hobson's Bay at 1 p.m. on August 1st, and proceeded in tow of the steamers *Washington* and *Hercules* to an anchorage above the Light-ship, where she lay until the morning of the 2nd. At 10.30 a.m. on this date the bar was crossed, tow rope, and pilot being dropped an hour later. All sail was set, and a course laid between Curtis Island and Kent's group ; by 3.30 a.m. on the 3rd the ship was clear of the land and making good time under the influence of a stiff sou'wester. Though light, she

was out of trim and too much down by the stern, but this did not prevent her from again logging 15 knots close-hauled, and as much as 18 with strong beam winds.

The homeward passage was a fine weather one. The *Red Jacket* only close-reefed her topsails on one occasion, and, except on August 31st, when she ran through a heavy squall under topgallant sails, nothing but sprays ever wetted her decks. The Horn was rounded on August 23rd. This run of 20 days from Melbourne to the Horn was a record until it was broken by the *Lightning* a fortnight later, with a time of 19 days 1 hour from Port Phillip Heads.

On August 24th the *Red Jacket* ran into field-ice, and the experience is thus described by one of her passengers :

" On the morning of August 24th I was roused out of sleep by the noise of shortening sail and the look-out singing out ' Land.' Ice had been seen some time before, but the solid masses of ice had been supposed in the dark to be land. On getting out I found that we were in smooth water, and large masses of ice floating about us. As the day broke we found ourselves sailing along a lake of water not unlike a canal. The ice seemed to extend on every side in solid fields, as far as the eye could reach, without any prospect of getting out, so that we had to follow the channel.

" All sail was clewed up except the topsails, and as there was a good breeze we proceeded along at about 4 or 5 knots. Our situation at this time seemed most appalling, as we appeared to be getting further into the ice, so that by 10 or 11 o'clock we were almost making up our minds to remain for weeks in this fearful situation.

" About noon the captain and 2nd mate, who had been on the fore-topsail yard all the morning, discovered clear sea again, to gain which we had to force a passage through dense masses of ice. It was here she sustained the principal damage to her stem and copper. We soon got clear, and the rest of the day we saw no traces of ice, and were very thankful we had got off so easily. But to our dismay, at 8 p.m. we again fell in with it. The ship was put about, and sail shortened for the night, and we ran back to the clear water in which we had been sailing.

" At daybreak sail was made, and at 7 a.m. we came up with the ice. At first it was only large pans much melted, the water having all the appearance of brine, and being quite thick round them. Afterwards large masses of icebergs presented themselves. In grinding the ship through these, great difficulty was experienced—very large bergs were also interspersed and visible all round.

" This day we cleared it again about noon. Icebergs were still, however, seen both near and in the distance ; their appearance was most grand, the largest being thought to be about 2 miles in circumference and 100 feet high. It was passed about 4 or 5 miles distant on our starboard and lee side. We hove to again at night. Next day, Saturday, was for the most part a dead calm, and we were carried back with the current. There was not a breath of wind ; a clear sky and beautiful weather, only the air sharp. Icebergs were, however, still seen. The next day, Sunday, we passed a number more, which were the last ice seen. One of these was most grand, being about 200 feet high. We cleared it on our port or windward side about a mile or less distant. The weather during this period was clear and fine. Indeed, the day before encountering the ice was beautiful, a fine light breeze, which heightened towards evening, and sea smooth. We were running close-hauled 14 knots an hour steadily during the night. The sun had set a deep crimson behind a bank of clouds over against Cape Horn."

In spite of the delay in the ice the *Red Jacket* crossed the Line on September 13th, 42 days out, having averaged 244 miles a day. Her best run was made on August 14th—376 miles in a stiff W.N.W. gale and high sea. So far her passage had been much above

the average, and all on board hoped for a record run to Liverpool. However, it was not to be; calms and light head winds held her up for day after day, and she was actually 31½ days from the Equator to the Mersey, arriving on October 15th, 73 days out.

Her rival, the *Lightning*, crossed the Equator on September 30th, 41 days out, and took 23 days against the *Red Jacket's* 31½, anchoring on October 23rd, only 64 days out from Melbourne. With a little luck the *Red Jacket* should have equalled this record.

The *Lightning* had made the round voyage in 5 months 8 days 21 hours, and the *Red Jacket* in 5 months 10 days and 22 hours.

Soon after her arrival the *Red Jacket* was bought outright by the White Star Line for the sum of £30,000. Both ships were in need of new skippers at the end of this voyage, and both firms hastened to offer the command to Captain Anthony Enright, who had lately made a name in the tea clipper *Chrysolite*. James Baines, however, offered the most money, and so Enright took the *Lightning* and a Captain Milward took the *Red Jacket*.

I do not think that the *Red Jacket* was ever really pressed after her first voyage, and so her passages, though good, generally between 75 and 85 days, were no longer spectacular.

On her second outward passage the *Lightning* beat her by 10 days. The latter arrived in Port Phillip on March 20th, 1855, 73 days out, whilst the *Red Jacket* anchored close to her on March 21st, 83 days out.

However, on the third passage to Melbourne, *Red Jacket* reversed the order again. *Lightning* left Liverpool on September 5th, and arrived Melbourne on November 25th, 81 days out; whilst the *Red Jacket*, sailing on September 20th, arrived on December 4th, 75 days out.

In 1856 we find the *Red Jacket* going out to Melbourne under a Captain Pope, who died on the passage, whereupon his chief officer, William Blomfield, was put in charge of the ship.

In 1857 Captain M. H. O'Halloran took command of the crack White Star Liner. She continued to carry passengers to Melbourne until 1869, without a mishap of any sort. Occasionally she made a short intermediate passage, such as when she carried gold-diggers to Auckland, New Zealand, in 1859; and in 1865 I find her turning up in Calcutta; but, as a rule, it was a regular run out and home in the Melbourne trade.

About 1870, when well water-soaked, she was sold into the Quebec timber trade, and until 1882 she battled bravely backwards and forwards across the Atlantic in that hard service. Finally she was sent to Cape Verde as a coal hulk.

THE "LIGHTNING."

THE clipper ship *Lightning* was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable wooden vessels ever built. Her designer and builder, Donald McKay, of East Boston, is now recognized as the greatest shipbuilder that the United States ever had; indeed, many Americans claim that he was a genius, who stood head and shoulders above every other naval architect of his day. Certainly he never made a failure, unless that untried leviathan, the *Great Republic*, can be counted as a failure. Every one of his ships had her own peculiar characteristics, but they resembled each other in one great quality, which was tremendous speed in hard winds. And if her performances may speak for her, the *Lightning* possessed this quality to a greater degree than any other ship, either before or since. Twice she made 24-hour runs at an average of 18 knots, the day's work being on these occasions 436 and 430 miles.

And here are a few extracts from the log of her second outward passage to show her speed through the water when she had sufficient wind :

February 9th, 1855.—" Going 14 knots upon a bowline with the yards braced sharp up."

February 20th, 1855.—" Going 15 knots with royals set, yards slightly checked."

February 21st, 1855.—" Going 15 and occasionally 16 knots with main skysail and fore-topmast stunsail set, the yards slightly checked."

February 27th, 1855.—" Fresh gale with heavy squalls and occasional showers of hail and snow, the sea running high. During six hours in the morning the ship logged 18 knots with royals, main skysail and topgallant studding sails set."

March 11th, 1855.—" Fresh gale. Ship going 17 knots with single-reefed topsails, foresail, trysail and fore-topmast staysail, wind abeam."

When making this speed we must remember to note that the *Lightning* was carrying emigrants and not a heavy dead-weight cargo; thus she could not have been in better trim for making big runs. The *Lightning* was the first of four very famous emigrant ships, designed and built by Donald McKay to the order of that remarkable shipping personality James Baines, the founder of the Liverpool Black Ball Line of Australian packets.

It is a curious fact that there were two well-known lines of passenger ships flying the red flag with the black ball in the centre—both of which sailed out of Liverpool. The senior line was the New York packet-ship line, belonging to Marshall & Co., which was founded as far back as 1816. This line was entirely American, and was at the very height of its prosperity when that energetic son of an old wife, who kept a cake and sweet shop in Upper Duke Street, Liverpool, started the equally famous Australian Black Ball Line.

How James Baines came to appropriate the name and house flag of the American packet-ship line I have never been able to find out. There is generally an interesting story attaching to the choice of a house flag and this case of the two black balls holds a

mystery which may possibly be known to some old retired skipper or shipping clerk in Liverpool; but the story, so far as I know, has never found its way into print.

To return to the *Lightning*, she was built at Donald McKay's yard in East Boston during the winter of 1853–4, and cost £30,000, without her internal decoration, which was carried out in Liverpool at a further cost of £2,000.

Her most important measurements were as follows: Tonnage—builder's, 2,096 tons, registered, 1,468 tons; length 244 feet, beam 44 feet, depth 23 feet; her poop was 92 feet long and her main saloon 86 feet long, the height between decks under the beams being 8 feet, a very liberal allowance for those days.

As regards her spars, when she came from the builder's hands, her masts from deck to truck measured as follows: Main 164 feet, fore 151 feet, mizen 115 feet. Her mainyard was 95 feet long, and her lower stunsail-booms 65 feet. Her sail plan was considerably increased after her first voyage. Donald McKay gave her 13,000 yards of canvas, without flying kites. To this James Baines added a moonsail over the skysail at the main, besides a host of ringtails and watersails. Altogether, when under all plain sail, without her stunsails, she set 30 sails, a veritable cloud of canvas.

The most remarkable point about her design was her concave bow lines; she was, in fact, almost as sharp forward as a modern destroyer, and from her stem to her fore-rigging along her water-line she had a concavity of 16 feet. She was probably the most extreme example of what were called "hollow lines." This innovation in design was not the invention of Donald McKay, but of a man named John W. Griffiths, a draughtsman in the drawing-office of the New York shipbuilders, Smith & Dimon.

This man designed the *Rainbow*, the first true American clipper ship, in 1844, and in spite of the most pessimistic prophecies from his fellow-craftsmen, gave the *Rainbow* a hollow bow. The *Rainbow* at once proved a success, and hollow lines became the rage, though her success was really due to other improvements in shipbuilding, invented by Griffiths, rather than to the hollow lines, which for a sailing ship are undoubtedly all wrong. Yet Donald McKay was very angry when in 1855 Captain Anthony Enright persuaded James Baines to have the *Lightning's* hollow bow filled in. He wrote sarcastically about the "wood butchers of Liverpool," and when on her third voyage to Australia the ship washed away her false bow in the "roaring forties," he could hardly withhold his glee.

James Baines sent his senior captain, the notorious Bully Forbes, across the Atlantic to take command of the new clipper. Forbes, with the aid and advice of Captain Lauchlan McKay, the brother of the designer, raced the *Lightning* across to Liverpool in 13 days 19½ hours.

The most remarkable part of this passage was the record run made on March 1st. Forbes's log records it as follows:

"Wind south. Strong gales, bore away for the North Channel; carried away the fore-topsail and lost jib; hove the log several times and found the ship going through the water at the rate of 18 to 18½ knots; lee rail under water and rigging slack. Distance 436 miles."

At noon on February 28th the *Lightning* was in lat. 52° 30′ N., long. 13° 50′ W., but owing to the fact that she had made her landfall, no position is given for noon on March 1st, thus some modern critics have doubted this run, though no single voice was raised against it at the time.

With Bully Forbes in command, and the almost equally famous Bully Bragg as first officer, the *Lightning* left Liverpool on May 14th for Melbourne. But with a light weather

"Lightning"
Built 1854 American built Clipper Ship.

passage, during which her topgallant yards were never lowered, the new clipper had no chance to break records, her best run being 348 miles and her time 77 days.

At 4 p.m. on August 20th, 1854, she dropped her tug off the Heads, homeward bound, and raced for the Horn with Forbes carrying on in the most desperate manner. During the night of August 28th the fore-topmast went over the side in a violent squall, when the ship was under all plain sail to a fore-topmast stunsail. The log records that the stunsail blew away, breaking the boom, whilst the fore-royal, topgallant sail and topsail were all blown out of the bolt ropes. For the next four days Forbes had to restrain his impatience and keep his ship under small canvas until a new fore-topmast could be sent up. Yet in spite of this delay the *Lightning* was only 19 days 1 hour from the Heads to the Horn, a record for that traverse which still stands.

The run to the Line was not favoured by the wind, nor were things much better in the North Atlantic; nevertheless, the *Lightning* was off the Old Head of Kinsale at 4 p.m. on October 22nd, and anchored in the Mersey at 9.30 a.m. on October 23rd, her actual time being 64 days 3 hours 10 minutes. As this is another sailing record which has never yet been broken, I will give the times between points:

Port Phillip Heads to Cape Horn, August 20th to September 8th ..	19 days.
Cape Horn to Equator, September 8th to September 30th	22 „
Equator to Azores, September 30th to October 12th	12 „
Azores to Liverpool, October 12th to October 23rd	11 „

On his arrival in Liverpool Bully Forbes found that James Baines had a new ship for him, and the command of the *Lightning* was handed over to Anthony Enright, who had just made a reputation for sail-carrying and quick passages in the Liverpool tea clipper *Chrysolite*. Enright, as a matter of fact, had the choice of either the *Lightning* or her great White Star rival, the *Red Jacket*, and he chose the *Lightning*, though he insisted on the almost unheard-of salary for a Liverpool shipmaster of £1,000 a year.

Under Enright the *Lightning* became a very favourite ship with passengers. Forbes, indeed, scared his passengers to death with his desperate carrying of sail, and he was also a skipper who did not worry much about their comfort. Enright, on the other hand, though he also carried sail hard, had some caution in his disposition, and was really the better seaman of the two; added to this he was extraordinarily tactful and clever with his passengers, and went to endless trouble in order to keep them amused, so that the usual testimonials were showered upon him.

He had the famous clipper for four voyages, from January, 1855, to August, 1857, her passages being:

Liverpool to Melbourne ..	73, 81, 68 and 69 days.
Melbourne to Liverpool ..	79, 86, 84 and 82 „

During this time the *Lightning's* best week's run was as follows:

1856.	Lat.	Long.	Distance.
June 28th.	44.25 S.	42.58 E.	232 miles.
„ 29th.	43.36	50.07	312 „
„ 30th.	44.02	56.35	281 „
July 1st.	44.39	63.27	298 „
„ 2nd.	45.07	70.55	319 „
„ 3rd.	45.07	79.55	382 „
„ 4th.	45.07	88.30	364 „
	Total 2,188 miles.		

This, to the best of my belief, is the biggest 7-day run in her whole career.

Her best 48-hour run was made in March, 1857, and it called forth the following letter from Captain Enright to his passengers :

" 21st March, 1857.

" Ladies and Gentlemen,—I cannot help informing you of the extraordinary run we have made during the last 48 hours—or rather, allowing for change of time, 46 hours 48 minutes. During this time we have run, by thoroughly good and trustworthy observation, no less than 790 knots, or 920 statute miles, being an average of nearly 17 knots, or more than 19½ statute miles per hour. Yesterday our noble ship made no less than 430 knots, amounting to an average during the 24 (23½) hours of more than 18 knots. Our change of longitude has amounted to 18 degrees, each degree being equal to 44 miles.

" I firmly believe this to be the greatest performance a sailing ship has ever accomplished. I hope this information will in some degree compensate you for the inconvenience which the heavy weather has occasioned you."

These wonderful speeds were, of course, made in hard, favourable winds. If the *Lightning* had only been as fast as the *Thermopylæ* or *Cutty Sark* in light and moderate winds, all her passages would have been a week to 10 days better than they were ; but, like all vessels with hollow lines, she had no speed until it was blowing fresh, nor was she as weatherly as the little tea clippers.

On account of the illness of his wife, Captain Enright was obliged to give up his command in August, 1857. He was succeeded by Captain Byrne. Owing to the Indian Mutiny, the *Lightning*, together with the *James Baines* and the *Champion of the Seas*, was taken up as a trooper by the Government. On August 24th, the day before she sailed from the Thames, a dinner was given on board to her old commander, at which Benjamin Disraeli paid his tribute to Anthony Enright, as one of the most respected master mariners under the Red Ensign.

Captain Byrne took the *Lightning* out to the Sandheads in 87 days ; though he beat the times of the *James Baines* and the *Champion of the Seas* by nearly a fortnight, this light weather sailing was not that for which the *Lightning* was designed, and Byrne must have been glad to get her back to the Melbourne run.

For the next 12 years the old ship ran steadily between Liverpool and the Colonies. But we do not hear of any very wonderful performances ; no doubt she was getting strained and water-soaked. During most of this time she was commanded by Captain Tom Robertson, the marine painter.

On October 31st, 1869, Captain Henry Jones being in command, she had just finished loading wool at Geelong, and was preparing to haul off from the wharf, when smoke and flames suddenly burst forth from the forehold. Though every effort was made to put out the fire, in which the crews of the *Argo*, *Aboukir* and *Lanarkshire*, the town fire-engines and the ship's force-pump all played their part, the famous old ship was soon in flames.

The *Lightning* was then towed away from the wharf, and anchored two cable-lengths away, and, whilst a party of carpenters were trying to scuttle her, stevedores were breaking out the wool in the 'tween-decks and the crew were saving what they could of furniture, stores, sails, boats and gear. These men were presently driven over the side by the fall of the foremast and the main topmast.

An attempt was next made to sink her by firing two small cannon from the wharf. This was in vain. Finally, Captain Jones and a number of ship's carpenters succeeded in scuttling her, and she sank at her anchors in 24 feet of water. Thus ended the *Lightning*, one of the most wonderful ships in the whole history of sail.

THE "JAMES BAINES."

OUR grandfathers have always been severely criticized for their conception of artistic beauty. The mid-Victorian even went to the length of perpetuating his drooping whiskers, his peg-top trousers and his chimney-pot hat, in all their ugliness, on the bows of his ships; and all through the great clipper-ship days of sail allegorical and classical figure-heads found themselves the neighbours of grim gentlemen in severe broadcloth and silk top-hats. One of the first of the Victorian shipping magnates to put his effigy on the bows of a ship was James Baines.

It must have come as a great shock to the graceful lady who pointed her golden thunderbolt from the bows of the *Lightning*, when she recognized the features of her little red-haired owner at the bows of her new rival. She had been cheek by jowl with that proud grandee, *Marco Polo*, with that famous Indian chief, *Red Jacket*, and even with the curly-haired sailor-boy who called himself *Champion of the Seas*, but to hobnob with her owner in the same way must have been somewhat disconcerting, even to a woman of her impetuosity. But the example of Mr. James Baines was soon followed, and carved portraits of distinguished men soon became very popular as figure-heads. Two very famous ships, the *Thomas Stephens* and the *Samuel Plimsoll*, had to put up with these unsightly headpieces.

I fear these top-hatted effigies were entirely British. Donald McKay, the builder of the *James Baines*, was no party to anything so inartistic, and when Mr. James Baines announced that he was going to call the fourth of these mighty Boston-built Black-Ballers after her designer, it is noticeable that a magnificent Highlander in the McKay tartan became her figure-head, and not a black-coated, top-hatted Donald McKay.

* * *

The *James Baines* was in many ways the finest of all Donald McKay's creations. Though not so sharp, or as hollow-lined, as the *Lightning*, she was not so full as either the *Champion of the Seas* or the *Donald Mackay*. Whether she was really faster than the *Lightning* it is extremely hard to decide. From the evidence of their performances, I should say that the *James Baines* was a trifle more powerful in heavy weather, and a trifle slower in light breezes. Amongst old seamen favouritism discounts most opinions, but I believe the critical shipping fraternity of Liverpool considered the *James Baines* to be the greater masterpiece. Donald McKay was an artist, who always improved on his latest creation; and there were many small faults in the design of the *Lightning* which were eradicated in that of the *James Baines*. We cannot compare the latter with either the *Champion of the Seas* or the *Donald Mackay*, for these two ships were not intended to be record-breakers like the *Lightning* and *James Baines*, and thus had decidedly fuller lines.

Perhaps it would be of interest to put down the chief measurements of the *James Baines* against those of the *Lightning :*

Chief Measurements.	*James Baines.*	*Lightning.*
Registered tonnage (American) ..	2,525$\frac{85}{95}$	2,096
Registered tonnage (British) ..	2,275 (old)	1,468 (new)
Length overall ..	266 feet	244 feet
Beam	44$\frac{3}{4}$ feet	44 feet
Depth of hold.. ..	29 feet	23 feet
Height of 'tween-decks	8 feet	8 feet
Dead rise at half floor	18 inches	20 inches
Sail area	13,000 yards 18 inches wide	13,000 yards 18 inches wide
Mainyard	100 feet	95 feet

The *James Baines* had Donald McKay's usual sheer, bold and buoyant, with lavishly carved trail-boards.

The experts considered her stern to be perfect, and " surpassing in neatness that of any vessel her talented builder has yet produced." It was rounded, and ornamented with a carved representation of the globe set between the arms of Great Britain and the United States. She had a full poop and a topgallant-fo'c'sle, which extended to the foremast. Abaft the foremast was a house, which contained the galleys, store-rooms, ice-rooms, and a companion-way. Forward of the poop another large house held the first-saloon dining-room.

The interior fittings of the McKay Black-Ballers were completed in Liverpool. Those of the *James Baines* were supplied by James H. Beal and Brother, and are described as being of " lavish splendour, with innumerable pilasters and mirrors."

Donald McKay gave both the *Lightning* and *James Baines* three skysails, but the two ships proved themselves so powerful that the main-skysail masts of both ships were lengthened and moonsail-yards crossed. The sails were all strengthened to stand driving by every possible means, even to diagonal roping across the cloths from earing to clew.

The Australian Black-Ballers were all painted black outside and white inside, with blue waterways. Mastheads and yards were black, lower masts white, and all stunsail-booms bright, with black ends.

Though each ship built by Donald McKay produced a chorus of praise, the *James Baines* was pronounced to be the most perfect sailing ship that had ever entered the Mersey. And when Queen Victoria inspected her at Portsmouth in 1857 she declared that she did not know her Mercantile Marine possessed such a fine ship.

Her first passage, from Boston to Liverpool, was claimed as a record, and the abstract log is therefore worth recording :

1854.

Sept. 12.—At noon parted with steamboat and pilot. Wind, S.W., light.

„ 13.—Lat. 42° 10′ N., long. 66° 33′ W. Distance 225 miles. Light airs and calms, increasing in the evening to brisk winds and clear weather.

„ 14.—Lat. 40° 18′ N., long. 62° 45′ W. Distance 238 miles. Light breezes and clear.

„ 15.—Lat. 42° 26′ N., long. 59° 53′ W. Distance 218 miles. Strong breezes, S.S.W.

„ 16.—Lat. 43° 15′ N., long. 53° 9′ W. Distance 305 miles. Strong gales from S.S.W. to N.W.

„ 17.—Lat. 44° 54′ N., long. 48° 48′ W. Distance 280 miles. Strong breezes from N.W. 4 a.m., passed several vessels fishing.

„ 18.—Lat. 45° 42′ N., long. 44° 16′ W. Distance 198 miles. Light breezes and hazy weather. 10 a.m., brisk breezes and cloudy. Wind West.

"James Baines"

Built 1854 American built Clipper Ship

Sept. 19.—Lat. 47° 22′ N., long. 36° 42′ W. Distance 342 miles. Strong breezes and squally.
„ 20.—Lat. 48° 39′ N., long. 33° 12′ W. Distance 200 miles. Light breezes and hazy. Variable.
„ 21.—Lat. 49° 34′ N., long. 28° 38′ W. Distance 230 miles. Light breezes and clear. Wind S.W.
„ 22.—Lat. 50° 12′ N., long. 21° 00′ W. Distance 291 miles. Brisk S.S.W. winds and cloudy weather. Passed several sail standing eastward.
„ 23.—Lat. 50° 37′ N., long. 13° 39′ W. Distance 337 miles. Strong breezes and cloudy weather. Wind S.W.
„ 24.—Strong breezes and gloomy weather. At 6 a.m. made the land, and at 8 a.m. passed Cork. Distance 296 miles. Passed Tuskar at 3 p.m., and Holyhead at 9 p.m.

Time, 12 days 6 hours from Boston Light to Rock Light. As the ship raced along the Irish coast, with the wind strong, and very squally, she was timed as making 20 knots between points on several occasions.

Captain Charles McDonald, who had given up the command of the *Marco Polo* in order to take over the *James Baines*, was very much impressed by her power in hard breezes, and declared that if she had only had a fair share of wind she would have made the passage in 8 days.

On December 9th, 1854, the *James Baines* sailed from Liverpool with 700 passengers, 1,400 tons of cargo, and 350 sacks of mails for Melbourne. Owing to the usual mail steamer being taken up by the Government for trooping to the Crimea, the mail contract to Australia was given the great Black Ball and White Star sailing ships, which agreed to accept a forfeit of so much a day for every day which they took over 65 on the passage.

The great McKay clipper actually fulfilled this severe contract on her first passage, with a day or two to spare. The start was far from being propitious. Light head winds so held her up that the *James Baines* was only off St. Ives Head on the seventh day out. Then the wind came strong and fair. Off Cape St. Vincent she again had to tack, on the tenth day out, and the N.E. trades did not favour her, for in 19° N. the wind came out of the S.S.E., set her to leeward of Cape San Roque, and she was 18 hours beating round that dreaded point. In spite of these delays she was spoken in 3° N. 28′ W., only 19 days out. On the whole it was a light weather passage, as Captain McDonald declared that the main-skysail was only taken in three times between Liverpool and Melbourne. Nevertheless, she made some big 24-hour runs in the " roaring forties," the best being :

1855.
Jan. 26.—Lat. 48° 02′ S., long. 50° 46′ E. Distance 391 miles.
„ 27.—Lat. 48° 56′ S., long. 60° 46′ E. Distance 407 miles.
Feb. 6.—Lat. 50° 09′ S., long. 123° 40′ E. Distance 423 miles.

This magnificent run was made under main-skysail and stunsails. Her position on the previous day, February 5th, was lat. 50° 19′ S., long. 113° E., which shows 10° 40′ difference of longitude.

Captain McDonald, in a letter to his owners, declared that he was off the Otway on the 54th day from Liverpool. If this was the case, the ship was very unlucky to be held up for over a week within a day's sail of her port, for she did not anchor in Port Phillip till February 12th, when she was 63 days 18 hours and 15 minutes out from the Rock Light.

This record passage made a great stir in Melbourne, and many were unwilling to believe the times of the *James Baines*. The *Argo*, which had steamed the whole way, had taken 62 days, and another steamer, the *Pacific*, which had left Plymouth 15 days before the departure of the *James Baines*, had not yet arrived, whilst the crack clipper, *Indian Queen*, which had

arrived 12 days before, had been 79 days on the passage. The *James Baines* had sailed 14,034 miles in 63½ days, averaged 221 miles a day and 9·2 miles an hour.

On March 12th, 1855, she left Melbourne for Liverpool, and made the run home in 69½ days—a truly wonderful voyage of 5 months 10 days, 27 of which were spent in port. She brought home 360 passengers and 40,000 ounces of gold. Many of her passengers spun lurid yarns of young McDonald's sail-carrying. They declared that when beating to windward off the Irish coast, under a heavy press of sail, McDonald tacked so close to the rocks, on three occasions, that a stone could be thrown ashore. This daring navigation on a lee shore evidently produced something like a panic, for every passenger recognized that if the ship missed stays she was lost. Many remonstrated angrily with the captain, but he replied calmly : " We have to make a good passage."

After such a maiden voyage, both owner and captain confidently expected further records on the part of the great clipper, but they were sadly disappointed, for she never made another passage which was in any way out of the common. This is shown by the following abstract of her remaining voyages :

2nd Voyage, 1855–6	Left Liverpool August 5, arrived Melbourne October 23—79 days. Left Melbourne November 25, arrived Liverpool March 4—99 days.
3rd Voyage, 1856.	Left Liverpool April 6, arrived Melbourne June 24—79 days. Left Melbourne August 8, arrived Liverpool November 21—105 days.
4th Voyage, 1857.	Left Liverpool January 5, arrived Melbourne March 23—77 days. Left Melbourne April 26, arrived Liverpool July 12—77 days.
5th Voyage, 1857–8.	Left Portsmouth August 8, arrived Calcutta November 19—103 days. Left Calcutta January 1, arrived Liverpool April 12—101 days.

These records show a steady average, which was being equalled and even surpassed by many of her rivals. It is, therefore, evident that she was either very unlucky with her winds, or else she lacked speed in light weather, as, in the " roaring forties " not even the *Lightning* could surpass her; witness the following abstracts from her third outward passage :

May 25.—Lat. 37° 40′ S., long. 3° 28′ E. Distance 328 miles. Winds S.E. 8, S.S.E. 10, S. 11, S.S.W. 10. Begins with heavy gale and heavy squalls. At 4 p.m. double-reefed mainsail and crossjack. Midnight, similar wind and weather, heavy sea, ship labouring very heavy and shipping great quantities of water. Noon, very heavy sea, sun obscured. (Wind true and in Beaufort scale.)

May 26.—Lat. 38° 38′ S., long. 10° 0′ E. Distance 320 miles. Winds S.W. 9, 8, W.S.W. 7, 6. Begins with strong gale and heavy sea, squalls, and showers of rain, dark gloomy weather; midnight, gale decreasing, reef out of courses and set staysails; 4 a.m., still moderating, out all reefs, set royals and skysail; 8 a.m., set all starboard studding sails; noon, gentle breeze, fine clear weather. Wind westering all the time and sea going down.

May 27.—Lat. 40° 2′ S., long. 17° 41′ E. Distance 384 miles. Winds W.S.W. 6, 7, S.W. 10. Fine gentle breeze and fine clear weather, all sail set; midnight, same wind and weather; a.m., breeze freshening and heavy black clouds driving up from S.W.; noon, same wind and weather.

May 28.—Lat. 42° 44′ S., long. 25° 48′ E. Distance 404 miles. Winds W.S.W. 10, 9, West 7. Begins with brisk gale and occasional heavy squalls, accompanied with heavy rain; 4 p.m., handed small sails and double-reefed fore and mizen courses; midnight, still increasing; noon, as previously.

May 29.—Lat. 44° 15′ S., long. 30° S. 51′ E. Distance 240 miles. Winds West 7, 5, 3, 2. First part strong gales and fine clear weather, heavy sea, ship rolling; midnight, less wind, sea going down, set all small sails; 4 a.m., set all starboard studding sails; noon, light breeze, dark gloomy weather.

May 30.—Lat. 46° 16′ S., long. 36° 56′ E. Distance 300 miles. Winds W.N.W. 3, 4, W.S.W. 5, S.S.W. 8. First part light breezes and dark gloomy weather; 8 p.m., sky clearing and wind increasing, barometer falling; midnight, fresh gales, took in royal and skysail studding sails; 8 a.m., heavy snow squall, took in topgallant studding sails; noon, fresh gales and clear weather with snow showers and squalls.

May 31.—Lat. 46° 52′ S., long. 43° 54′ E. Distance 300 miles. Winds W.N.W. 5, 6, W.S.W. 3, S.S.W. 6. First part fresh breeze and squalls; 10 p.m., ran through between Petit and Grande, Prince Edward's Islands; midnight, dark with snow squalls; noon, as midnight.

This week's work amounts to the splendid total of 2,276 miles.

In the same abstract we have the famous statement, " Ship going 21 knots, with main-skysail set." On June 17th the *James Baines* was in lat. 43° 31′ S., long. 106° 15′ E., running before a freshening S.W. gale, with squalls of sleet and snow and high sea. The entry for June 18th reads :

June 18.—Lat. 42° 47′ S., long. 115° 54′ E. Distance 420 miles. Winds W. to S.W. Breeze freshening; 8.30 p.m., in all starboard studding sails; *ship going 21 knots, with main-skysail set;* midnight, fresh gale and fine clear night; noon, less wind, attended with snow squalls.

Four days later, in 41° 40′ S., 134° 58′ E., the *James Baines* had a very nasty experience. Again I will quote Captain McDonald :

At 5 p.m. ship was struck with a most terrific squall, which lasted in full strength only about three minutes. The ship broached to, blew away all head sails, fore topsail, fore topgallant sail, main topmast and middle staysails, main sail, main topgallant sail, mizen lower and topmast staysails; and carried away main topgallant mast and main yard. I never before experienced such a terrific gust of wind. The barometer gave no indication whatever of the approach of the squall.

The long homeward passage in the autumn of 1856 caused great anxiety in Liverpool. When the *James Baines* was 99 days out she was reinsured at £8 per cent., and the day before she arrived another £15 per cent. was paid. She had 174,000 ounces of gold on board, and the usual terms for specie at that time were 35s. to 40s. per cent. Light and baffling winds accounted for this long passage. In spite of two runs of 356 and 340 miles, the *James Baines* was 36 days to the Horn, and she was actually 65 days to the Equator.

On October 30th, in lat. 29° 03′ N., long. 33° 14′ W., when beating against a head wind, she was overhauled by the *Lightning*, which had left Melbourne three weeks after her, and for the next six days the two great rivals were together, striving against very light head winds. In the end the *Lightning* had the best of it, and arrived in the Mersey 24 hours before the overdue *James Baines*.

In 1857 the *James Baines*, together with the *Lightning*, *Champion of the Seas*, and many another famous clipper, was taken up by the Government to load troops for India, owing to the outbreak of the Mutiny.

The *James Baines* took the 97th Regiment on board at Portsmouth, and before sailing was visited by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. As showing the terrible anxiety which weighed upon the Queen, the following anecdote is worth recording. Before leaving the ship she took Captain McDonald on one side, and privately offered him £100 a day for every day that he saved on his contract time. The *Champion of the Seas* sailed a day or two before the *James Baines*. On August 17th both ships were spoken by the homeward-bound *Oneida*, surging along under a cloud of canvas—the *James Baines*, with 34 sails set, including three skysails, sky-stunsails, and moonsail, and her rail red with the jackets of the cheering troops.

The two ships arrived off the pilot brig together, but neither was built for such light weather passages, and their times were therefore disappointing.

The *James Baines* loaded a cargo in Calcutta, consisting of 2,200 bales of jute, 6,213 bales of linseed, 6,682 bags of rice, and 40 bales of cowhides. She docked in Liverpool on a Sunday, and discharging began on the next day. But when the stevedores removed the lower hatches on Thursday, April 22nd, volumes of smoke poured from the afterpart of the main hold. Though eight fire-engines were soon playing upon the burning ship, they made no headway, and, as a last resort, the *James Baines* was scuttled. At first this had a delaying effect on the fire, for there was plenty of water in the Huskisson Dock, but as the tide ebbed the ship grounded, and the fire gained so rapidly that the vessel was soon alight from end to end. About 11 a.m. the main and mizen masts fell, crushing the roofs of the dock sheds ; they were followed at 3.15 p.m. by the foremast, and by 6 p.m. the ship was burnt to the water's edge.

This sudden end of the mighty *James Baines* not only stunned Liverpool, but was spoken of as a national disaster. The hull was auctioned, and sold to a Mr. Pace for £1,080, the value of the ship and her cargo being estimated at £170,000 on her arrival from Calcutta. A use was found for the hull, and thousands of people have boarded the *James Baines* without knowing it, for the old Liverpool landing-stage rested upon the remains of the great Black-Baller.

Captain McDonald did not long survive his ship. He retired broken-hearted to the cottage of his widowed mother at Glengarriff. Then, when suffering from a bad cold, he went out in a bitter N.E. gale to help in the salvage of a brig which had gone ashore ; came home, after a long day, worn out and wet through, contracted pneumonia, and died a few days later. The mother survived her son for many years, her two most valued possessions being a saucy Australian magpie, which had been brought home by the captain, and a huge painting of the *James Baines*, which had been presented to her son by the Black Ball Line.

TEA CLIPPERS.

THE "TAEPING."

THE famous tea clipper *Taeping* was launched from Robert Steele's yard at Greenock on December 24th, 1863. She was built for Captain Rodger, with the special object of beating the flying *Fiery Cross*, which had won the premium given to the first arrival in both the previous seasons, 1861 and 1862. Nor was she the only vessel launched that year with the express purpose of lowering the colours of the *Fiery Cross*. During the summer Steele had produced the *Serica* for James Findlay and the *Young Lochinvar* for Messrs. McDiarmid & Greenshields, whilst the Aberdeen clipper of the year was the *Black Prince*, designed by John Rennie, and built by Hall. Then there was the Workington crack, *Belted Will*, belonging to Bushby.

It may be of interest to compare the measurements of these five beautiful tea ships :

	Tons reg.	Length. ft. in.	Breadth. ft. in.	Depth. ft. in.
Taeping	767	183 7	31 1	19 9
Serica	708	185 9	31 1	19 6
Young Lochinvar	724	186 1	31 1	19 8
Black Prince ..	750	183	35	19 6
Belted Will ..	812	186 4	32 4	20 8

Steele's ships were celebrated not only for beauty of model and perfection of build, but for their superb finish, the figure-heads, gingerbread work, and deck fittings of picked teak, with brass inlay, being specially notable. All who saw them declared that the skill and care used on the 1863 ships had never been surpassed, even by the famous yard of Robert Steele & Co.

It is less easy to say which of the five ships was the fastest. The *Young Lochinvar* was wrecked during a fog at the entrance to the Min River, in 1866, before she had found her form. *Black Prince* undoubtedly was very fast indeed, but she had a careful skipper, who could never be induced to drive his vessel. *Belted Will* was in the Canton trade, loading at Whampoa and Macao, and never joined the "full bloods," as they were called, at the Pagoda anchorage in the Min River. But the wood *Serica* and composite *Taeping* had many a hard tussle, and, on the whole, the Rodger crack had a bit the best of it. Both ships were superbly sailed. Captain Innes, of the *Serica*, had been in the tea trade since as far back as 1851, when he was with old man Findlay in the *Foam*. Captain McKinnon gave up the *Ellen Rodger* in order to take over the *Taeping*.

Like another very famous ship (*Sir Lancelot*), the *Taeping* was kept out of the first flight for two years, owing to mischance. *Serica*, on the other hand, had the luck to win her first tea race, beating the *Fiery Cross* from Foochow by five days.

The *Taeping* made a good passage out to China on her maiden trip, showing unusual speed in light winds. Being too late for the first teas from Foochow, she cleared for Shanghai. When she was running her easting down, a small Liverpool clipper, the *Vigil*, of 550 tons, which had been built by Vernon in 1862, hung on to the new tea ship for several days in the

" roaring forties," and this encouraged her to think that she would make a good race of it to Shanghai. However, directly the wind lightened *Taeping* went clean away, and had discharged, and was nearly full of tea by the time the *Vigil* reached port.

The *Taeping* was loaded in the Shanghai river, alongside the pretty little Aberdeen flyer, *Coulnakyle*, of 579 tons, which had been built in 1862, by Hall, for Jamieson. In 1863 *Coulnakyle* had taken 131 days from Woosung, being beaten by the old *Challenger* and the Clyde-built *Guinevere*. However, Captain Morrison, of the bottle-green clipper, was quite ready to bet the usual hat with McKinnon. Both ships sailed on July 1st, 1864.

On July 20th *Coulnakyle* came limping into Hong Kong harbour under her courses and jury topsails, having narrowly escaped from a severe typhoon off the south end of Formosa. With all her canvas blown to ribbons, the *Coulnakyle* lay down on her beam ends, and the topmasts had to be cut away to save the ship. It was the usual strenuous business. The fore-topmast took the lower masthead with it in falling ; the main topmast refused to go clear, and the gallant old Aberdonian carpenter risked his life in cutting the wreck adrift. *Taeping* turned up at Amoy on July 23rd, having had an even worse time. Her foremast was gone, together with the bowsprit and main and mizen topmasts.

These dismastings effectually ended the race between *Taeping* and *Coulnakyle*. It took Captain McKinnon three months to refit the *Taeping*, and she did not arrive in the London river until January, 1865, having made the passage from Amoy in the splendid time of 88 days. This mishap again threw *Taeping* out of the first flight from Foochow in 1865. In that year *Serica* (Captain Innes) and *Fiery Cross* towed down the Min River behind the same tug on May 28th, and, after being constantly in company during the passage, made the Wight together on September 11th, 106 days out. Off Beachy Head *Serica* was leading by two miles. Unfortunately for Innes, whilst he was keeping well out in the Channel, in order to get the strength of the flood, the *Fiery Cross* picked up a tug in under the land, and thus docked a tide ahead, and won the premium.

Taeping did not leave Foochow until June 29th. She reached the Downs on October 9th, her 102 days being the best passage made that season. Though the *Taeping* was recognized as a full blood, she had never been tried out against any of the cracks, but her chance came in 1866, and she made history. This famous race is fully described in the account of *Taeping's* rival, *Ariel* (pages 83–86). Nothing, however, was said about the strain of such a race on the captains of the racing clippers. Only those who have gone through a hard yacht-racing season can properly sympathize with Keay (*Ariel*), McKinnon, and Innes. It is said that Captain Innes, at the end of the race, could not lift a cup of tea to his lips without spilling it. McKinnon died on his next outward passage, and only the imperturbable Keay seemed to suffer no ill-effects from the 99 days of strain and stress.

The *Taeping* was lucky to have a very good man in Captain Dowdy as successor to Captain McKinnon. In the 1867 race Captain Dowdy brought the *Taeping* home a week ahead of any other tea ship, his time being 102 days 5 hours. Her great rival, the *Ariel*, was late in loading, owing to long intermediate passages, but as the extra premium for the first ship in had been discontinued, there was not the same financial interest as in previous years, though the clippers were just as keenly raced. *Taeping* arrived in the Thames on September 14th ; *Ariel* arrived on September 23rd, exactly 102 days out, but both *Ariel* and *Taeping* had to lower their colours to *Ariel's* sister ship, *Sir Lancelot*, which arrived on September 22nd, only 99 days out from Shanghai.

In many ways the tea race of 1868 was the most interesting of the whole series. This year *Taeping*, *Ariel*, and *Sir Lancelot* found themselves pitted against three new cracks—*Spindrift*, *Lahloo*, and *Undine*.

"Taeping"

Built 1863 Tea Clipper

The table below gives the starters from Foochow, and their times :

Ship.	Cargo.	Date Sailed.	Date Arrived.	Days Out.
Ariel	1,221,508 lbs.	May 28. 3.45 p.m.	Sept. 2. 1 p.m.	97
Sir Lancelot ..	1,250,057 lbs.	„ 28.	„ 2. midnight.	98
Taeping	1,165,508 lbs.	„ 28.	„ 7. 2 a.m.	102
Spindrift	1,306,836 lbs.	„ 29. 5 p.m.	„ 2. midnight	97
Lahloo	1,231,397 lbs.	„ 30.	„ 7. 7.30 p.m.	101
Black Prince ..	1,051,300 lbs.	„ 31.	„ 30.	122
Serica	967,500 lbs.	June 1.	„ 21.	113
Fiery Cross ..	867,600 lbs.	„ 2.	„ 30.	120

It will be noticed that the ships which had already proved themselves were favoured by the shippers before the new clippers ; *Ariel*, *Sir Lancelot*, and *Taeping* getting the first tea chops, as the lighters, laden with tea-chests, were called. The Pagoda anchorage must have been a wonderful sight that year, for there was nothing more beautiful afloat than a tea ship when she was ready to load. The competition in seaman-like smartness was tremendous. The black hulls of the clippers, with their golden scroll-work, shone like satin, whilst the copper above the water-line, which was oiled and burnished by hand, sparkled dazzlingly in the sun. Aloft each ship was spick and span to the smallest detail, with standing rigging freshly tarred and rattled down, masts and yards under new coats of paint, and the newly-rove running gear either flemished down, or neatly turned up with stops of canvas.

It was soon recognized, in May, 1868, that the first three ships would finish loading within a few hours of each other, and at 4 a.m. on Wednesday, May 27th, a tremendous sail-bending competition began. The gantlines had been rove the previous evening, with the sails bent on ready to sway away aloft, and directly the order : " Turn to ! Bend sail ! " was given (at the same moment on each ship), the stamp of bare feet and the quick rhythm of running choruses awoke all sleepers at the Pagoda anchorage.

By eight bells, breakfast time, *Ariel*, *Sir Lancelot* and *Taeping* were each ready for sea, with every roband passed, square sails harbour stowed, and staysails snugly furled inside painted sail covers.

Captain Keay was the first man to trip his anchor, the *Ariel*, with the tug *Woosung* alongside and coolies still tapping the chests into place below, proceeding at 3.45 p.m., amidst the cheers of the assembled fleet. But she was not able to get clear away, having to anchor between Temple Point and Sharp Peak at 6.30 p.m. whilst the tug went back to fetch down the *Taeping*.

At 9 a.m. on May 28th *Taeping* anchored close to *Ariel*, off Temple Point, and at 10 o'clock *Sir Lancelot* came along in tow of the steamer *Island Queen*, and brought up below the *Taeping*. At 12.30 p.m. the tide served and *Ariel*, having a prior claim on the *Woosung*, hove up and proceeded with the tug ahead. At 2 p.m. *Sir Lancelot*, having the best tug, towed past the *Ariel* and thus was first across the bar by a few minutes, both ships discharging their tugs at 2.25 p.m., and making all plain sail on a wind. *Taeping* was quite half an hour behind at the bar, which she logged as being crossed at 3 p.m.

The three racing ships were soon covered with every kind of flying kite, the wind being very light in the N.E. quarter. For the first three days of the passage, whilst *Ariel* and *Sir Lancelot* were having a ding-dong struggle, *Taeping* pursued her way alone, being just under the horizon. Then on June 2nd, 3rd and 4th *Ariel* had a clear horizon, whilst *Taeping* and *Sir Lancelot* tried conclusions.

On June 9th Captain Keay, who thought he was leading, after running *Sir Lancelot* under astern, was much disgusted to discover three tea ships on his weather-bow at daybreak,

the wind being fresh and squally from the sou'-west. Two of these ships were *Taeping* and *Spindrift*, the other being *Undine*, which had sailed from Whampoa on May 30th. *Taeping* had *Sir Lancelot* in sight, whilst *Lahloo* was only just below the horizon. For the next three days strenuous times reigned in the competing ships, which were close-hauled on a wind in very squally weather, with fierce bursts of wind and torrents of rain. At one moment the sky was black, at the next the sun was shining. There was no rest for officers or men, for after every squall split sails had to be unbent and replaced. In one furious gust of wind the *Ariel* was caught aback whilst in stays, and her royals, fore and main topgallant sails, flying jib and mizen staysail, were all blown away. To add to the overwrought feelings of her crew, the new *Spindrift* seized the opportunity to pass her to windward.

For five days first one ship was ahead and then another. On June 9th, 10th and 11th, *Taeping*, *Sir Lancelot*, *Ariel*, *Spindrift*, and *Undine* were fighting a battle royal. Then on June 12th *Taeping*, *Sir Lancelot* and *Spindrift* parted company with *Ariel* and *Undine*. On the 13th *Taeping* saw the last of *Sir Lancelot* and *Spindrift* for a few days, whilst *Ariel* found herself sailing tack and tack with the new Rodger clipper *Lahloo*, which, it was hoped, would prove herself an improved *Taeping*.

By sheer daring in running through the Thousand Island Group on a dark night, Captain Keay had the honour of being first past Anjer : he sent his letters ashore at 11 a.m. on June 22nd. But *Taeping* and *Sir Lancelot* were both in sight astern. *Spindrift*, which had been in company with *Ariel* off Api Point on June 18th, did not pass Anjer until 6 a.m. on the 23rd, and *Lahloo* went through at 10 a.m. on the same day.

All five Foochow ships rounded the Cape within 30 hours of each other, after having experienced a severe dusting off Agulhas. On July 19th, when *Lahloo* and *Sir Lancelot* were in 35° 27′ S. 21° 20′ E. head reaching in sight of each other in the worst of the sou'-wester, *Ariel* was in 35° 26′ S. 18° 37′ E., leading the fleet by a day. *Taeping* was fourth ship, and the *Spindrift* last. But this order did not last long.

On July 29th *Taeping* and *Spindrift* were together in 18° 55′ S. 4° 5′ W., *Ariel* being a day ahead still in 16° 58′ S. 5° 15′ W. On August 5th *Spindrift* crossed the Equator in 22° W., *Ariel* being in 2° 4′ S., and *Taeping* and *Lahloo* in company in 3° 36′ S. 19° 3′ W.

On August 9th *Ariel* had regained her lead, being in 8° N. 26° 5′ W., whilst *Taeping*, *Lahloo* and *Spindrift* were in sight of each other in 6° 40′ N. 24° 52′ W. Three days later all four ships were in company in 14° 24′ N. 26° 5′ W., whilst *Sir Lancelot* was close by, though under the horizon.

The following extracts from Captain Keay's private log-book are worth recording, as showing the closeness of the sailing :

" Aug. 12th. Wind S.S.W., hauling to West and falling very light. Two homeward bound clippers in sight—*Taeping* and *Lahloo*—former signalized that *Spindrift* was in sight this morning, bearing from them E.S.E. ; so here we are, four in a group. Where is *Sir Lancelot ?* Lat. 14° 17′ N., Long. 26° 32′ W.

" Aug. 13th. At daylight *Taeping* about four miles dead to windward and *Lahloo* hull and lower yards down on weather beam. Moderate N.E. wind, the Trades, we hope.

" Aug. 14th. Lat. 18° 47′ N., Long. 30° 18′ W., Distance 250 miles. *Taeping* gradually dropped astern and to leeward, is now nearly hull down on lee quarter. We have more advantage of her in this fine breeze than in light winds. *Lahloo* reached and weathered on us.

" Aug. 15th. *Taeping* lower yards down on lee quarter. Moderate trade wind.

"Aug. 16th.—7 a.m. *Taeping* S.W. ½ S. main topsail yard dipping. 11 a.m. light shower, wind broke off to West and W. by S. for short time. *Taeping* carried the true wind throughout and neared us about 3 miles.

"P.M. Wind freshening. Leaving the *Taeping* again.

"Aug. 17th.—6 a.m. *Taeping* seen from mizen cross trees, hull down. 10 a.m. *Taeping* not visible from cross trees, having dropped astern."

Ariel passed to the westward of the Azores on August 21st, leading from *Spindrift*, which sighted Corvo on the 22nd. It was anybody's race as far as the Scilly Isles, where *Ariel* was still half a day ahead.

On August 26th *Taeping*, *Sir Lancelot* and *Lahloo* were in sight of each other in 45° 25′ N. 20° 53′ W. *Spindrift* was only just under the horizon, whilst *Ariel's* noon position was 46° 15′ N. 19° 31′ W.

On August 28th *Ariel* was in 47° 48′ N. 13° 28′ W., the other four being in company just out of sight astern. August 30th was the decisive day of the race. At 11 p.m. *Ariel* sighted the Scilly Lights from aloft, bearing N. by E. At noon that day Captain Dowdy's sights put *Taeping* 60 miles S.W. of the Scillies. The wind was barely ruffling the surface of the water, and the lucky ones just had steerage way, whilst the unlucky drifted helplessly on the tide. And whilst *Ariel* went ghosting up-channel with a six-hour lead of *Spindrift* and *Sir Lancelot*, *Taeping* and *Lahloo* lay becalmed off the Scillies.

The positions of the five racers at noon on September 2nd showed how much the element of luck had spoilt what promised to be the finest finish of an ocean race ever known. Whilst *Ariel* was passing through the dock gates, *Spindrift* and *Sir Lancelot* were towing through the Downs, *Taeping* was only 20 miles east of the Lizard, and the *Lahloo* had barely run the Scillies out of sight. It must have been a very unusual spell of calm weather, for *Taeping* and *Lahloo* continued to make little progress, the latter actually being becalmed for 30 hours off the Eddystone.

The race was awarded to *Spindrift*, which had beaten *Ariel* by some 6 hours on time.

This was *Taeping's* last race in the first flight from Foochow. In 1869 the market opened very late. *Ariel*, with a new jockey in Captain Courtenay, was the first away, sailing on June 30th. *Taeping* did not leave the Pagoda anchorage until July 9th; the two old rivals made passages of 104 and 108 days respectively, but all records were broken this year by *Sir Lancelot's* 89 days and *Thermopylæ's* 91 days.

In 1870 *Taeping* went out to Shanghai in 102 days, and loading at Whampoa and Macao, took 112 days coming home.

On her last voyage the *Taeping* was commanded by Captain Gissing. She sailed from Amoy for New York and was wrecked on Ladd's Reef, her mate's boat, containing six men, being picked up three days later.

THE "ARIEL."

IN the days of our grandfathers the annual clipper ship race from China with the first teas of the season caused almost as much interest amongst the general public as the Derby. Just sixty-one years ago the greatest and most exciting of all the tea races started from the Pagoda anchorage in the Min River, and ended on the inside of the London Dock gates. The struggle, however, began long before the ships hove up their anchors in the Min River. It began in the offices of the ships' agents and in the hongs of the Chinese merchants, fortunes in money being dependent on the winning ship. Thus the favourites for the race got the first chests, and were, therefore, the first to finish loading.

The tea came down the Min River from Foochow to the anchorage in large sampans, and was slung aboard the ships, and stowed into every nook and cranny—even to the captain's cabin—by clever Chinese stevedores, who worked in shifts, day and night. And whilst the tea-chests were being stowed, the crews of the ships were getting the clippers ready for the fray. The most elaborate chafing gear was sent aloft. Every rope and wire was carefully examined and replaced by new if it showed the least sign of wear. The stunsail gear was overhauled, and the stunsail-booms sent aloft. The carpenter sheathed over all chain plates with 2 to 3-inch pine planks, so that they should not drag in the water when the ship was well heeled. Stores, too, had to be shifted to make way for tea, which found its way into the lazarette, into the forepeak, and even into the paint locker. As each ship began to fill up, the excitement became greater and greater, and the ships resounded with a variety of noises—the pidgin-English of the Chinese stevedores contrasting weirdly with the stronger seafaring English of the mates and bos'ns.

In May, 1866, there were loading at the Pagoda anchorage the following first-class tea clippers, beautiful little ships, built of oak and teak specially for the trade :

Ariel, 852 tons, Captain Keay, built by Steele of Greenock, owners Shaw, Maxton.
Fiery Cross, 695 tons, Captain Robinson, built by Chaloner of Liverpool, owners J. Campbell.
Serica, 708 tons, Captain Innes, built by Steele of Greenock, owners Findlay.
Taeping, 767 tons, Captain McKinnon, built by Steele of Greenock, owners Rodger.
Taitsing, 815 tons, Captain Nutsford, built by Connell of Glasgow, owners Findlay.
Ziba, 497 tons, Captain Tomlinson, built by Hall of Aberdeen, owners J. Wade.
Black Prince, 750 tons, Captain Inglis, built by Hall of Aberdeen, owners Baring Bros.
Chinaman, 668 tons, Captain Downie, built by Steele of Greenock, owners Park Bros.
Flying Spur, 735 tons, Captain Ryrie, built by Hall of Aberdeen, owners Jardine & Co.
Ada, 687 tons, Captain Jones, built by Hall of Aberdeen, owners J. Wade.
Falcon, 794 tons, Captain Gunn, built by Steele of Greenock, owners Shaw, Maxton.

I have put down the ships in the order in which they sailed from the anchorage. *Ariel* and *Taitsing* were new ships, and of the two, *Ariel* was made the favourite in the betting on the race. *Taeping* had made the fastest passage in 1865, and the first ships in that year were *Serica* and *Fiery Cross*, the latter having the luck to fall in with a tug-boat off Beachy Head, when *Serica* was leading her by two miles. But, as regards speed, there was only

a slight difference between the first and last, and the race depended quite as much on the skill and nerve of their captains as upon the ships themselves. In this the new clipper *Ariel* was particularly fortunate, for she was commanded by Captain John Keay, one of the most experienced masters in the China trade, who had previously sailed the *Ellen Rodger* and the *Falcon* with great success.

Captain Keay took the *Ariel* from the stocks, and in the maiden passage out to Hong Kong, accomplished in 103 days from the Tuskar, had satisfied himself that his new command was a knot faster all round than the famous *Falcon*. From the first he fell in love with the beautiful little vessel, as may be seen from the following eulogy which he penned to me some years ago :

" *Ariel* was a perfect beauty to every nautical man who saw her : in symmetrical grace and proportion of hull, spars, sails, rigging and finish, she satisfied the eye, and put all in love with her without exception. The curve of stem, figure-head and entrance, the easy sheer and graceful lines of the hull, seem grown and finished as life takes shape and beauty : the proportion and stand of her masts and yards were all perfect. On deck there was the same complete good taste : roomy flush decks with pure white bulwark panels, delicately bordered with green and minutely touched in the centre with azure and vermilion. She had no topgallant bulwarks (her main rail was only 3 feet high), but stanchions of polished teak, protected by brass tubing let in flush."

And here is his testimony to her sailing qualities :

" It was a pleasure to coach her. Very light airs gave her headway and I could trust her like a thing alive in all evolutions : in fact, she could do anything short of speaking. *Ariel* often went 11 and 12 knots sharp on a bowline, and in fair winds 14, 15 and 16 knots for hours together. We could tack or wear with the watch, but never hesitated to call all hands, night or day, tacking, reefing, etc., in strong winds. The best day's work in South latitude, running East, was 340 nautical miles by observation, and that was done carrying all plain sail except mizen royal, the wind being 3 or 4 points on the quarter."

The *Ariel*, like all the fairy-like Steele clippers, was a ticklish jade to handle, and it took a master to get the best out of her. If over-pressed, she had a habit of settling down aft, and had to be quickly relieved of her mizen canvas, or she would drown her helmsman. This fault was due to a want of bearing aft, which was practically the only flaw in Robert Steele's tea ship designs.

The *Ariel* was built for Shaw, Maxton & Co., and launched on June 29th, 1865. Her dimensions by builder's measurement were as follows :—Length of keel and fore-rake 195 feet ; breadth of beam, 33 feet 9 inches ; depth of hold, 21 feet ; tonnage 1,058 73/100. Her registered tonnage was 852 tons. She was ballasted with 100 tons of fixed kentledge, fitted into the limbers along the keelson, besides 20 tons of movable iron pegs for shifting ballast. But for a tea cargo she also required some 200 tons of washed shingle in addition to her permanent ballast.

Here are a few of her spar measurements :—Bowsprit and jib-boom, extreme length, 62 feet ; mainmast, deck to truck, 143 feet ; main lower mast, deck to cap, 65 feet ; mainyard, 73 feet ; main skysail yard, 27 feet ; spanker-boom, 47 feet ; outer end of flying jib-boom to end of spanker-boom, 267 feet.

The most remarkable feature of her sail plan was the depth of her courses and the length of her lower masts. These big courses, with their tacks coming right down to the deck, were grand pulling sails in light and moderate winds. The new clipper was of composite construction with teak planking to bilge and elm bottom.

"Ariel"

Built 1865. Tea Clipper

The *Ariel* was the first ship to finish loading, but she made an unfortunate start, as will be seen from the following quotations from Captain Keay's private log :

Monday, May 28th.—8 a.m., found we required one more boat (of tea), tide averse and blowing hard with rain from N.E. Could not get her alongside till noon. 2 p.m., finished. 5 p.m., unmoored. 6.30 p.m., dropped below the shipping with *Island Queen* steamer alongside. 7 p.m., anchored.

Tuesday, May 29th.—5 a.m., hove up. 5.30, proceeded towing alongside down the river. 8.30, nearing Sharp Rock ; discharged China pilot. 9 a.m., tried to get steamer ahead to tow, but very soon sheered wide to port and could not recover command of the helm, obliged us to anchor. Again tried to tow alongside and proceeded outside the wreck of the *Childers*, but were damaging steamer's sponsons and our side so much that we had to cast off, and pilot would not risk going on as steamer could not be relied on to get ahead in time, tide already having fallen, therefore anchored in hopes of getting on to-night. The *Fiery Cross* towed past us and went to sea all safe, drawing less water. [*Fiery Cross* left Pagoda anchorage, May 29th.] 8.10 p.m., had the night been clear, would have gone to sea, but showery, thick weather, pilot would not venture. Wind N.E. moderate.

Wednesday, May 30th.—8.30 a.m., hove short and got the steamer ahead, tow ropes fast, one from each bow to his quarters. 9 a.m., proceeded under tow, the *Taeping* and *Serica* following us. [*Serica* had left the anchorage on May 29th, and *Taeping* on the 30th.] 10.30 a.m., were well outside the outer knoll, cast off the tug, and hove to for his boat to fetch away our pilot, Smidt. They lowered the boat, steamer going ahead, she filled, men were saved, but so long picking up the men and boat, we signalled for a pilot boat to take away our pilot.

At 11.10 a.m. filled the mainyard and steered S. by E. ½ E. for Turnabout Island. Made sail and set fore-topmast and lower stunsail and main skysail. Rain and moderate N.E. wind. We left the *Taeping* and *Serica* a little.

It will be seen from the above that the *Fiery Cross*, owing to *Ariel's* troubles with her tug, got a day's lead, whilst *Ariel*, *Taeping*, and *Serica* crossed the bar of the Min River together.

The other ships left the anchorage on the following dates :—May 31st, *Taitsing ;* June 2nd, *Ziba* (for Liverpool) ; June 3rd, *Black Prince ;* June 5th, *Chinaman* and *Flying Spur ;* June 6th, *Ada ;* and June 7th, *Falcon.*

In a race of 100 days across three-quarters of the globe, one would imagine that a few days' start would have made little or no difference in the result, but, as a matter of fact, these racing tea ships were as closely matched as a one-design class of racing yachts, and every hour was of value. It so happened in this race that none of the ships were in company for any length of time, but in later races they were often together for days. Captain Keay, of the *Ariel*, considered that in light winds single topsails paid, and gave the older ships, such as *Fiery Cross*, *Serica*, and *Taeping*, an advantage over the new *Ariel* and *Taitsing*—especially when on a wind—and this was the reason why skippers laced the foot of the upper topsail to the jackyard of the lower topsail when the double yards first came out.

Each of the tea ships carried a picked crew—*Ariel's* numbered 32 all told, all A.Bs., no boys or O.Ss.—but there was no doubling of crews as has often been stated in print ; when racing the skipper signed on two extra hands, that was all. *Ariel's* normal complement was 30 men.

We have left *Ariel*, *Taeping*, and *Serica* making the best of the N.E. monsoon, with *Fiery Cross* a day ahead. They carried the fair wind as far as the Paracels, *Ariel* making runs of 190, 195, and 240 miles on May 31st, June 1st, and June 2nd. On the 2nd *Taeping* and *Ariel* were in sight of each other. A week later they were again in company in 7° N. 110° E., and *Taeping* signalled that she had passed the *Fiery Cross* the day before. Both captains congratulated themselves on the supposition that they were ahead of Captain Robinson, but he was a hard man to beat in the tricky China seas, and he very soon regained his lead.

The times at Anjer were as follows :

Fiery Cross	at	noon	on June 18	20 days	out
Ariel	„	7 a.m.	„ June 20	21 „	„
Taeping	„	1 p.m.	„ June 20	21 „	„
Serica	„	6 p.m.	„ June 22	23 „	„
Taitsing	„	10 p.m.	„ June 26	26 „	„

With the steady S.E. trade of the Indian Ocean the racing tea ships hung out every kind of flying kite. The Jamie Green was spread under the jib-boom. (This sail was made of No. 4 canvas, and was the same shape and size as a topgallant stunsail, with some 3 feet more hoist.) Outside the spanker there came the ringtail, with a watersail underneath the boom. This sail consisted of 76 yards or more of No. 4 canvas. A bonnet was laced underneath the foresail, and watersails were hauled out under the passeree booms, which spread the lower stunsails.

But the tea ships were not content with an immense lower stunsail on either side of the courses, but laced spare mizen staysails on to the leech of these lower stunsails, lashing another boom on to the end of the passeree. Every stay had its sail, the fore and main topmast staysails reaching to the collars of their respective stays. And up the fore royal stay a spare flying jib was hoisted. Some ships even set three-cornered sails above their royal yards, using the lead of the signal halliards through the truck for hoisting these skyscrapers.

The trades in the Indian Ocean often piped up good and strong, and broken stunsail yards and booms were common. In 1866 *Ariel* carried away two topmasts, one topgallant and one royal stunsail yard ; but her daily runs, from June 22nd, when she passed Keeling Island, to June 30th, were as follows :—215, 290, 280, 317, 330, 270, 230, 255, 270 miles. And each ship was doing as well. *Fiery Cross*, still a day ahead at Mauritius, ran 328 miles on June 24th, *Taeping* made 319 on the 25th, and *Taitsing* 318 on July 2nd. But by the time the Cape was reached *Ariel* had nearly wiped off her lost 24 hours, being only two or three hours behind *Fiery Cross* on July 15th, when both ships rounded. *Taeping* was 12 hours astern, whilst *Serica* and *Taitsing* still lagged behind.

In the passage up the Atlantic all five ships got closer and closer to each other without knowing it. At St. Helena two and a half days covered the first four ships, the order being, *Taeping*, *Fiery Cross*, *Serica*, *Ariel*, *Taitsing*. *Taeping*, *Fiery Cross*, and *Ariel* all crossed the Line on the same day, August 4th. *Serica* had dropped a couple of days, and *Taitsing* was still over a week astern.

From August 9th to 17th, 12° 29′ N. to 27° 53′ N., *Taeping* and *Fiery Cross* were within sight of each other in doldrum weather ; *Ariel* further to the westward having better winds and running into the lead. On August 17th *Fiery Cross* saw *Taeping* pick up the breeze, and run out of sight ahead in a few hours, the Liverpool crack being left becalmed for 24 hours. This Robinson always declared cost him the race. Nevertheless, he was up in the van again at the Western Isles. Here the times were truly remarkable, the order at Flores being :

1. *Ariel*	passed	on	Aug. 29	91 days	out
2. *Fiery Cross*	„	„	Aug. 29	92 „	„
3. *Taeping*	„	„	Aug. 29	91 „	„
4. *Serica*	„	„	Aug. 29	91 „	„
5. *Taitsing*	„	„	Sept. 1	93 „	„

With fresh westerly winds all five ships made the run to soundings in six days. At 1.30 a.m., September 5th, *Ariel*, the leading ship, picked up the Bishop and St. Agnes

Lights. At 5.30 a.m., with the sky clearing and wind fresh at about W.S.W., Captain Keay set all possible sail. In the skipper's private log there is this entry :—" A ship, since daylight, has been in company on starboard quarter—*Taeping*, probably."

Ariel's times past the various lights were as follows :

Sept. 5.	2.50 a.m.	St. Agnes North distant about 10 miles.
	8.25 a.m.	Lizard Lights about W.N.W. 11 miles.
	0.30 p.m.	Start Point Lighthouse North 3 miles.
	4.15 p.m.	Portland Lights North about 6 miles.
	7.25 p.m.	St. Catherine's North 1 mile.
	9.45 p.m.	Owers Light North 4 miles.
Sept. 6.	12.30 a.m.	Beachy Head Light North 5 miles.
	3 a.m.	Dungeness Light N.E. 8 miles.
	4 a.m.	Hove to abreast of Dungeness Light, distant 1½ miles.

All this time the two ships had been tearing up-Channel, with *Ariel* slightly in the lead. Captain Keay remarks in his log :—" Going 14 knots, royal stunsails and flying kites set, wind strong from W.S.W."

At 6 p.m. *Ariel* got her anchors over, and was compelled to take in her jib-topsail and Jamie Green so as to have all clear forward. Then, when off St. Catherine's, all small sails had to come in, except the fore-topmast stunsail. Off Beachy Head *Ariel* had about an hour's lead of *Taeping*, and as she neared Dungeness she began to burn blue lights and send up rockets for a pilot.

One may imagine the excitement, both aboard the two ships and ashore, where the news that two tea ships were racing up-Channel spread like wildfire. From each headland the report of their positions was rushed to the nearest post-office, and, though they had not our facilities in those days, the owners of both ships and their agents in London soon learnt that the two vessels were neck-and-neck. But it was aboard the ships that the excitement must have been greatest, and also the anxiety, for the prize-money ran into hundreds of pounds.

Let me now quote from Captain Keay's log ; behind his words one can feel the thrill, the tension, and the suppressed agitation, which must have almost kept his heart from beating. Captain Keay was an experienced hand in the China trade, and up to every move in the game—a calm, confident, level-headed skipper—yet that night must have tried his nerves. He missed nothing, however, and the time of every move in the contest was jotted down in his log :

Sept. 6, 5 a.m. Saw the *Taeping* running and also signalling ; bore up lest they should run Eastward of us and get pilot first ; seeing us keep away, they hove to, we again hove to.

5.30. Saw two cutters coming out of Dungeness Roads.

5.40. Kept away so as to get between *Taeping* and the cutters.

5.55. Rounded to close to the pilot cutter and got first pilot. Were saluted as first ship from China this season. I replied : " Yes, and what is that to the westward ?—we have not room to boast yet. Thank God we are first up-Channel and hove to for a pilot an hour before him."

6 a.m. Kept away for South Foreland ; set all plain sail ; were immediately followed by the *Taeping*. They set, also, topmast, topgallant, and lower stunsails one side—wind slightly quartering. We kept ahead without the stunsails or would also have set them. *Taeping* neared us a mile or two, but was a mile astern when he had to take stunsails in (had shifted them to port side when hauling up through the Downs).

Hoisted our number abreast of Deal, we were then fully a mile ahead of *Taeping*, and kept so until obliged to take in all sail and take steamer ahead.

The times of the five ships in the Downs were as follows :

Ariel, at 8 a.m., Sept. 6	99	days	out
Taeping, at 8.10 a.m., Sept. 6	99	„	„
Serica, at noon, Sept. 6	99	„	„
Fiery Cross, during the night, Sept. 7 ..	101	„	„
Taitsing, at forenoon, Sept. 9	101	„	„

None of the other ships made a race of it with these five. The *Serica* had come up-Channel on the French side. *Fiery Cross* was off St. Catherine's at 10 a.m. on September 7th, but she was compelled to bring up in the Downs owing to a severe W.S.W. gale.

The race was not finished until the sample boxes of tea were hurled ashore in the London Docks ; but, so scared were the owners of *Ariel* and *Taeping* of losing the 10s. extra per ton on a quibble as to which ship really won, that they agreed privately to divide the premium, the first ship in dock claiming. But the captains did not know of this arrangement, and the excitement aboard both ships was still at fever-heat. Let me again quote Captain Keay :

> *Taeping's* tug proved much better than ours, and soon towed past us. I thought of taking another boat, but found there would be no need as far as docking was concerned, as we could reach Gravesend two or three hours before it would be possible to go on, till tide made, therefore saved the £10 or £12 asked by boats.
>
> *Taeping* reached Gravesend 55 minutes before us. We avoided anchoring by getting a tug alongside to keep us astern. Proceeded with first tug ahead, as the flowing tide gave us sufficient water to float, thus reached Blackwall and East India Dock entrance at 9 p.m. Could not open the gates till tide rose higher. 10.23 p.m., hove the ship inside dock gates. *Taeping* had preceded us up the river, but having further to go, did not reach the entrance of London Docks till 10 p.m. ; and, drawing less water than we, also dock having two gates, they got her inside outer gate, shut it, and allowed the lock to fill from the dock, then opened the inner gate, so she docked some 20 minutes before us—the papers have it half an hour, for the sake of precision.

One can hardly imagine a more harrowing, gruelling finish to a race, with the tension kept at boiling-point. Since 8 p.m. a strong westerly gale had been blowing, and we may imagine the language flying between the tug-men and the officers of the two clippers. The air must have been blue all round *Ariel* when it was realized that her tug could not keep her ahead of *Taeping*. *Ariel's* first officer, Duncan, considered the smartest racing mate in the whole tea fleet, had a flow of language justly celebrated for its richness and variety of expression, but the things he said to that tug-skipper beat all records. The yarn goes, also, that half a dozen great burly seamen, headed by the *Ariel's* bo'sun, offered to board the tug, by way of the tow rope, in order to supplement the stokers and sit on the safety-valve. However, there was no help for it. A more extraordinary, and yet more unsatisfactory, finish could hardly be imagined. After such a magnificent exhibition of racing seamanship it was no consolation to divide the stakes, and all shipping people agreed that the race should have finished when the leading ship took her pilot.

Serica managed to haul inside the West India Dock at 11.30 p.m., just as the gates were being closed ; thus *Ariel*, *Taeping*, and *Serica*, after crossing the bar of the Min River on the same tide, all docked in the Thames on the same tide.

On her second voyage the *Ariel* still further distinguished herself by breaking the record for the run out to Hong Kong. Leaving the London Docks on October 13th, 1866, Captain Keay cast off the tug and set all plain sail to a light northerly wind at noon on the 14th, and the pilot was dropped off the Start at noon on the 15th. Without being in any way favoured by the winds, *Ariel* crossed the Equator in 25° 30′ W. on November 3rd, only 19 days out ; and another 16 days were all that she needed to cross the Greenwich

Meridian in 43° 30′ S. A month later, on December 18th, to be exact, the *Ariel* was in the Ombay Passage, Captain Keay going "East about," as this course through the islands was called. The Hong Kong anchorage was reached on the morning of Sunday, January 6th, 1867, after a hard thrash to windward of a week's duration against the N.E. monsoon.

Captain Keay's remarks on his passage are worth quoting :—" Our 80 days (79 days 21 hours) from pilot to pilot and 83 from Gravesend to Hong Kong, made quite a sensation in Hong Kong, and at home, when the telegram reached, 'twas scarce believed. There were many reports of quicker passages than ours talked of by lovers of the marvellous, but on best authority in Hong Kong there was found to be no foundation for the mythical things said to have been done by some gun brig or some clipper : several naval officers visited us for a look at our chart and track out, also surveyors of long experience in China, and all agreed as to its being the fastest on record by some five or six days in any season, hence very difficult to beat in N.E. monsoon."

Owing to long intermediate passages, first to Yokohama with a number of Japanese passengers, and then to Saigon for the usual rice cargo, *Ariel* was not in time to load amongst the first flight from Foochow in 1867, and no less than eleven first-class clippers were in front of her when she left the Pagoda anchorage on June 13th. However, Captain Keay managed to pass every one of his rivals, except the *Taeping*, which arrived in the Thames, the first tea ship of the season, on September 14th. *Ariel* arrived on September 23rd, 102 days out, her passage being reckoned as five hours better than *Taeping's*, though both ships were overshadowed by *Ariel's* sister ship, *Sir Lancelot*, which docked on September 22nd, only 99 days out from Shanghai.

On her third voyage, *Ariel* went out to Shanghai in 103 days, beating her rival, *Taeping*, by five days.

In the 'sixties the English Channel was such a sight of fair ships as can hardly be realized in these days. Here is a quotation from Captain Keay's journal which should stir the imagination of the ship-lover :

October 25, a.m. At daylight many vessels bound same way. Wind South-East, set fore-topmast and lower stunsails.

Noon. Lat. 48° 37′ N., Long. 5° 51′ W.

P.m. Have passed in some 10 hours not less than 100 vessels, 5 or 6 miles each side of us. From 25 to 30 in sight when counted several times, passing them all from 2 to 3 miles an hour and weathering same time ; rainy weather, many more would have been in sight in clear weather. About 5 p.m. approached a line of brigs, barques, ships and schooners, 10 to windward and 7 to leeward.

The 1868 tea race is fully described in the account of *Taeping*. It was Captain Keay's last race, and he must have been pleased at being first ship home. He left the *Ariel* to take over Shaw, Maxton's new auxiliary clipper *Oberon*, and the former's chief officer, Courtenay, was appointed in his place.

Captain Courtenay did not do badly in his first tea race. *Ariel*, as usual, was favoured by the shippers and led the tea fleet out of the Min River. This (1869) was the year that *Sir Lancelot* and *Thermopylæ* spread-eagled the fleet with runs of 89 and 91 days, but the first three ships away made a great race of it between themselves, their times being :

Ariel	sailed	June 30	Arrived	October 12	104	days.
Leander	„	July 1	„	October 12	103	„
Lahloo	„	July 2	„	October 12	102	„

In 1870, after a passage out to Shanghai of 108 days, Captain Courtenay took his vessel up to Yokohama. On his return South, when only a few days out, he was unfortunate enough to encounter a typhoon on April 26th. The tender *Ariel* went over on her beam ends, and the topmasts had to be cut away to save her, after which Courtenay put back to Yokohama. Here the refit took up so much time that the *Ariel* lost her chance of sailing in the first flight, and rather than load amongst the second division in the N.E. monsoon, Captain Courtenay took a Japanese charter to New York, where he arrived on January 16th, 1871.

When the *Ariel* finally arrived in the London river in March, Captain Courtenay was replaced by a Captain Talbot. The latter took *Ariel* out to Shanghai in 110 days, and there loaded 1,221,500 lbs. of tea at £3 alongside the *Cutty Sark*. Both ships sailed on the same day at the beginning of September, but the little *Ariel* could not hold her powerful antagonist, and she arrived in the Thames on December 27th, 114 days out, and just a week behind Willis's crack ship.

In 1872 *Ariel* left London on January 31st, for Sydney, with a Captain Cachenaille in command. The beautiful tea ship never arrived, and no trace of her was ever found. She was always a ticklish ship to handle in the " roaring forties," and it was generally supposed that she broached to and foundered when running her easting down.

THE "SIR LANCELOT."

THE famous tea clipper, *Sir Lancelot*, was a sister ship of the *Ariel*. She was launched from Robert Steele's yard at Greenock on July 27th, 1865, being built to the order of John MacCunn, who owned *Guinevere* and *King Arthur*. Her builder's measurements were :—Length of keel and forerake, 195 feet; breadth of beam, 33 feet 9 inches; depth of hold, 21 feet; tonnage (builder's), 1,058 $\frac{73}{100}$; tonnage (Customs'), 885 $\frac{73}{100}$.

Like *Ariel*, *Sir Lancelot* was launched with 100 tons of kentledge fitted in her limbers. Her sail plan only differed from *Ariel's* in the matter of the mizen topsail, *Sir Lancelot's* being single, whilst *Ariel* had the double topsails at mizen as well as fore and main. The sail area, details of which I have given in my China Clippers, amounted to 32,811 square feet in the working suit, to which must be added about 2,500 square feet of stunsails and flying kites. Like all ships from Steele's yard, the *Sir Lancelot* was most perfectly built of teak planking over an iron frame with elm bottom. Her figure-head represented the knight in mail armour, his vizor open and his right hand drawing his sword. The *Sir Lancelot* loaded just under 1,500 tons of tea or about 1,250,000 lbs. on a draught of 18 feet 8 inches.

On her maiden voyage MacCunn's new clipper was not allowed to show what she could do. First-class racing skippers, whether for clippers or yachts, have always been very scarce and *Sir Lancelot's* first commander, a man of the name of McDougall, had not the requisite nerve for a tea ship. After an uneventful outward passage and an intermediate trip to Bangkok for rice, the *Sir Lancelot* went up to Hankow at the end of May in order to load tea, having been chartered by Jardine, Matheson & Co. at £7 per ton.

The first British ship, or vessel of any nationality for that matter, to load tea at Hankow was the famous *Challenger*, just three years before the *Sir Lancelot*. Captain Thomas Macey of the *Challenger* paid the American tug, *Fire-Cracker*, £1,000 to tow his ship up the Yangtze to Hankow. Though considered a very dangerous experiment, Captain Macey's enterprise paid, and he was soon followed by other China captains. Though the chief difficulty was the navigation of the Yangtze, the traders had to keep their armoury in readiness for any eventuality, and two of the missionaries taken up the river by the *Challenger* were actually eaten by Chinese cannibals. Captain Macey loaded 1,000 tons of tea in June, 1863, at £9 per ton, and made the run home in 128 days.

The Hankow anchorage, with a glue-like mud bottom, and a current like a mill-sluice with backward eddies in which the ships sheered wildly about, was far from being a pleasant one. *Sir Lancelot*, like many another sailing ship, did not get away without a collision with one of her neighbours, and a loss of anchors and cables. But she was not wrecked altogether, like the *Guinevere*, whose Captain, M'Lean, was taking a passage home in *Sir Lancelot*. McDougall, against his owner's orders, went south by the eastern passage through the Ombai Strait, and took 42 days to clear Sandalwood Island. He was far from being a sail-carrier, and to MacCunn's disgust his new ship was 122 days to London.

The unfortunate skipper was dismissed with a deep sea blessing, and the MacCunns were lucky enough to persuade Captain Dick Robinson to leave the *Fiery Cross* for their flying horse—MacCunn's house flag was a black Pegasus on a white ground. Captain Robinson had a reputation which was second to none amongst racing skippers ; he not only was a superb seaman, but he possessed untiring energy, unlimited nerve, and a keen business sense. And every one of these qualities was required of him before the *Sir Lancelot* had been a week at sea on her outward passage to China, for on December 13th, when 200 miles to the S.W. of the Scillies, the clipper was completely dismasted. It was about as nasty a dismasting as one could imagine. At 4.30 p.m., when head reaching on the starboard tack in a hard S.W. gale, the ship was struck by a tremendous squall, and before anything could be done to ease her, the iron bowsprit broke off inside the forestay and close to the knight heads ; this, of course, brought the foremast down, the lower mast giving way just above the mast coat ; a second later the mainmast followed it over the side, having cracked below the deck, in which it tore a large hole. Then the mizen went—all of it, including the crossjack yard, with the exception of the lower mast—adding to the raffle of spars and gear which were pounding against the plunging hull. The night was spent by all hands with axe and saw cutting the wreckage away, whilst the ship drifted towards the worst lee shore in the world. At daybreak the *Sir Lancelot* was within 30 miles of Ushant ; luckily the wind backed into the south, and she went clear.

Captain Robinson was not long in rigging jury-masts, and at 10.30 p.m. on December 15th, the lame duck sailed into the Carrick Roads, Falmouth, under a fore-topgallant-sail, a fore-royal and a few staysails. Then began a tremendous hustle in order to re-rig the clipper and get her away in time for the tea season. A master rigger, named Nicholas, and a gang of Liverpool riggers were sent to Falmouth to help the local talent, and young James MacCunn came south to superintend everything, whilst Captain Robinson rushed off after masts, sails and gear. He succeeded in getting a splendid set of Oregon pine masts from Messrs. Money, Wigram & Sons, which he always declared were far superior to any iron or steel masts. (*Ariel's* lower masts were of iron, whilst *Titania*, after being dismasted, was refitted with steel masts.)

The cargo was taken out and stored whilst the riggers were at work and the refit was accomplished in good time in spite of every obstacle. January was a month of snow blizzards and intense frost, even in Cornwall, added to which there was constant friction and even fighting between the Cornishmen and the Liverpool riggers. However, Captain Robinson was able to sail from Falmouth on January 31st. He was not in time to load at Foochow amongst the full bloods, but managed to sail from Shanghai on June 15th. There were no less than nineteen Foochow and Shanghai clippers ahead of him, all of which he managed to overtake, with the exception of the *Taeping*, which, sailing from Foochow, had 11 days' start.

Off the Cape *Sir Lancelot* overtook the *Flying Spur*, which had sailed from Foochow on June 9th. The wind was right ahead, and the racing ships met on opposite tacks. Captain Ryrie, of *Flying Spur*, considered that he was carrying a press of sail, being under whole topsails, courses and outer jib, but Captain Robinson crossed his bow, lugging three topgallant sails and flying jib. As the two clippers converged, the skippers started a flag talk. This drew the attention of *Sir Lancelot's* helmsman from his work and he allowed the ship to be taken aback.

The scene from the *Flying Spur*, as related to me by one of her officers, was an exciting one, the whole deck of the *Sir Lancelot* being in plain view as she heeled right over and began to gather stern way. They saw Captain Robinson deal in real bucko style with his careless helmsman, and the watch below come flying on deck in their shirt tails. It was a close call, but the MacCunn clipper had a smart crew and they fairly whipped the sail off her.

Sir Lancelot

Built 1865. Tea Clipper

A few days later, whilst running down to St. Helena, the *Maitland* was overtaken with moonsails, sky-studding-sails, watersails and save-alls set. As *Sir Lancelot* drew rapidly ahead, Dick Robinson hoisted the sarcastic signal: " Good-bye, I shall be forced to leave you if you cannot make more sail."

Sir Lancelot found a head wind outside the Channel, but Robinson never believed in punching into a dead muzzler, and always kept his ship moving; and he made the Mizen Head on September 19th, 96 days out from Shanghai. Whilst *Sir Lancelot* was passing to the northward of the Scillies, her sister ship, *Ariel*, was to the south of them, 99 days out from Foochow. Captain Robinson's daring navigation on the night of the 20th gave him a few hours' lead of the *Ariel* up-Channel. Beating to windward of the Seven Stones and Wolf Rock he fetched the Lizard before daylight on the 21st, and picking up a fine offshore wind, went romping up-Channel. Deal was made early on the 22nd, 99 days out. *Sir Lancelot's* was easily the best passage of the year, and her name was made.

I have described the 1868 tea race in my account of *Ariel*. It will be noticed that only three ships, *Ariel*, *Sir Lancelot*, and *Spindrift*, made the passage from Foochow in under the hundred days. As *Spindrift* had left the Pagoda anchorage 23 hours behind the other two, she was adjudged the winner by 12 hours from *Ariel*, and 23 from *Sir Lancelot*.

Captain Robinson's third and last voyage in *Sir Lancelot* has never been equalled in the China trade, not even by *Thermopylæ*. The following is an epitome of his abstract:

1868.			
Oct.	3rd.	Left East India Dock	
1869.			
Jan.	10th.	Arrived Hong Kong	99 days.
„	27th.	Left Hong Kong	
Feb.	5th.	Arrived Bangkok	9 „
March	3rd.	Left Bangkok	
„	24th.	Arrived Hong Kong	21 „
April	10th.	Left Hong Kong	
„	20th.	Arrived Saigon	10 „
May	5th.	Left Saigon	
„	26th.	Arrived Yokohama	21 „
June	14th.	Left Yokohama	
„	20th.	Arrived Foochow	6 „
July	17th.	(7 a.m.) Left Pagoda Anchorage, Foochow	
July	18th.	White Dogs N.N.E. 15 miles	
Aug.	7th.	Passed Anjer	21 „
„	28th.	Off Buffalo River	42 „
Sept.	1st.	Off Cape Agulhas	46 „
„	11th.	Passed St. Helena	56 „
Oct.	10th	Passed the Lizard	85 „
„	12th.	Passed Dungeness	87 „
		(Wind foul and baffling in the Channel)	
„	13th.	(2 p.m.) At Gravesend	88 „
„	14th.	Docked	89 „

Captain Kemball had docked *Thermopylæ* on October 2nd, after a wonderful 91 days' passage, and he was very disgusted when *Sir Lancelot* came along and beat him.

At the end of the voyage Captain Robinson gave up the command, being very upset by the death of his wife in childbirth. He subsequently commanded Shaw, Maxton's racing steamer, *Lord of the Isles*, after which he settled down at his native Maryport, became a J.P., and died much respected about thirty years ago.

He was succeeded at the helm of *Sir Lancelot* by Captain Edmonds, who, after making the passage out to Hong Kong in 98 days, succeeded in getting the better of *Thermopylæ* and the new Baring clipper, *Normancourt*, in the race from Foochow, their times being :

Thermopylæ left Foochow July 29th, 1870, arrived Deal Nov. 11th .. 105 days.
Sir Lancelot left Foochow Aug. 2nd, 1870, arrived Deal Nov. 12th .. 102 „
Normancourt left Foochow Aug. 3rd, 1870, arrived Deal Nov. 15th .. 104 „

This was really *Sir Lancelot's* last race, for in 1871 Captain Edmonds took a tea cargo to New York from Shanghai, and at the end of this voyage the racing ballast was removed.

In 1872 Captain Edmonds came home from Foochow in 122 days, and in 1873 the *Sir Lancelot* was the first tea ship to leave China. Loading 1,228,548 lbs. at Shanghai, Captain Edmonds sailed on June 29th, and docked on November 3rd, 127 days out.

In 1874 Captain Edmonds was succeeded by Captain Felgate, who took the *Sir Lancelot* out to Sydney, arriving there on March 26th, 84 days from the Start. This year the *Sir Lancelot* took 134 days, arriving home on November 19th, from Shanghai. Her spars were now reduced, 8 feet being cut off the lower masts, but nothing could stop the beautiful ship. She took 100 days from the Channel to Shanghai, and made the passage from Shanghai to New York in 99 days—her whole voyage only totalling 9 months 2 days.

In 1876 Captain Felgate was needed to take over MacCunn's new iron clipper, *Baron Colonsay*. He recommended his chief officer, Andrew Hepburn, who had served his time in the ship, for the command of *Sir Lancelot*. Young Hepburn rather lost his head at first, making an extravagant, profitless voyage, the passages being :—London to Otago, Dunedin to Newcastle, N.S.W., Newcastle, N.S.W., to Shanghai, and Yokohama to St. Nazaire, France. None of these was done in good time, though the homeward one was not bad, being 127 days from the Japan port to Plymouth. At the end of this voyage the *Sir Lancelot* was reduced to a barque and her complement cut down. MacCunn was inclined to get rid of Hepburn, but in the end he decided to give him another chance, with the result that Hepburn pulled himself together and made the best passage of the year from Shanghai to New York, his times being : January 15th, 1878, left Shanghai, April 2nd, arrived New York—95 days.

On her thirteenth voyage the *Sir Lancelot* went out to Yokohama from London under Captain Brockenshaw. It was on this passage that she picked up the survivors of the Victorian Expedition to New Guinea. This voyage she loaded at Shanghai for New York.

In 1879 Captain Brockenshaw took her out to New Zealand, and in October the famous clipper loaded her last tea cargo at Foochow. Leaving Foochow on October 22nd, she reached London on February 27th, 1880—128 days.

In 1881/2 she went out to Honolulu from London under Captain Shortlands. From Japan she crossed to Astoria ; left Astoria April 3rd, 1882, and arrived in the Downs on August 21st, on her way to Hull. Captain Shortlands left Shields on October 4th, 1882, and arrived at Anjer December 27th. *Sir Lancelot* was ordered up to Calcutta, where Captain Shortlands gave place to Captain Murdoch MacDonald.

On April 20th, 1883, Captain MacDonald left Calcutta for Rouen, where he arrived on September 2nd, 135 days out, discharged and brought the ship back to her home port on September 25th.

With Captain MacDonald still in command *Sir Lancelot* left the Clyde on December 23rd, 1883, and arrived Mauritius March 12th, 1884—79 days out. She left Mauritius April 29th and reached Bombay May 23rd—24 days out : sailed from Bombay on July 1st, and arrived Calcutta July 14th—13 days. Calcutta was left on August 29th and Port Louis, Mauritius, made on October 2nd—34 days out : *Sir Lancelot* left Mauritius on November 4th, and arrived Bombay for the second time on November 30th—26 days out.

For the next eighteen months Captain MacDonald kept the *Sir Lancelot* in the country trade between Bombay, Calcutta, and Mauritius under charter to the Mahommedan merchant, Visram Ibrahim, who bought her outright in 1886. From this date *Sir Lancelot* was sailed by an Eurasian master, Captain C. W. Brebner, and a Lascar crew. Captain Brebner was a very well-known seaman in the country trade, and the author of a handbook of sailing directions for the Indian Ocean. He kept the *Sir Lancelot* like a yacht, and she was as much admired in her old age as in her youth ; the Admirals commanding the East Indian station always made a point of visiting the famous ship, and both the Governors of Bombay and of Mauritius paid her ceremonious visits with their full staffs.

Besides making many outstanding runs between India and Mauritius, *Sir Lancelot* weathered no less than four cyclones under the skilful handling of Captain Brebner. As I know of no other records of tea clippers in cyclones, though there are many log abstracts of their encounters with the typhoons of the China seas, I will give Captain Brebner's record in his own words :

" I sailed from Bombay on October 21st, 1893, and experienced fine weather down the Malabar coast. On entering the N.W. monsoon regions it became squally, with incessant showers of rain for days, and, on the morning of November 1st, ran into a cyclone right-hand semi-circle in Lat. 9° 10′ S., Long. 72° 20′ E. The wind was steady at N.W. during the night, with hard squalls and very heavy rain. At midnight, reduced sails to topsails and foresail, at 5 a.m. the wind shifted from N.W. to North, and at 6 o'clock it was N.E., with mountainous seas. I immediately lay-to under the lower topsails ; at 7 the wind rapidly veered to East, S.E., South and into S.W., where it remained steady and blew a hurricane of much violence. Sails were blown from the yards, the lee-side under water up to the hatches, bulwarks washed away nearly the whole length of the ship, wheel broken into matchwood, skylight stove in and cabin flooded. The squalls were terrific. At 10 p.m. it showed signs of abating. By midnight the storm had passed, the wind shifted to N.W., when storm sails were set to keep the vessel's head on to the sea."

This was the *Sir Lancelot's* third cyclone ; the previous ones had been encountered in June, 1892. The fourth was experienced between Rodriguez and Mauritius in January, 1895, the *Sir Lancelot* being bound to Mauritius from Calcutta. This time Captain Brebner scudded across the path of the cyclone in order to get into the navigable quadrant ; a daring and skilful bit of seamanship. He thus describes it :

" Having a fast ship I decided to take my chance and run across the track into the navigable quadrant. The two lower topsails were then set and ship headed towards N.W., making 9 knots by patent log and perhaps 11 over the ground. Before the helm was put up two oil bags were placed over each bow and the same over each quarter, and she ran comfortably, though the sea was dreadful to behold. At 4 p.m. the wind showed signs of shifting, barometer still going down. At sunset it veered from S.E. to a little West of South as near as could be judged, shipped much water amidships, but no damage, oil bags working faithfully and replenished as required. I took in the fore lower topsail before it became dark and made up my mind to sacrifice the main one. At 8 o'clock the wind was S.S.W. ; at 10, S.W. ; the main topsail then blew to ribbons; ran under bare poles until midnight, when the wind veered to West. At 2 a.m. on the 16th it was W.N.W., when the barometer stopped falling at 29.30. Between 2 and 5 a.m. it blew a terrific gale, took large quantities of water over the stern as she was then on the wrong tack for bowing the sea. To avoid sustaining any damage and to assist the four oil bags, I placed another larger oil bag in a rattan ballast basket, attached the deep sea lead line to it, and ran it out the full length. The basket, which streamed away to windward, served the purpose, as the sea broke lightly afterwards. At 6 o'clock the wind

veered to N.W., the barometer rose, wind and sea went down, and the weather became finer. The *Sir Lancelot* escaped with a good shaking up, and the loss of the main topsail only."

At the end of this voyage, in April, 1895, the beautiful ship was sold to Persian owners, and Captain Brebner handed over his command to an Arab.

In September, 1895, *Sir Lancelot* sailed from Muscat for Calcutta, and never arrived, but the following letter from a Hooghly pilot leaves no doubt of her fate :

" I was the branch pilot in command of the brig *Fame*, at the Sandheads, mouth of the Hooghly, on October 1st, 1895, when we had a very heavy cyclone. The *Sir Lancelot* came up under my lee and asked for a pilot (squalls were coming up heavier and faster), but there was too much sea to send my boat, so I told the captain to get to the Southward as soon as he could. She looked to be very deep, with salt from the Red Sea, and was making bad weather of it. That afternoon I was on my beam ends, topgallant masts sent down, and there I lay for five hours, double gaskets on all sails and preventer braces. I think the use of oil bags saved my vessel. About October 10th four Lascars were picked up dead in the Bay, supposed to be from the *Sir Lancelot*, but she certainly foundered not many miles from me. I was her pilot and sailed her up the Hooghly to Calcutta some ten years prior to this, so was interested in her.—W. F. Wawn."

Thus the brave old clipper ship succumbed at last to the storm fiend, though we may be sure that she put up a stubborn fight in spite of overloading and probably indifferent handling.

THE "THERMOPYLÆ."

WHO has not heard of the famous tea clipper *Thermopylæ*, the great rival of the *Cutty Sark*, and a vessel which many experienced seamen consider to have been the fastest ship ever built? With her slender green hull and lofty spars she was once the admiration of every seafaring eye, and the constant theme of fo'c'sle yarn-spinners. The man who had been passed by her at sea spoke of his experience with awe in his voice and pride in his eye, whilst to have sailed in any capacity aboard her gave a seaman sufficient honour in his profession to last his lifetime.

In 1867 Bernard Waymouth, the well-known naval architect and secretary of Lloyd's Register, designed the tea clipper *Leander*, which was built by Lawrie, of Glasgow, for the London shipping magnate, Joseph Somes. This vessel, in spite of a very erratic captain, at once proved herself to be unusually fast. She was treated by old Somes more as a pet ship than a commercial proposition, and became generally known as Somes's yacht. Though undoubtedly very fast in light and moderate winds, *Leander* was a wet ship and lacked power when it came on to blow. When Bernard Waymouth designed the *Thermopylæ* for George Thompson's Aberdeen White Star Line in 1868, he was able so to improve upon the *Leander* that the result was a masterpiece which, whilst able to fan along at 7 knots in an air that would not extinguish a lighted candle, was both comfortable and easy to handle when running over 13 knots under all plain sail.

In a variety of ways *Thermopylæ* marked a distinct advance in ship designing. She was the first tea clipper which was powerful enough to bear pressing in the hard squalls and high seas of the "roaring forties." A splendid sea boat, she hove to like a duck. Seamen were amazed at her windward powers and never had there been so close-winded a vessel. Though wet enough in a head sea like all fast ships, she had sufficient bearing aft to keep her quarter-deck from being swept and she never dished up seas over her counter, in the alarming fashion common to the usual type of tea ship. In her model, without any exaggerated dead rise amidships, she gained the necessary grip for windward work by a deep false keel, which was slightly rockered. Her forefoot, like *Leander's*, was more rounded and cut away than usual.

Thermopylæ's sail plan also marked an advance, height giving way to width of canvas. She had no skysails, but her royal yards were tremendous spars. Four men were needed to furl her main royal, which was 19 feet deep. Her mainyard was 80 feet long, whilst her mainsail had a drop of 40 feet at the bunt.

Thermopylæ's measurements were as follows: Tonnage—builder's measurement, 1,300 tons; registered, gross, 991 tons; registered, net, 948 tons; registered under deck, 927 tons; displacement at load draught, 1,970 tons. Lloyd's Register gives her dimensions during the 'seventies as length 210 feet, breadth 36 feet, depth 21 feet; but in the 'eighties we find the measurements changed to 212 feet length, 36 feet breadth, and 20 feet 9 inches depth. Her moulded depth was 23 feet 2 inches.

In deck plan *Thermopylæ* conformed to the fashion of the time with a raised quarter-deck, 61 feet long, on top of which was a rounded and rather unsightly monkey poop. She had the usual Liverpool house and an anchor deck, or topgallant fo'c'sle, as it was later called. She was built under special survey, was of composite construction with planking of rock elm from keel to topside, and East India teak above. Though her scantlings were stout enough, all unnecessary weight was strictly eliminated, for instance, no planking was laid in her 'tween-decks.

From the date of her launch, August 19th, 1868, *Thermopylæ* was a lucky ship, lucky in her captains and lucky with her winds ; and her owners and their brokers gave her every chance, as she was always most carefully loaded with the pick of London general cargo, such as drapery, liquids and feather-weight cases, when outward bound, and often left the docks flying light with her Plimsoll mark nowhere near the water. Homewards she either loaded tea or wool, the very best cargoes for passage making.

Her heaviest general cargo was 1,600 tons ; crossing from Australia to China, she usually loaded 1,200 tons of coal. Her biggest tea cargo was 1,429,000 lbs. of tea, which, with 250 tons of ballast, gave her a mean draught of 21 feet 6 inches ; whilst the following was a typical wool cargo : 4,638 bales of wool, 650 bags of chrome ore, 1,142 bags of nickel ore, 15 casks of milk, 1 cask of sheep shears, with 19 tons 19 cwt. of old iron rails as stiffening.

Like all Thompson's ships, *Thermopylæ* was carefully prepared for her maiden voyage, and when she left Gravesend at 5 a.m. on November 7th, 1868, she was not only flying light but had a picked crew. Kemball, her skipper, was a driver of known reputation, who had made some remarkable passages from China in the *Yangtze*, a tea clipper which was not really fast enough to be considered a full-blood. He was full of energy and enterprise, and *Thermopylæ* could not have had a master more capable of getting the best out of her.

A ship's first voyage, as a rule, is one in which her officers have all to learn and much to put right, yet *Thermopylæ's* first voyage stands out beyond every other, for in it she broke a record on every passage. On the outward trip to Melbourne, she crossed the Equator 21 days from the Lizard, from which she had taken her departure at 6 p.m. on November 8th, when only 33 hours out from Gravesend. On December 13th the Meridian of Greenwich was crossed 34 days from the Lizard. Her best 24-hour run was made on January 3rd, 1869, in 42° S. 124° E.—330 miles. On January 7th the Otway was made, only 25 days from the Greenwich Meridian and just 60 from the Lizard. Here *Thermopylæ* was held up by light winds and did not drop anchor in Hobson's Bay till the 9th, when she was 62 days out from the Lizard, and 63 days from Gravesend. This was the first record broken, the previous best run to Melbourne being that of *James Baines*—63 days 18 hours 15 minutes from the Rock Light in the winter of 1854–5, or 65 days from Liverpool.

On February 10th *Thermopylæ* left Newcastle, N.S.W., with coal for Shanghai, and, when only 28 days out, took her pilot off Vido, anchoring off Shanghai on March 13th. In this run she was undoubtedly lucky with her winds, the usual clipper ship passage being from 45 to 55 days. From Shanghai she went down to Foochow to load the first teas, with a golden cock at her masthead. This emblem of victory roused so much indignation amongst the crews of the other ships that a plot was hatched ; with the result that one night, when Captain Kemball was entertaining aboard, someone slipped aloft in the dark and removed the *Thermopylæ's* rooster. The culprit was never discovered, but he was generally thought to be a seaman from the *Taeping*.

On July 3rd, at 5 a.m., *Thermopylæ* left the Pagoda anchorage in tow, with her first tea cargo under hatches. Kemball, as soon as he was outside, set a course to go east about via the Ombay passage, but finding fresh winds in 126° E. altered his course for Anjer, which

Thermopylae

Built 1868 Tea Clipper

was passed at 6 a.m. on July 28th, 25 days out. Without making any remarkable runs in the S.E. trades, *Thermopylæ* kept going and rounded Cape Agulhas on August 21st, 49 days out. The Lizard was made on September 30th, 89 days out, and *Thermopylæ* hauled into dock on October 2nd, 91 days out, and the most-talked-of ship that had ever been launched. To Kemball's annoyance this run from Foochow was put in the shade a fortnight later by Dick Robinson in the *Sir Lancelot*, who made the same passage in 85 days to the Lizard, and 89 to dock, after experiencing head winds in the Channel.

I should have liked to give a few of *Thermopylæ's* best passages in detail, but space will not permit. In all her career she only made one bad passage, and that was during the winter of 1882–3, when she was held up by hard southerly gales all the way from the Lizard to 36° N. and was actually 45 days from Portland to the Line. (On her previous voyage she had covered this distance in 16 days.) After such a bad start she was 109 days in reaching Sydney. Curiously enough *Thermopylæ* was never as fortunate in her Sydney voyages as in her Melbourne ones. No other ship has ever approached her Melbourne records. During the first ten years of her life *Thermopylæ* made ten passages out to Hobson's Bay, her times from the Lizard being : 62, 70, 60, 67, 70, 72, 64, 68, 80 and 74 days.

Her great rival, *Cutty Sark*, sailed direct to China until 1873, but her outward passages for the next six voyages are interesting to compare with *Thermopylæ's*. *Cutty Sark* only went to Melbourne once, in 1873, all her other Colonial passages were to Sydney—or beyond ; and until 1878 via the S.W. Cape, Tasmania. Her times from the Channel to Melbourne or the S.W. Cape, Tasmania, from 1873 to 1878 were : 69, 72, 66, 67, 73 and 69.

For her last twelve voyages under the Aberdeen White Star flag, *Thermopylæ* was in the Sydney trade, out with general cargo ; home with wool. Here *Cutty Sark* had much the best of it ; *Thermopylæ's* best wool passage being 76 days to the Start in 1882, whereas *Cutty Sark* made an average of 73¼ days for her seven passages to 1890, the date when *Thermopylæ* was sold.

With regard to the tea trade, *Thermopylæ* in 11 passages averaged 106½ days ; and though there was little difference in their " times " from Anjer home, *Thermopylæ* generally made a better passage down the China Sea than *Cutty Sark*, the only ship which could in any way be compared with her. Much ink has been spent in comparing the speeds of these two beautiful clippers, but it is not very easy to form a definite conclusion as to which was the faster vessel, because *Thermopylæ* made her best records in the first ten years of her life, whilst *Cutty Sark* did far better in her second ten years than in her first ten years. This difference we can safely put down to the varying capacities of their captains. From a close study of the log-books of the two vessels, I have been forced to the conclusion that *Thermopylæ* had the legs of *Cutty Sark* in light winds, but was overpowered by the latter in strong winds.

Thermopylæ's best 24-hour run was probably 348 miles, made running her easting down in 1875 under Captain Matheson ; though Captain Jenkins claimed a run of over 350 in the late 'eighties, which I have not been able to verify with certainty. According to Captain Henderson, who had her from 1881-1884, *Thermopylæ* logged 13 easily under a main top-gallant sail, but she certainly did not revel in heavy weather like the *Cutty Sark*. The two vessels were only once in company and that was when working down the China Sea in 1872, but the race on this occasion was spoilt by *Cutty Sark* losing her rudder off the Cape.

In 1890 *Thermopylæ* was sold for £5,000 to Mr. Reford of Montreal, President of the Rice Milling Company. He stripped the yards off her mizen-mast and kept her in the trans-Pacific trade between Hong Kong and Victoria, B.C. Mr. Reford was unfortunate in his first two skippers. The first sold everything he could lay his hands on, including one of the life-boats, the clipper's stunsail gear, and even the tower muskets from her armoury. He

was replaced at Singapore by a fine seaman, who unfortunately spent most of his time drinking with the mate. On her way across the Pacific to Vancouver, the *Thermopylæ* ran into a typhoon, when the drunken skipper regained the respect of his crew by his fine seamanship.

On arrival at Victoria, B.C., both captain and mate received the sack, and the poor little tea ship had to be reconditioned, as she had sprung her mizen-mast, lost most of her bulwarks and main rail, besides having topsails and other canvas blown to ribbons. However, she landed the rice cargo which had been loaded at Bangkok, in good condition, in spite of her age and the bad buffeting she had received.

On June 2nd, 1892, *Thermopylæ* left Vancouver under a " Blue Nose " skipper, Captain Winchester, and a very fine crew, recruited from the British Columbian sealing schooners. Captain Winchester, like all herring-backs, was a superb seaman and soon made the clipper show her paces.

On one occasion, when bound from Yokohama to Victoria, the *Thermopylæ* held her own for three days with the C.P.R. mailboat, *Empress of India*, when the latter was logging over 16 knots most of the time.

The following are the times of her last passages :

1892	Left Vancouver	June	2nd	Arrived	Nagasaki (via Yokohama)	Aug.	22nd	81 days.
	„ Hong Kong	Oct.	9th	„	Victoria	Nov.	24th	46 „
1893	„ Victoria (in ballast)	Feb.	15th	„	Hong Kong	Mar.	10th	23 „
	„ Hong Kong	May	17th	„	Victoria	July	6th	50 „
	„ Astoria	Sept.	15th	„	Hong Kong	Oct.	29th	44 „
1894	„ Hong Kong	Oct.	12th	„	Victoria	Dec.	6th	55 „
1895	„ Port Blakely	Jan.	29th	„	Hong Kong	Mar.	30th	60 „
	„ Shanghai	May	8th	„	Port Blakely	June	18th	41 „
	„ Port Blakely	June	29th	„	Leith	Dec.	17th	171 „

On this long passage home, the *Thermopylæ* carried a cargo of Oregon pine, and bow ports had to be cut in order to stow it.

Soon after her arrival home she was sold to the Portuguese Government for a training ship, and renamed *Pedro Nunez*. Thus in the autumn of their days the two famous rivals had the same home port—Lisbon. *Cutty Sark* is now restored to us through the enterprise of Captain Dowman, but *Thermopylæ* was towed out of the Tagus on October 13th, 1907, by two Portuguese men-of-war, and torpedoed.

Some people have stated that, finding her too old and small, the Portuguese Government honoured her with a " naval funeral," others that she was simply used as a target in a gun practice. I prefer to think of her as being ceremoniously towed out to sea and sunk with colours flying and bands playing.

THE "CUTTY SARK."

IF any sailor of the present day wishes to see what real ship beauty is like, he should take train or boat to Falmouth, where he will find the famous *Cutty Sark* lying at her moorings as spick and span as in the days of her glory.

The *Cutty Sark* was launched as far back as 1869, right in the middle of the Victorian era, when man's taste in art was considered to be at its lowest ebb. Yet the ships of that date were a sheer delight to the eye, whilst those of the present day, with some notable exceptions, are so sacrificed to the exigencies of this material age that hardly a line runs true, hardly a curve shows sweet and wholesome, so that ships have mostly become monstrosities—mere floating workhouses, square-ended, wall-sided, and bristling with erections in the shape of derricks and ventilators, which often bear a close resemblance to the gallows.

The *Cutty Sark* was a composite tea clipper, built at Dumbarton to the order of Captain John Willis, the London shipowner, who with her hoped to lower the colours of that remarkable Aberdeen flyer, the *Thermopylæ*. Her registered measurements were as follows :—gross tons 963, net tons 921, length 212 feet 5 inches, breadth 36 feet, depth 21 feet, moulded depth 22 feet 5 inches. As regards the length of her spars, the extreme length of bowsprit and jib-booms was 60 feet; length of mainmast from deck to truck 145 feet 9 inches; mainyard 78 feet, and spanker-boom 52 feet. The distance from the end of the flying jib-boom to the end of the spanker-boom was 280 feet.

The *Cutty Sark* was by no means overhatted, the biggest sail plan in the tea fleet being that of *Spindrift*, whose mainyard was 84 feet long. Many of the China clippers had two suits of stunsails, large and small; but, though the *Cutty Sark* only had one set, these were big enough, and pretty nearly doubled the width of her spread on fore and main.

Hercules Linton, who had been apprenticed to Hall of Aberdeen, though a young and rising designer, had never given his contemporaries cause to expect that he would produce such a masterpiece as the *Cutty Sark*. I have received some interesting reminiscences from an ex-apprentice who was in the drawing office of Scott & Linton from the very start of the young firm. This man had the honour of journeying to Glasgow with the last of the three models, which were submitted to Captain Willis for his approval. He also remembers Hercules Linton and John Rennie arguing over tracings of suggested sail plans, when the former lengthened or shortened the yards on the plans with a soft blacklead pencil, to the dismay of the young apprentice, whose one thought at the time was that such pencil-marks were almost impossible to rub out and thus spoilt the beauty of the drawings. Before his death a few years ago, Mr. Rennie always proudly declared that he had designed the *Cutty Sark's* spar and sail plan, but the episode of the blacklead pencil certainly seems to prove that Linton corrected Rennie's work before giving it his full approval.

The *Cutty Sark* was by far the most powerful of the tea clippers; indeed, she seemed able to bear driving to an unlimited extent, which is more than can be said for any of the

Steele cracks, and even *Thermopylæ* had her limits. It is very difficult to decide on a vessel's capabilities from her records, for in sailing so much depends upon the skipper, and a certain amount upon the caprices of fortune. It has been argued that the *Cutty Sark* was slow in light winds. It is true that Captain Woodget, who had her for ten years after she had had her spars reduced, considered her a very ordinary ship in light weather; yet, on the other hand, her masters in her China days, declared that she never lost way, because the mere flap of her sails kept her moving through the water. From the records, it would seem that she was not quite as fast as *Thermopylæ* or the Steele clippers in the light airs of the China Seas.

Captain Moodie, who was in command her first three voyages, though a superb seaman, was certainly not the man to take risks in navigation through waters which were not only studded with coral reefs, but had only been most indifferently surveyed. It would not be fair to call Moodie a timid navigator, yet he preferred to go round rather than to dash through a dangerous Channel such as Stolze's in Gaspar Straits: and he made no attempt to work the eddies in shore or the land and sea breezes on the Cochin China and Borneo coasts.

Captain F. W. Moore, who had Willis's crack on her fourth voyage, was up in years and far more concerned with a smart appearance in port than in making a record passage. Captain Tiptaft, who succeeded Moore, never had any reputation for carrying sail; and the tragic Captain Wallace never had a chance to show what he could do with her on a tea passage.

Thus the *Cutty Sark's* tea passages, which I give below, were nothing very remarkable:

									Days.
1870	Maiden Voyage	left	Shanghai	June	25	Arrived	Beachy Head	Oct. 12	109
1871	Second „	„	„	Sept.	4	„	N. Foreland	Dec. 20	107
1872	Third „	„	„	June	18	„	Portland	Oct. 16	120
1873	Fourth „	„	„	July	9	„	Deal	Nov. 2	116
1874	Fifth „	„	Woosung (loaded Hankow)	June	24	„	„	Oct. 20	118
1875	Sixth „	left	Woosung (loaded Hankow)	June	21	„	Deal	Oct. 21	122
1876	Seventh „	left	Woosung (loaded Hankow)	June	9	„	Start	Sept. 25	108
1877	Eighth „	left	Woosung (loaded Hankow)	June	6	„	Scilly	Oct. 6	122

Except in 1872, the *Cutty Sark* was never in company with another racing tea ship. But in that year she and her great rival, *Thermopylæ*, loaded together at Shanghai, and sailed within a few hours of each other. The two ships were constantly in company down the China sea, and owing to *Cutty Sark* having her way blocked by several waterspouts, she was led by *Thermopylæ* through Anjer Straits, the latter being 1½ miles ahead off Anjer, and when last seen outside Java Head was 3 miles W. by S. of Willis's clipper. However, Captain Moodie sent the *Cutty Sark* flying across the S.E. trades with three consecutive runs of 340, 327 and 320 miles, and he always contended that he was over 400 miles ahead of *Thermopylæ* when the *Cutty Sark* lost her rudder off the Cape coast.

Captain Kemball, of *Thermopylæ*, was one of those secretive navigators who would never allow anyone aboard to know the ship's position, and as he refused to compare his log-book with that of the *Cutty Sark*, after the two ships had arrived in London, one cannot say for certain which was leading when the *Cutty Sark* lost her rudder, though the generally credited belief in London at the time was that *Thermopylæ* was 600 miles astern.

The *Cutty Sark* never succeeded in loading China tea after 1877; and after a protracted voyage she loaded jute in 1879 at Manila for New York. Captain Tiptaft had died on the China coast, and his chief officer, Wallace, was appointed to the command.

Cutty Sark
Built 1869 Tea Clipper

He was a hard sail-carrier, but though he got some fine bursts of speed out of the *Cutty Sark*, his passage of 111 days from Manila to New York was not quite worthy of the ship.

In March, 1880, the *Cutty Sark's* big sail plan was considerably reduced, as her owners considered that henceforward she would have to go a-seeking all over the world: and they were quite glad of a charter to load Welsh coal for the American fleet in Japan waters.

We now come to the most adventurous voyage in the whole of the *Cutty Sark's* career, in which she fell out of one disaster into another, and from one tragedy to another. The story of the voyage cannot be told in detail: the bare facts are as follows :—The mate, who was a typical bucko, killed a negro seaman with a handspike in the Indian ocean, and with the help of the captain managed to escape aboard an American ship, whilst the *Cutty Sark* lay at Anjer. This, and the resulting trouble with his crew, so worried Captain Wallace that he stepped over the stern one calm morning in the Java sea and was taken by sharks.

The *Cutty Sark*, under her 2nd mate, put back and eventually found her way to Singapore, where the coal was discharged and a new captain was appointed. For this purpose a man named Bruce, the mate of the *Hallowe'en*, was sent down by mail steamer from Shanghai. Bruce was the very opposite of Wallace, and only seems to have had one good point—he was a splendid navigator, notwithstanding which he suffered badly from land fever, and always started to shorten sail long before any land was in sight.

Under Bruce the *Cutty Sark* wandered up to Calcutta, and from thence to Australia; loaded to Shanghai from Sydney, and finally took jute to New York from Cebu, Philippines. Bruce divided his time between drinking bouts and prayer meetings. A passenger, who paid £25 for a berth from Sydney to Shanghai, tells me that Bruce was convinced that the ship was haunted, and that this was the chief reason for his prayers. The tragedies of the voyage continued in spite of the captain's prayers. A foremast hand missed the she-oak net at Melbourne and was drowned the ship's first night alongside the wharf. Asiatic cholera attacked the ship's company at Shanghai, two of the men dying and one apprentice having to be invalided home. And on the passage home a seaman was lost overboard.

At New York Bruce was given the sack, along with his chief officer, after an official enquiry, and Captain E. Moore was shifted over from the *Blackadder*. Moore was a fine type of shipmaster and after a dull sugar voyage to Bengal, he made two fine Australian voyages, astonishing the wool fleet by his passages from Newcastle, N.S.W.

In 1885 Moore was promoted to *The Tweed*, which was always considered Willis's flagship. He was succeeded by Captain Woodget, one of the finest sailing-ship seamen of his age, and under Woodget the *Cutty Sark* not only broke all records, but was a supremely happy ship.

The following is a complete list of the *Cutty Sark's* wool passages :

Date.	Captain.	Wool Bales.	Left.			Arrived			Days.
1883/4	E. Moore	4,289	Newcastle, N.S.W.,	Dec.	28	Deal	Mar.	20	82
1884/5	„	4,300	„	Dec.	9	Dock	Feb.	27	80
1885	R. Woodget	4,465	Sydney, N.S.W.,	Oct.	16	Ushant	Dec.	22	67
						Downs	Dec.	28	73
1887	„	4,296	„	Mar.	26	Lizard	June	4	70
1887/8	„	4,515	Newcastle, N.S.W.,	Dec.	28	„	Mar.	7	69
1888/9	„	4,496	Sydney	Oct.	26	London	Jan.	20	86
1889/90	„	4,577	„	Nov.	3	„	Jan.	17	75
1890/1	„	4,617	„	Dec.	14	„	Mar.	17	93
1891/2	„	4,636	„	Nov.	5	Lizard	Jan.	27	83
1893	„	4,723	„	Jan.	7	Bishops	April	7	90
						Antwerp	April	15	98
1893/4	„	5,010	„	Dec.	24	Scillies	Mar.	21	87
						Hull	Mar.	27	93
1894/5	„	5,304	Brisbane	Dec.	29	London	Mar.	26	84

It will be noticed that the amount of bales screwed into the ship gradually increased. This was entirely owing to Captain Woodget, his sharp eye and his note-book of previous cargoes. It was on Woodget's first wool passage that the *Cutty Sark* beat the *Thermopylæ* by a week, and so delighted her owner that he presented her with the golden cutty sark which ever afterwards was seen at her main truck.

Whilst waiting at Sydney to load wool, Captain Woodget was ever ready for a bit of fun, and the *Cutty Sark* picnics were joyfully patronised by all the prettiest girls in Sydney. As a return for his hospitality, the captain's friends used to hire the Redfern Skating Rink for the evening in order to entertain the jovial skipper, his officers and apprentices.

One of Woodget's many Australian friends possessed a high bicycle with a big wheel. On one occasion this was embarked in the *Cutty Sark's* boat and taken aboard, and, one after the other, the apprentices rode the bicycle round the decks—no doubt to the secret anxiety of Selby, Woodget's smart chief officer, but to the great amusement of all hands, for heavy falls were frequent, and the bicycle was soon in need of repair. The next voyage the *Cutty's* carpenter managed to make a bicycle which was half hobby-horse. This, also, was ridden round the decks by everyone from the captain downwards. The *Cutty Sark* was always up-to-date, and this product of her carpenter's shop was probably one of the first safety bicycles.

One could ramble on with reminiscences, but space is lacking. Here is one, however, which was sent to me by a foremast hand :

" I can picture myself now, standing at her wheel one first watch from 8 to 12 p.m. Running our easting down somewhere about 55° South, wind well on port quarter, all sail on her except royals, the night as black as pitch, the only thing I could see was the binnacle light and the compass in front of me. The ship was tearing along about 15 knots an hour and griping, so that I could hardly hold her, one spoke of the wheel bearing down on my knee and making it bruised and sore. Although it was cold weather, I myself was wet with perspiration, owing to the strain she was putting me to. The wind was whistling up aloft, there was blackness everywhere, and I expected to see something go every time she gave a gripe to windward of her course.

" The captain himself was standing on the after end of the monkey poop—I could just see his dark form against the rail. He had his arms linked round the top rail and was quietly *whistling a jig*. Here was I expecting to see the sticks or something else go overboard and working myself into a perspiration to hold her on her course, and he calm and enjoying himself with a jig. I thought him mad. At last I yelled out to him :—' Captain ! I want some help here. I can't hold her ! '

" His answer was :—' Stick her, lad ! You're doing all right, stick her.' And I stuck it until I was relieved." And the writer adds :—" Captain Woodget was the strongest and steadiest-nerved man ever I met—in fact, he did not know what nerves meant. Men with any nerves at all were no use in the *Cutty Sark*."

The passage home from Brisbane in 1895 was *Cutty Sark's* last under the Red Ensign. From August, 1895, until June, 1922, she sailed under the Portuguese flag and the name of *Ferreira*. During these years she had many strange adventures, though her usual round was from Lisbon to Rio and New Orleans, comfortable summer voyaging. Once, however, she got caught in a West Indian hurricane, dragged ashore, lost her rudder and had to be fitted with a new one at Key West.

Then, in the middle of the Great War, in May, 1916, she was towed into Table Bay dismasted, when bound with 1,142 tons of coal from Delagoa Bay to Mossamedes. Unable to get spars, her captain was compelled to refit her as a three-masted schooner, and under this rig she continued to sail the seas until bought by Captain Dowman in 1922.

The famous tea clipper is now used as a stationary training ship, and she has only once been under way since Captain Dowman reconditioned and re-rigged her. This was in August, 1924, when she was towed round to Fowey to act as flagship at the Royal Fowey Regatta. On this occasion she had three distinguished passengers : the sea poetess, Miss Fox Smith, Captain Vivian Millett of the Port of London Authority, who had served in her as an apprentice, and, lastly, her famous skipper, Captain Woodget.

Nothing has astonished me more than the world-wide interest which has been taken in this remarkable ship of a dead and gone era. Men and women, from all parts of the world, continue to write to me, asking interminable questions about the *Cutty Sark*. And I have had photographs of models of the ship sent me not only from many people in the British Isles, but from America and Canada, from Australia and New Zealand, and South Africa.

Only a couple of months ago an Italian sent me photographs of a model he had just made, and asked for criticism, and his letter was followed a week later by one from a Spaniard, also with photographs of his model, and soon afterwards came snapshots of a German model.

More people than one has any idea of, have an inherited love of ships, just as they have " desired the sea—the sight of salt water unbounded."

THE "BLACKADDER."

THE *Blackadder* was one of those ships which were launched under an unlucky star. As a consequence her many fine passages were obscured by her more notorious mishaps. Yet, in spite of all the buffeting of a malignant fate, of dismastings and collisions, she survived her sister ship, the *Hallowe'en*—which was considered as fortunate as *Blackadder* was the reverse—by some 20 years.

Throughout the 'sixties that marvellous ship, *The Tweed*, had been breaking records and coining money for her owner, Captain John Willis; yet though Old Whitehat, as he was called in the city, had been in the China trade for 20 years, he had never succeeded in owning a tea clipper which was considered to be in the front rank. The magnificent sailing of *The Tweed*, however, gave him a chance, which he was quick to seize. First of all, as we have seen, he ordered from Hercules Linton a composite clipper, with *The Tweed's* lines as a guide. This ship was the world-renowned *Cutty Sark*. Secondly, in the same year, 1869, he had the lines of *The Tweed* taken off by Messrs. Ritherdon & Thompson, the surveyors to the East India Council, and then signed a contract with Maudsley, Son & Field for the building of the two iron sister ships, *Blackadder* and *Hallowe'en*, on these lines.

Unfortunately, Maudsley, Son & Field, though skilled engineers, had had little experience in building sailing ships. Thus, when it came to masting the *Blackadder* a bad mistake in strains and stresses was made, and, in spite of Willis's overlooker, Captain Campbell, the rigger, and the new ship's captain, the lower masts were fitted with defective cheeks to the trestle trees. And, when the topsail yards were sent aloft, their weight bent down the trestle trees, which fact was discovered by the slacking up of the backstays. The masts should have been lifted out, and fresh cheeks bolted on, instead of which false cheeks were put on with tap-screws, and the bent trestle trees were supported by stays from the lower mastheads. The master rigger shook his head over this makeshift, and warned the officers of the ship to be very careful.

Blackadder was launched in February, 1870, and measured 4 feet longer than the *Cutty Sark*, her dimensions being :—Length, 216 feet 6 inches; breadth, 35 feet 2 inches; depth, 20 feet 5 inches. She registered 918 tons, and her mainyard was 80 feet long. She was built to the highest class, and had a full East India outfit. Before she had finished loading she had a narrow escape from sinking in the dock; the 2nd mate, when in the after-hold, noticed daylight coming in round the flange of a pipe which was only 6 inches above the water, and the ship had to be tripped by the head before this could be put right.

Blackadder sailed from the Downs on March 24th, 1870, and was hardly at sea before the defects aloft began to give trouble. Unfortunately, she had a very poor seaman in her captain, though both mates were good men, the first being Sam Bissett and the second Andrew Shewan, who later commanded the beautiful tea clipper, *Normancourt*. It was soon found necessary to support the topmasts with chain lashings under the heel and over the cap of the lower masts. The carpenter wanted to put the winch handle through the loosening cheeks on the mainmast, but the skipper contented himself with lessening the

weight aloft by sending down the skysail-yard. The mate urged the advisability of sending down the topgallant mast, but Captain Robinson would not hear of it.

The Equator was crossed on April 19th, 26 days out, and the clipper was well to the south'ard of Trinidad before her first gale of wind brought matters to a head. The ship was laid to the wind under a lower main topsail, but at midnight the skipper decided to wear her round on to her course, as the wind had shifted in her favour. As soon as the wind was brought astern, and the ship, with not enough sail set to steady her, began to roll, the expected happened—the chains aloft carried away. The mainmast was the first to go. This broke under the deck, and, with a great crashing of glass, which had been stowed round it, burst up the planking in its fall. Whilst all hands were struggling in the wind and darkness to cut this mast and its gear adrift, the mizen mast began to wobble. A tackle was hurriedly clapped on to the mizen stay, but at the psychological moment the man at the pin slipped on the wet deck and failed to catch the turn at the order " Belay," and away went the mast, falling with a mighty crash across the taffrail, and narrowly missing the wheel.

Things were now looking very serious. The seas were pouring down into the hold through the torn-up deck. The mizen mast and its yards were pounding under the counter, and the foremast, with all its rigging slacked up, was sagging forward and reeling at every plunge of the ship. Here the " Old Man " lost his nerve and retired below. But the *Blackadder* had a fine crew, and, under the virile direction of the two undaunted mates, the mizen and its gear was eventually cut adrift, the foremast saved, and the hole in the deck battened over.

Nothing more could be done until daylight, when it was discovered that the wreck of the mizen had battered a big hole in the ship's quarter, that both foretopsail yards were in halves, broken by the weight of the main braces when that mast fell, and that the foreroyal and topgallant yards were all adrift, swinging wildly about aloft. After a spell of most dangerous work the foretopgallant and broken topsail yards were got safely on deck. But the royal yard took charge of the two men aloft, who were risking their lives in unparreling it. As the yard swung out from the bending mast, a wild cry of warning came up from below : " Stand from under ! " One of the men, Andersen, a Swede, was already half-way to the deck, and clear of danger, but his mate, Stevens, a Deal man, only just had time to slide down the topgallant mast and get on to the topmast cap, when the topgallant mast broke 2 feet above him, and only by a miracle missed him in its fall.

The *Blackadder* now had nothing but her foreyard left aloft. She was 1,500 miles from Rio and 2,000 from the Cape. Jury-masts were rigged in three days, and, as the wind was fair, the ship was headed for the Cape. The dismasting occurred on May 10th, and the *Blackadder* showed such speed under her jury-rig that she reached Simon's Bay on May 26th. But her troubles were far from being over. In making the anchorage in False Bay she fouled a hulk. The next morning a barque, in getting under way, collided with her, and before she left the Cape still another vessel tried its best to sink her.

New masts and spars of much smaller dimensions than her first set were sent out from England, the unlucky ship was re-rigged, and resumed her voyage. Anjer was passed on September 10th, without any incident worth recording, but in the China Sea her evil fate once more attacked the *Blackadder*, and she was cut down to the water's-edge by the French mail steamer, *Volga*. However, she managed to crawl into the Woosung anchorage on December 13th, 264 days out from London.

After a further repair at Shanghai, the *Blackadder* sailed for Penang, where her crew considered her lucky only to lose her bowsprit in the usual collision. Leaving Penang on July 23rd, 1871, she reached the Thames on November 17th, 117 days out. Meanwhile there had been all sorts of trouble at home over her mishaps. The underwriters refused

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"Blackadder"

Built 1870 Tea Clipper.

to pay her claim because the cheeks of her masts had been bolted with tap-screws instead of rivets. In the resulting lawsuit Willis lost. He then went for the builders, and, altogether, litigation over the unlucky ship lasted for 18 months.

On her arrival home after her disastrous maiden voyage the incompetent Robinson was told to pack up, and his place was taken by Captain Moore, Willis's overlooker. Moore, who was a very experienced man, especially in the China trade, made a successful voyage, which was only marred by one collision, in which the *Blackadder* lost her mizen topgallant mast.

The *Blackadder* left Deal at 2 p.m. on January 3rd, 1872, was off Dartmouth on the 5th, passed Anjer on March 23rd, 77 days out, and, according to Lloyd's report, arrived Shanghai on April 7th, only 92 days out. If this date is correct, her passage was very near the record. Loading 1,394,300 lbs. of tea at Foochow, the *Blackadder* cleared the Min River on June 28th, and anchored at Gravesend on October 27th, 118 days out.

Captain Moore was now wanted to take command of the *Cutty Sark*, and Sam Bissett was given the command of the *Blackadder*. A general cargo was loaded for Sydney, and the despised hoodoo-ship showed up very well in a most interesting race against three very noted clippers, namely, *Cutty Sark*, *Thomas Stephens*, and *Duke of Abercorn*.

The *Duke* left first, and took her departure from the Lizard on December 2nd; *Blackadder* was off the Start on December 3rd; *Thomas Stephens* was off the Lizard, and *Cutty Sark* off the Start, on December 4th. The order crossing the Line was as follows :— *Duke of Abercorn* on December 22nd; *Cutty Sark* on December 23rd; *Blackadder* on December 24th; and *Thomas Stephens* on December 25th.

All four ships were within a couple of days of each other on the Cape Meridian. Running the easting down *Blackadder* and *Cutty Sark* each made a run of 320 miles. *Blackadder* passed the S.W. Cape, Tasmania, on February 10th, but was then held up, and did not reach Sydney until February 23rd, the same day as the *Duke of Abercorn*, both being 83 days out from the Channel. Meanwhile, *Cutty Sark* and *Thomas Stephens* had arrived at Melbourne on February 11th, 69 days out.

Both *Blackadder* and *Cutty Sark* loaded coal at Sydney for Shanghai, *Blackadder* sailing on March 26th and *Cutty Sark* on April 1st. When *Cutty Sark* arrived at Shanghai on May 12th, 41 days out, she reported encountering a typhoon. And as the days passed, and there was no news of the *Blackadder*, once more grave anxiety was felt for the black sheep of Willis's fleet. At last, on May 25th, she arrived under jury-masts.

It appeared that she had encountered the full force of the typhoon off the Ladrones on May 3rd. At 2.30 p.m. a terrific squall had laid her over on her beam ends, and, as she showed no signs of righting, Captain Bissett ordered the topgallant masts to be cut away, then the topmasts, and, finally, the mainmast. This again broke below the beams, and burst a great hole in the deck, into which the sea began to pour. The usual strenuous work now took place to save the ship. Whilst both watches were trimming coal over to windward, the carpenter and two mates were striving to nail a tarpaulin over the hole in the deck, whilst Captain Bissett, lashed to the binnacle, strained his eyes through the smother for signs of the moderating shift of wind. This did not come until midnight, by which time all hands were almost dead-beat. However, once more jury-masts were rigged. The *Blackadder* was 1,400 miles from Shanghai, and it took her 21 days to make her port. She was refitted in the Tunkadoo Dock, but no man dared ship tea in her, and she was obliged to go to Ilo Ilo for a sugar cargo.

Leaving Ilo Ilo for Boston on October 22nd, the *Blackadder's* next adventure was a stranding. In squally weather she stuck on an uncharted reef near the Island of Banguey. Captain Bissett, after failing to move her by jettisoning cargo, at last was forced to transfer

himself and crew to the *Albyn's Isle*, which was standing by. But hardly were they aboard the other ship before the *Blackadder* backed off the reef of her own accord, and went sailing away as if the devil was at her helm, and it took four hours to catch her. We may imagine the feelings of the hardly-tried Sam Bissett and his weary crew whilst the *Albyn's Isle* was chasing their demon-ridden ship. Once they were aboard a new trouble assailed them. In the calms and williwaws of the Java Sea the ship's bottom became very foul, slow progress was made, and provisions gave out, so that for two months and 11 days there was little else but the sugar cargo on which to support life.

When the *Blackadder* eventually arrived at Boston, practically the whole of her ship's company were suffering from blind scurvy. The American doctor ordered vegetables, but no meat; this was too much for the starving crew, and there would have been a mutiny if Bissett had not ignored the doctor and sent beef on board, " with the horns on top to show it was genuine." And when the *Blackadder* showed up in the Thames John Willis was amazed to see that his hoodoo-ship had bullock's horns adorning each masthead.

This voyage apparently worked out what remained of the *Blackadder's* bad luck. Though she broke her windlass getting under way on her fourth outward passage, and nearly killed her fourth captain, the well-known Gentleman White, her life henceforth was quite humdrum to what it had been. Captain White had her for two voyages, 1875–1876, and made two very good outward passages to Sydney, both under 80 days; then loaded tea home from Shanghai, her times being 126 and 125 days. In 1877 a Captain Allan had her; he took her out to Sydney in 84 days, and brought her home from Shanghai in 114.

The next year was one of great depression in China, and even the cracks of the sailing fleet failed to get a tea cargo. After much seeking, *Blackadder* managed to find a cargo in Calcutta. In 1880 the ship returned to her old round, out to Sydney, across to Shanghai with coal, and home with tea. That year she had an interesting race with her sister ship. *Blackadder* left Foochow on September 26th, *Hallowe'en* on October 1st; the former arrived Gravesend February 3rd, 130 days out, the latter reached Deal February 4th, 126 days out.

In 1881 Captain E. Moore, no relation of her previous commander, took the *Blackadder* out to Melbourne, then loaded a Shanghai cargo, no longer entirely tea, for New York. Here he and his crew were hurriedly transferred to the *Cutty Sark*, which had just reached New York after a very tragic voyage, and a Captain Hore was given command of the *Blackadder*. By this date it was quite impossible for a sailing ship to get a tea cargo, and in 1885 we find Hore bringing home a cargo of Java sugar, after some weary seeking round the various Eastern ports, from Hong Kong to Madras.

During the last ten years of her life under the Red Ensign, *Blackadder* was kept in the Colonial trade. She generally loaded wool home from Brisbane, where she and her last commander, Captain Grassam, came to be very well known. In her old age, in spite of worn gear, which badly needed renewing, her homeward passages were rarely over 90 days.

In 1895 she went out to Brisbane in 84 days from the Start. In 1897 she left Brisbane on September 22nd, and, after taking 42 days to the Horn, was only 79 days to London. The old ship logged 16 knots as she tore up-Channel before a sou'-wester, and passed everything going her way, whether steam or sail, arriving in the Thames on December 10th. On her way out to Brisbane in 1898 *Blackadder* lost her fore-topgallant mast off the Cape, but reached her port in 95 days. Perhaps her last burst of speed, as well as one of her best, was a run of four days from Hobart to Port Chalmers in 1899. This works out at something like 300 miles a day.

On the death of John Willis, the old tea clipper, which by long and faithful service had quite lived down her early years of collisions and dismastings, was sold to the Norwegians. She came to her end at Bahia on April 9th, 1905.

WOOL CLIPPERS.

THE "ANTIOPE."

THE *Antiope* was one of those early iron sailing ships which delighted the underwriters of Lloyd's, for they could not be worn out. Launched from Reid's yard at Glasgow, in August, 1866, she measured 242 feet 3 inches in length, 38 feet 4 inches breadth, and 23 feet 7 inches depth. Registering 1,443 tons, she was a big ship for those days, in fact, as fine a merchant ship as could be produced, fitted either for passengers or cargo, and with all the latest improvements in rig. With her sister ships, *Marpesia*, launched four months earlier, and *Benmore*, which was built for Nicholson & McGill of Liverpool four years later, she is credited as being amongst the first of the double-topgallant yarders, though the double yards were not fitted until some years after her launch, at which date even double topsail yards were only just coming into fashion.

Messrs. J. Heap & Sons, her first owners, were merchants and Rangoon rice millers; all their vessels were managed by Thompson, May & Co., who kept them on the same round, out to Australia and home from Calcutta or Rangoon. The ships usually sailed on the 10th of the month from Liverpool with emigrants and general cargo for Melbourne. From there a load of walers was taken to Madras or Calcutta, and rice was invariably the homeward cargo.

Messrs. Heap, like some of our modern shipowners, were not afraid of jaw-breaking names for their ships, yet "Anti-hope," as the sailors pronounced it, was hardly the name to appeal to the superstitious old-timer. Nevertheless, *Antiope* was never unlucky like another of Heaps', the *Eurynome*, which was so often in collision that she became known as the "You're into me." It was not until the last years of her long life that *Antiope* began to figure in the daily papers, and become almost as well known as the *Cutty Sark*.

Whilst she was in Heaps' employ she went her steady round with hardly a bad passage and many very fine ones, her finest being in 1868 under the best-known commander in the line, Captain W. Withers. This was a passage of 68 days from Liverpool to Melbourne. Considering that she had ten days' calm on the Line it was a very good performance indeed. *Antiope* was looked upon as one of those clippers which could average 75 days on the Melbourne run. I do not, however, think she was as fast as Heaps' later ships, *Theophane* and *Parthenope*.

Captain Withers was a well-known passage maker. After commanding *Antiope* with great success for ten years, he gave the ship over to Captain Braithwaite in 1876. The next voyage Captain Watson had her, and he was succeeded by Captain J. F. Black in 1878. I think Black's first passage was his best. He took his departure from Land's End on December 13th, crossed the Line on January 1st, crossed the Cape Meridian on January 23rd, and was off the Otway on February 21st. Here, however, the ship was held up for two days, and she did not anchor off Melbourne until the 23rd, when she was 72 days out from Land's End.

In the 'eighties Captain Black did not hurry himself, for the *Antiope's* passages lengthened out to 80 and even 90 days. The captain had his wife aboard, until she died at sea, and her presence may have prevented any severe carrying of sail. This was one reason why some owners would not allow a skipper's wife to go to sea with him.

In 1883 Messrs. Heap & Sons sold their fleet to Gracie, Beazley & Co., whose chief business was ship and insurance broking; but Mr. E. A. Beazley was backed by his father, the famous Liverpool shipowner, James Beazley, and in a very short time the firm were the managing owners of a very fine lot of sailing ships.

Antiope, which had been loaded in the Thames and Mersey Line, was in future listed under the Australasian Shipping Company. Her voyages were now less regular. Though usually sent out to Australia, Gracie, Beazley were ready to charter her or any other of their vessels to any part of the world, and *Antiope* very often crossed the Pacific for a San Francisco grain cargo.

At the beginning of 1887 she gave her owners a few days of much anxiety. Captain Black had arrived safely at Queenstown with a cargo of wheat, and on receiving his orders had left in tow for Waterford. The weather was bad, and the tug caused consternation when she arrived in port and announced that she had lost her tow. Apparently the tow-line had carried away. Tugs were at once sent out to search for the *Antiope*, for it was known that Captain Black was short-handed, having paid off his crew, and taken on some runners for the short tow round.

When no reports of the *Antiope* were received and the tugs returned without any news, there was something like consternation in Liverpool. Then an astonishing telegram announced that the *Antiope* had quietly sailed into Waterford after dodging for the best part of a week between the Saltees and her destination.

It was not until the famous clipper had passed her 30th birthday that she was again sold. This was in 1897, when Captain G. W. Murray bought her and took command of her himself. Economy was a strict necessity by this date. Crews and stores had to be cut down to the lowest point, and sailing ships had to seek charters in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. The old clipper was speedily turned into a barque, and soon had her first taste of a deck cargo of deals.

In 1904 Murray sold her to a Syndicate in Victoria, B.C., who put her into the Cross-Pacific trade, in which *Thermopylæ* had been employed in her last active years. Writers to the newspapers have always stated that the *Antiope* was flying the Russian flag when captured by the Japanese in the Russo-Japanese war. She may have been hired by the Russians, but throughout her long life she was never owned outside the British Empire.

In 1905 she was commanded by Captain P. J. R. Mathieson, who bought her for himself in the following year, though he continued in the command, and did not leave the old ship until 1910.

In 1908, when crossing from Newcastle to San Francisco, the *Antiope* very nearly went to Davy Jones's locker. After four days of furious gales her cargo shifted in Lat. 33° 5′, Long. 174° E. and she went over on her beam ends. As usual on such occasions, whilst all hands were below trimming coal over to windward for their lives, the sea looted her decks, the midship-house being stove in, boats smashed to tinder, the ends of the gear all tangled and mangled in the swing-ports, and when they finally got her upright, her decks had been swept clean and most of her sails had blown out of the gaskets and gone to rags.

Built 1866 Wool Clipper.

The *Antiope* continued to run steadily in the Pacific trade until 1915, when a large overhaul became an absolute necessity. Captain Mathieson was no diviner of the future or he would never have sold her for a coal hulk to the Paparoa Coal Co., of New Zealand, at such a time, when other people were already beginning to fit out old " has beens," even to 10 and 20-year-old coal hulks, for tonnage was growing scarcer every day and freights were soaring by leaps and bounds. The Paparoa Coal Co. had no difficulty in selling the *Antiope* at once to the Otago Rolling Mills at a large profit on their bargain with Mathieson.

After giving the 50-year-old clipper her much-needed refit, her new owners sent her to load timber at Kaipara. This was duly carried to Melbourne, where the *Antiope* took in scrap-iron for Tasmania. Her next cargo was hardwood back to New Zealand. On the short passage across very bad weather was experienced, in the worst of which she arrived off Bluff Harbour, and signalled for a tug and pilot. The weather was too rough to get the pilot aboard, though the tug managed to pass her line ; but it was no use, the heavy ship took charge and blew on to the beach. It was said at the time that the tow-rope was too long and that when the tug began to turn in about 100 yards from Bluff Wharf, the *Antiope* took a sheer and piled up on the rocks.

For the next 96 days the *Antiope* lay at the mercy of the surf, abandoned by her owners, yet stoutly refusing to be broken up by the elements. She was a true example of the old sailor's cry : " They built ships in those days ! " At last, tempted by the soaring freights, the owners sent down a salvage engineer, and Messrs. John Mill & Co. were instructed to discharge the cargo.

A large steam trawler and a salvage barge were laid alongside, and after everything possible had been done to make the hull watertight, a start was made to pump her out. Ten thousand gallons of water were thrown out every minute. Yet the sounding rod showed no progress. The salvors hunted and pried, tapped and tested, but no leak could be found. They had apparently abandoned the work whilst they consulted what next to do, when the luck of the " Anti-hope " asserted itself. An inquisitive local journalist, named Bannerman, quietly rowed himself off to the wreck, crawled aboard, and started to explore. Something told him that he would find the hidden leak.

The *Antiope* was lying over at a steep angle with her high side to the sea. Bannerman climbed down the fore-hatch ladder and proceeded to search the fore-hold. The tide must evidently have been near low water, for suddenly he noticed a gleam of light in the gloom of the 'tween-decks. And tracing it to its source, he gave a shout of excitement—he had found the leak. The salvors were summoned. A mat was hastily thrummed over the leak and the pumps started. Then amidst wild excitement the *Antiope* slowly came up to an even keel, righted and finally floated. In a very short while she was safely berthed in Bluff Harbour.

That night a banquet was ordered in the best hotel, at which the clever journalist was the honoured guest. This hero made a facetious speech about " the ship that Jack built," about " holes in hulls," " salvors and journalists," and " arrivals at Bluff Harbour instead of Davy Jones's locker," then sat down amidst thunderous cheers. The feasting over, the *Antiope* was prepared for the long tow to the nearest graving dock, which was at Port Chalmers. Then with her topgallant masts and all yards sent down, with one tug alongside and another ahead, she set off for her destination. It must have been an anxious bit of towage, but she duly arrived at Port Chalmers on December 26th, 1916. The repairs and refit cost a great deal of money, but no one in the world recked anything of money in 1917.

Antiope's first passage after reconditioning was a good one, 12 days from Port Chalmers to Newcastle, N.S.W., in ballast. At Newcastle she loaded coal for Valparaiso, a freight

of £9,000 to the United Kingdom being refused. From Chile the old ship went up to San Francisco with a cargo of nitrate; then, until the end of the war she ran backwards and forwards between 'Frisco and New Zealand, and speedily earned a small fortune.

This cross-Pacific voyaging was interrupted by a charter to take copra from Suva, Fiji, to London. After making quite a good run to the Channel, she was notified by her agents to proceed to Rotterdam instead of London. Here her discharging was delayed by one of the numerous post-war strikes.

Her next charter was to take timber from the Baltic to Delagoa Bay. Again she made a long passage without the smallest mishap, though she was now in her 55th year of active service. But the news that she had arrived safely at Delagoa Bay had hardly been received before it was followed by a telegram announcing that the old clipper had been on fire, that a reconditioning would be prohibitive, and that it was advisable to abandon her to the underwriters. The fire apparently broke out whilst her timber was being discharged. Many a sailing-ship enthusiast read the announcement with a sad shake of the head. Another old-timer, the famous "Anti-hope," gone! The crew had been discharged, though Captain Broadhouse was standing by. But there was no hope.

Antiope was sold to the Senna Sugar Estates, fitted up as a store ship, and towed round to Beira. And there she swings, like many another famous windjammer, faithful unto death.

THE "MERMERUS."

THE *Mermerus* belonged to A. and J. H. Carmichael's Golden Fleece Line, and like all their ships was celebrated for her speed and good looks. She was specially built for the Melbourne wool trade; and though all the other ships of Carmichael's fleet traded to every part of the world, the *Mermerus* sailed regularly year after year between London and Melbourne, loading general out and the wool clip home, with the exception of one voyage to Sydney, when she went across to San Francisco from Australia and loaded grain home.

This splendid wool clipper was launched in May, 1872; she registered 1,671 tons; her measurements were: length 264 feet 2 inches, breadth 39 feet 8 inches, and depth 23 feet 7 inches. She had a poop 54 feet long, and a fo'c'sle head of 40 feet.

Carmichael's ships were celebrated the world over for their perfect sparring, a great feature being masts of unequal length, so that the dainty skysail yard at the main stood out by itself, and gave a lofty appearance which was very thorough-bred looking, and stamped a ship as a first-class clipper.

In the early 'seventies iron ships were being sent afloat with tremendous sail plans, very square, very lofty, and with as many as 7 yards on each mast. Many iron clippers were overhatted, with so much weight aloft that a hard squall brought everything down in one terrible crash; but though she was lofty enough (her mainmast was 161 feet from deck to truck) *Mermerus* was not oversparred. Her mainyard was 88 feet long, and her main skysail yard 32 feet. These are moderate measurements compared with many a clipper ship of her size and period.

Messrs. Barclay, Curle & Co., her builders, at first drew out plans for three skysail yards, which she carried for a voyage or two, but Carmichaels returned to the single skysail, which had been such an admired feature on their previous ships, *Golden Fleece* and *Jason*. The total area of the sail plan came to 34,997 yards, of which the headsails took 3,465, the staysails 4,965, and the spanker and spencer 2,719 yards; the rest being in the squaresails.

It is of interest to compare this sail area with that of a 4-mast ship of equal size. The *County of Peebles*, the first 4-mast ship, which was also built by Barclay, Curle & Co., had a sail area of 30,610 yards, 4,387 yards less than the *Mermerus;* considering that the former had square yards on all four masts this is somewhat surprising. Her masts, however, were much shorter than those of the *Mermerus*, her main being only 134 feet from deck to truck.

The *Mermerus* could load 10,000 bales of wool; this cargo represented the fleeces of a million sheep, and was worth somewhere about £130,000. As she made over 20 passages with the season's wool clip and very rarely missed the sales, she must have been a very satisfactory ship for her owners. Indeed, Mr. Young, of the Australian Mortgage Land and Finance Company, once greeted one of the Carmichaels in Cornhill with the words: "That ship of yours is the most satisfactory ship in the wool trade."

In the palmy days of the Colonial trade, there was considerable rivalry between the shipping people of Melbourne and Sydney concerning the merits of their regular traders. The Melbourne supporters always put forward the *Mermerus* as a ship which their rivals could not beat, and certainly her records were very fine indeed.

She did nothing startling on her first two voyages, under a Captain McIntyre, but in 1874 Captain W. Fife took her over, and she loaded general for Sydney, her freight coming to £5,000. She also had two South Sea Island missionaries on board with their families. Captain Fife, who was a frugal Scot, did not hit it off too well with the missionaries, who complained that he starved them, whilst he declared that in a 72-day passage they ate 140 days of cabin stores besides six turtle, which the skipper, a great fisherman, had captured during a calm in the South Atlantic.

According to a letter which I received from one of the apprentices on this passage, Captain Fife had just cause for complaint, though he brought it on himself through being too sparing with the stores. Apparently the missionary families and ten Scottish apprentices conspired together, got at the stores in the lazarette, and spent their nights in secret feasting.

After making a splendid run out to Sydney, the *Mermerus* loaded coal at Newcastle, N.S.W., for San Francisco at 24s. a ton. The Pacific was crossed in the good time of 56 days ; she then loaded 2,420 tons of wheat at £4 1s. 3d., and came home round the Horn, arriving Liverpool on May 25th, 1875, 104 days out.

On her next passage she went from Liverpool to Melbourne in 69 days. Her record outward passage was made in 1876, when she left London on June 25th, took in gunpowder at Gravesend, and arrived Melbourne on August 30th, the gunpowder being just 66 days on board.

In 1877 *Mermerus* went out to Melbourne from London in 79 days from anchorage to anchorage. She left Melbourne on November 24th with a wool cargo, was only 71 days to the Lizard, and anchored in the Thames, 80 days out.

Captain W. Fife handed the Carmichael wool clipper over to Captain J. B. Coles at the end of this voyage. Captain Coles, who had previously been in command of the little *Medea*, was one of the most trusted of the " Golden Fleece " skippers. His record in the *Mermerus* was hard to beat—20 years of freedom from mishap, and successful voyaging between London and Melbourne. And when at last the old ship was sold abroad, Captain Coles retired from the sea, knowing well that he could never find another ship to equal the peerless *Mermerus*.

In 1878–9 her passages were 85 days out and 83 home. The winter of 1878–9 was a terrible one. The Thames was frozen over, and a bitter north-east gale raged in the Channel for weeks. All the homeward bounders put into Falmouth or Queenstown, with the exception of *Mermerus* and the tea clipper *Normancourt*. These two ships beat up-Channel against snow-storms and head seas, the *Mermerus* arriving Gravesend on February 5th. Special tugs had to be chartered to tow the rest of the shipping from the Carrick Roads to London, so Captain Fife had reason to be proud of himself.

In 1879 the *Mermerus* left the Downs on March 26th, and reached Hobson's Bay on June 11th, 77 days out. This voyage she caught the March wool sales, with a passage of 90 days. And so her passages went on year by year, rarely much over 70 days outwards, and invariably catching the wool sales homewards.

Her best outward run in the 'eighties was 73 days in 1880 from Dungeness. Her best wool passage was 77 days in 1886–7. But it was her splendid average, made without a mishap of any sort, which endeared her to all who were connected with her ; and she kept

"Mermerus"

Built 1872 Wool Clipper

this up until the end. In 1896 she was only 76 days to Melbourne, and in 1897, her last voyage under the British flag, her time outwards was 77 days.

She was then sold to the Russians, but continued to make good passages. In 1902 she arrived at Port Adelaide from Cardiff, on February 4th, only 73 days out. In 1904 she made the best passage of the year from Australia, being 69 days from Adelaide to the Wight.

Her end came in December, 1909. At 3 p.m. on December 12th she got ashore in a thick fog, about 10 miles from Christiansand, having left Frederikstadt timber laden for Melbourne on November 29th. Though she lay in an exposed position with a rock through her bottom, the local tugs managed to get her off and bring her safely to an anchor. Unfortunately, she was too badly damaged to be repaired, though her captain, Gustafson, contracted with a salvage steamer on the no cure no pay contract. But her bottom was found to be split, her decks were sprung owing to the waterlogged cargo swelling, and her headgear had gone overboard.

Sailing ships were not worth spending money on in 1909, and so it came about that this beautiful and celebrated wool clipper was sold at Christiansand on April 28th, 1910, to the ship-breakers.

THE "ARGONAUT."

(*See Frontispiece.*)

THE *Argonaut*, a reproduction of Mr. Spurling's picture of which vessel appears as the frontispiece of this volume, was built by Barclay, Curle in 1876 for Carmichael's Golden Fleece Line. She must not be confused with the composite tea clipper of the same name, which was built ten years earlier for Anderson's Orient Line. A typical Carmichael iron main skysail yarder, *Argonaut* possessed speed, seaworthiness and good looks

Registering 1,488 tons, she measured 254 feet 4 inches in length, 38 feet 6 inches beam and 23 feet 2 inches depth. She was commanded in turn by Captains Cook, Bonner and Hunter. On her maiden voyage she went out to Calcutta and raced home against Carmichael's favourite ship, the *Golden Fleece*. The two clippers left the Hooghly within a day of each other, and arrived in the Downs together on February 26th, 1877, *Golden Fleece* being 96 and *Argonaut* 97 days out.

The following passages bear testimony to *Argonaut's* sailing capabilities :

1879–80. Left London October 4th, arrived Calcutta January 4th—90 days, against N.E. monsoon.
1881. Left Calcutta January 10th, arrived Melbourne February 25th—45 days.
1881. Left Melbourne April 7th, off Lizard June 27th—81 days ; docked London June 30th—84 days.
1882. Left Dundee July 17th, arrived San Francisco November 14th—120 days.
1883. Left San Francisco January 6th, arrived Queenstown April 20th—104 days.
1883. Left Wifsta, Sweden, July 11th, arrived Adelaide October 8th—89 days.
1883. Left Adelaide November 15th, arrived Tegal, Java, December 13th—28 days.
1885. Left Liverpool June 14th, arrived Sydney August 31st—78 days.
1894–5. Left Sydney October 14th, arrived London January 4th—82 days.
1895. Left Dungeness March 13th, arrived Sydney June 4th—83 days.
1895. Left Sydney October 13th, arrived London December 29th—77 days.

In her old age the *Argonaut* was bought by the Portuguese and renamed *Elvira*. In 1913 her name was again changed and she was afloat during the Great War as the *Argo*, but has been gone from the register for some years.

THE "LOCH ETIVE."

SHIPS, like men, are remembered for many reasons. Some have made history—others ghastly tragedy. Some have been celebrated, like the *Cutty Sark*, and *Thermopylæ*, for the quality of speed; others, like the *Patriarch* and the *Harbinger*, for their splendid seaworthiness; others, again, like the *Golden Fleece* and the *Glengarry*, for their outstanding beauty. A few, however, have gained distinction through their connection with some well-known man. Of these, the *Torrens* and *Loch Etive* are examples, owing to the fact that the late Joseph Conrad served in them—in the *Torrens* as mate, and in the *Loch Etive*, at an earlier period of his sea career, as 3rd mate.

Probably the most popular of all Conrad's books amongst seamen is his "Mirror of the Seas." In this brilliant collection of essays he thus refers to the *Loch Etive*:

"The ship was one of those iron wool clippers that the Clyde had floated out in swarms upon the world during the seventh decade of the last century. It was a fine period in shipbuilding, and also, I might say, a period of overmasting. The spars rigged up on the narrow hulls were indeed tall then, and the ship of which I think, with her coloured-glass skylight-ends bearing the motto, 'Let Glasgow Flourish,' was certainly one of the most heavily-sparred specimens. She was built for hard driving, and unquestionably she got all the driving she could stand."

Loch Etive was the fifteenth vessel built for the famous Loch Line of Glasgow, which was managed by Messrs. Aitken, Lilburn & Co., and she was their first contract with Messrs. J. and A. Inglis, the builders of the beautiful tea clipper *Normancourt*. The new Loch liner registered 1,235 tons, and measured 226 feet 9 inches in length, 35 feet 9 inches breadth and 21 feet 6 inches depth of hold.

She was heavily rigged, as Conrad states, with a skysail yard at the main, but it would not be fair to conclude from his description that she was overmasted, for she carried her canvas well and, so far as I know, never lost a spar of any consequence. In her later years, along with all Aitken, Lilburn's 1,200-ton ships, she was cut down to a barque to save expense.

The *Loch Etive* was launched in November, 1877, at a time when extreme clipper hulls were giving way to a slightly fuller model, with a greater carrying capacity. Nevertheless, that *Loch Etive* was intended to be a flyer is evident from Aitken, Lilburn's choice of a commander.

Captain William Stuart of Peterhead, who commanded her from her launch until 1894, was at the top of his profession. Since 1863 he had had *The Tweed*, a vessel, as Conrad remarks, "famous the world over for her speed." By 1877 the old wonder, which had been sent afloat as far back as April, 1854, was becoming a bit leaky and loose in her fastenings, otherwise it is probable that Captain Stuart would not have been tempted to exchange Willis's flagship for the modern iron clipper. Captain Stuart naturally had a very high standard as regards speed, and though he drove the *Loch Etive* to the limit of her strength, she was rather a disappointment to him after *The Tweed*.

That Conrad was somewhat in awe of the great man, and at the same time looked upon him as the beau ideal of a sailor, is clear from the following :

" Captain S—— had a great name for sailor-like qualities—the sort of name that compelled my youthful admiration. To this day I preserve his memory, for, indeed, it was he, in a sense, who completed my training. It was often a stormy process, but let that pass. I am sure he meant well, and I am certain that never, not even at the time, could I bear him malice for his extraordinary gift of incisive criticism. And to hear him make a fuss about too much sail on the ship seemed one of those incredible experiences that take place only in one's dreams."

This last sentence requires explaining. Whilst the great author was serving in the *Loch Etive* she had a mate who was " that deaf he could not tell how much wind there was " and who therefore carried on in a manner which worried even such a driver as Stuart ; and the best of it was, that the captain " seemed constitutionally incapable of giving his officers a definite order to shorten sail."

Thus it came about that the combination of old Stuart and his deaf mate gave Conrad an example in sail-carrying which he hastened to follow as soon as he was given charge of the deck on the 2nd mate falling ill. When this occurred, Stuart's only instructions to his young officer were characteristic of the man. He would leave the deck with the words : " Don't take any sail off her." Then, just as he was going down the companion-way, would add curtly : " Don't carry anything away."

Conrad was evidently no mean follower of his chief ; and one night, when he had to shorten sail in a hurry through a sudden shift of wind, Stuart sent for him at the end of the watch, and Conrad received a wigging. Let me give it in his own words :

" ' What was the matter with you up there just now ? ' he asked.

" ' Wind flew round on the lee quarter, sir,' I said.

" ' Couldn't you see the shift coming ? '

" ' Yes, sir, I thought it wasn't very far off.'

" ' Why didn't you have your courses hauled up at once, then ? ' he asked, in a tone that ought to have made my blood run cold.

" But this was my chance, and I did not let it slip.

" ' Well, sir,' I said, in an apologetic tone, ' she was going 11 knots very nicely, and I thought she would do for another half-hour or so.'

" He gazed at me darkly out of his head, lying very still on the white pillow, for a time.

" ' Ah, yes, another half-hour. That's the way ships get dismasted.'

" And that was all I got in the way of a wigging."

* * *

The *Loch Etive* was put into the Sydney trade to start with. On her maiden passage she left Glasgow on January 9th, 1878, took her departure from the Scillies at 6 p.m. on January 17th, and crossed the Equator on February 6th. Up to this date she had not been favoured in her winds, but with the help of Captain Stuart's hard driving she now began to make up time. The Meridian of Greenwich was crossed on March 1st, 23 days from the Line. Stuart ran down his easting in 46° S. and had light winds for the most part, nevertheless, he passed the South Cape, Tasmania, on March 28th, and anchored in Sydney Harbour at 8 p.m. on April 3rd, 76 days out from the mouth of the Channel.

Loch Etive

Built 1877; Wood Clipper

The *Loch Etive* did not load wool on her first voyage. Captain Stuart, who was used to a free hand with his owners in regard to charters, for he was a noted money-maker, took her up to Calcutta and loaded a jute cargo home. Nor did he load regularly for Sydney, sometimes he went to Melbourne from the Clyde, though he usually came home with wool or wheat.

The *Loch Etive's* passages, both outwards and homewards, seem to have averaged about 90 days, until she suddenly made two outstanding voyages in 1892–3—the last two voyages, as it happened, that Captain Stuart was to make in this world.

On October 15th, 1892, she left Glasgow and arrived in Hobson's Bay on Christmas Day, 70 days out from the Tail of the Bank. Then leaving Melbourne with a wool cargo on January 26th, 1893, she arrived in the Thames on April 29th, 93 days out, being under 6½ months for the round voyage.

At 8 p.m. on September 23rd, 1893, she sailed from the Clyde for Adelaide, which she reached at 10 a.m. on December 12th, 80 days out. That old Stuart was still a hustler is evident, for she towed to the powder ground, discharged 20 tons of gunpowder, and berthed at the wharf for discharging on the same afternoon. On the 13th she began discharging 800 tons of cargo ; she then took on board 300 tons of lead spelter, towed down the river, and on the 16th dropped her anchor off the Semaphore ; sailed on the 17th, and arrived at Melbourne on the 19th. Here she discharged the remainder, some 750 tons, of her outward cargo and took in wool for Antwerp.

On his homeward passage, Captain Stuart took his departure from Melbourne Heads on January 18th, 1894, but was held up in Bass Straits by light head winds for a week. The Horn was passed, 3 miles off, at noon on February 15th, the Equator crossed at noon on March 15th, the Lizard signalled at noon on April 12th, and the ship docked in Antwerp on April 15th, 87 days out.

Though Captain Stuart was far from well he refused to stay ashore, and sailed again from Glasgow on September 16th. When the *Loch Etive* was five days out the famous master mariner passed away, on his 63rd birthday, and was buried at sea, about 300 miles S.W. of Queenstown. He had been 43 years a shipmaster, with the proud record of never having lost a man or a mast overboard. Though many enticing offers had been made, inviting him to command big steamships, he remained faithful to his old windjammer. Many of his men had sailed with him voyage after voyage, and more than one of them had reached command after having been not only sea trained, but educated by Captain Stuart.

Mr. Wade, the mate (who afterwards had command of the *Loch Sloy*), took the ship out to Adelaide in 98 days. The *Loch Garry* happened to be at Melbourne, and her chief officer, A. T. Fishwick, was sent down to take command of the *Loch Etive*.

Captain Fishwick commanded the *Loch Etive* from 1895 until 1909, when he was called upon to take over the *Loch Torridon* from Captain Pattman, who had decided to give up sail for steam.

It was not until 1904 that the *Loch Etive* had her after-yards and main skysail removed.

On November 13th, 1904, she left Glasgow as a barque ; passed the Tuskar on the 19th, and crossed the Line on December 12th in 26° W. The Prime Meridian was crossed on January 2nd, 1905, and the Cape Meridian on January 7th in 40° S. The Leeuwin Meridian was crossed on January 27th, and the ship arrived in Port Jackson, only 80 days out. This was a very smart passage to make after being cut down, and the shippers at once decided that her sailing powers had not been spoilt.

Right up to 1911 the *Loch Etive* continued to load cargoes for Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney. Captain Anderson, late of *Loch Katrine*, had succeeded Captain Fishwick. Anderson was notorious for his interest in the lonely inhabitants of Tristan d'Acunha. On his outward passages he always endeavoured to communicate with the islanders, and present them with clothes, books, comforts and small stores. On his last voyage in the *Loch Etive*, however, though he arrived off the island as usual, the weather was so bad that the hardy boatmen could not put off to the ship, and he was obliged to proceed without delivering his gifts. This was in 1910; in the following year the old Loch liner was sold to the French for the paltry sum of £1,350, and by 1914 she had disappeared from the register.

THE "BRILLIANT."

THERE are still a few veterans who can remember when the British Navy was painted black, with a luxurious mass of gold-leafed carving about bow and stern. Everything in these days is designed for utility, and no smallest advantage is ever sacrificed for the sake of art or appearance; but in the old days, when masts and yards were still common in the Royal Navy, certain conventions of paint and polish put all utility arguments in the background.

The late Admiral Pompo Heneage used to say: "My ship must be a sparkling, glittering mass of burnished gold." Spit and polish, in the old days, were the supreme signs of efficiency. Shining bright-work, sparkling brass, glistening paint and spotless decks were the hall-marks of a smart ship.

Yachts and merchantmen followed the conventions and imitated the methods of the Royal Navy. In the 'seventies a yacht which was not painted black, with a plentiful amount of gilded gingerbread work, would have brought shudders of horror to the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. And all crack merchantmen were as particular as the naval officer and the yachtsman.

The tea clippers rivalled yachts with their black and gold, their glistening teak and brass-capped stanchions, whilst the old Blackwallers resembled crack frigates in their paint and upkeep. But with the introduction of iron in ship construction, white and grey became the fashion, chiefly because lead paint makes the most economical and most satisfactory covering for iron plates. And the fashion soon spread. Yachts, both steam and sail, were almost invariably white enamelled by the end of the 19th century, whilst the iron sailing ships of the Clyde and the Mersey and other shipbuilding centres were either chequer-sided with grey topsides or else slate-coloured. Most of the Aberdeen ships, however, clung to their Aberdeen green. An exception was the smart wool clipper *Brilliant*, which was conspicuous with her old-time black sides and brass bulwark rails, which ran the entire length of the ship.

Brilliant was launched in 1877 from Duthie's famous yard, and registered 1,613 tons, her length being 254 feet 8 inches, her breadth 39 feet 7 inches, and her depth 24 feet 2 inches. Over double topsails she crossed double topgallant yards and royals, and was always greatly admired, both for her speed and smart appearance.

She was a Sydney trader, like all Duthie's ships, and Captain C. W. Davidson, her commander, must have come to know the road between London and Sydney, out round the Cape and home round the Horn, blindfold.

The *Brilliant* has ever been associated with the Aberdeen White Star clipper *Pericles*, which was only broken up a couple of years ago. The two vessels were on the stocks alongside each other, and usually left the old country for New South Wales about the same time of year, so that their captains made a habit of wagering the customary hat on the passage out, and also on the passage home. In this rivalry the *Pericles* had rather the advantage, for she usually

took out emigrants, whilst the *Brilliant* almost invariably had a heavy general cargo. But, as Captain Davidson related to me, if he very often lost a hat on the passage out, he won it back coming home.

On their maiden passages *Pericles* was first away. She left Plymouth at 1 p.m. on September 20th, 1877, with 489 emigrants. The *Brilliant*, leaving London with 4,000 tons of general cargo on a 21-foot draught, was not off the Start until October 2nd.

The *Pericles* arrived in Port Jackson on December 3rd, 74 days out, her best 24-hour run being made between the 23rd and 24th of November, and totalling 354 knots. This was in 44° S. 100° E., in a strong gale.

The *Brilliant* did not do quite so well. She had a light weather passage and never touched her main royal from the Bay of Biscay to Sydney Heads. Nevertheless, she managed to make three consecutive runs of 340, 345 and 338 miles, by observation, in the " roaring forties." She crossed the Equator on October 31st in 32° W., crossed the Cape Meridian in 42° S. on November 26th, reported off the Otway on December 10th, only 69 days from the Start, and reached Sydney Heads at midnight on December 20th.

She was very much admired in Sydney, and soon became known as " Duthie's Yacht." In 22 days she had run 5,745 miles, an average of 261 miles a day, and she was at once admitted into the select ranks of the wool clippers.

The *Brilliant* proved to be a most regular passage maker. For 16 outward passages under Captain Davidson, she averaged 85 days ; and her homeward runs were specially good for an iron ship, her best being 79 days in 1888.

She had only one really bad mishap in her long and successful career, and that was a particularly severe dismasting. On August 22nd, 1887, she left London, was off Portland on August 24th, and took her departure from the Lizard on August 26th. The Line was crossed on September 28th in 28° W., and on October 14th Gough Island was sighted.

At 3.40 p.m. on October 19th, in 41° S. 15° 20′ E., the *Brilliant* was staggering along under all sail to main-royal, when she was struck by a heavy beam squall. The present generation can have no conception of the dangerous, strenuous and often desperate work which the sudden dismasting of a large sailing ship entailed upon her crew. The rending and crashing and clattering aloft, then the bombardment of the main-deck with falling blocks and bull's-eyes, wires and chains, jagged, broken iron spars, and torn canvas, all these have to be experienced, for they are beyond the imagination.

In the case of the *Brilliant*, the fore-topmast carried away close to the lower cap ; down crashed the topmast, topgallant mast and yards, breaking the crane and standard of the lower topsail yard in their fall, and severely straining the slings of the foreyard. The fall of the fore-topmast, as is usually the case in a dismasting, involved the main also in its ruin.

The main topmast carried away close to the hounds, and fell over the port side, crushing the main rail and bulwarks, and breaking in the main-deck planking in several places ; several chain plates were also carried away. Besides involving the main, the crash forward carried away the bobstay, and sprung the bowsprit, so that it only held on by one plate.

The wreck of masts and yards, of course, fell over to leeward, and was soon crashing and grinding alongside, and battering the port side of the ship with thundering blows, as the send of the seas swept the tangled raffle to the limit of the shrouds and backstays, and then jerked the masts and yards back against the ship's side like so many battering-rams.

The *Brilliant* came to in the trough of the sea, and rolling violently, threatened to send the mizen after the fore and main. Captain Davidson, after a hurried consultation with his officers, decided to cut the wreck away in order to save his ship, and so the crew were soon at

Brilliant

Built 1877 Wool Clipper

work with saw, hammer, cold chisel and hatchet. Such work is carried out not only without rest and at the utmost limit of the men's endurance, but at great personal risk to life and limb. At such times men are tried in the fire, and the weaklings, whether in spirit or body, are speedily detected and relegated to their proper place in the order of manhood.

Incredible feats of endurance usually follow a dismasting, and the salving of the *Brilliant* was considered so fine a feat of seamanship that Captain Davidson, on his arrival in Sydney, was presented with a silver tea service.

Jury-masts were rigged out of spare spars, and the cripple actually made a day's run of 270 miles under her jury lash-up. The South Cape, Tasmania, was rounded on November 26th, Cape Howe passed on November 29th, and Port Jackson reached on December 4th.

It cost £3,000 to repair the damage, but when this was done the *Brilliant* was as seaworthy and smart as ever, and came home round the Horn in 82 days.

On October 4th, 1892, Duthie's yacht had another narrow escape from destruction. She caught fire in port, but the flames were extinguished when only slight damage had been done.

Brilliant often loaded over 8,000 bales of wool, and continued in the Sydney trade right up to the date of her sale. Captain Davidson retired in the 'nineties, and was succeeded by Captain T. C. Carlton.

During the winter of 1904–5 *Brilliant* was sold to T. Gazzolo, of Italy, and Captain Carlton handed her over to Captain F. Gallo. The famous wool clipper was speedily disguised under the name of *Nostra Signora del Carmine*, and converted into a barque. As such she usually voyaged between the Mediterranean and South American ports, but in the spring of 1913 she arrived at Fowey, on May 27th, under Captain Delucchi, leaving there for Genoa on June 28th. Though there are many old sailing-ship men resident in and around Fowey, I doubt if any of them realized that the Italian barque loading china-clay was once the famous Sydney wool clipper *Brilliant*, one of the finest ships ever built in Aberdeen.

The old beauty was very well cared for by the Italians, and a correspondent assures me that her owners were very proud of her. He also describes her end. It appears that she fell a victim to the war, like so many of our old sailing ships.

In 1916, when bound to Genoa with coal from Norfolk, U.S.A., after making a quick passage across the Western Ocean, she was surprised by a German submarine in the Gulf of Lions. She was boarded by an officer, who, after transhipping some stores and provisions to his own vessel, ordered the crew of the *Nostra Signora del Carmine* into their boats. Captain Vassallo daringly remonstrated, and the German actually consented to tow the boats in towards the land before sinking the ship. He then returned to the abandoned clipper and fired 30 shells into her before he succeeded in sending her to the bottom.

THE "PERICLES."

THE *Pericles* was one of the last sailing ships to be built for the passenger trade to Australia. She was an out-and-out iron clipper with very sharp lines, and like all the Aberdeen White Star sailing fleet, was the product of Hood of Aberdeen. She cost £31,500, and was fitted with all the latest improvements, such as a donkey-engine, steam condenser, and steam windlass.

Her measurements on a register of 1,598 tons were as follows :—Length, 259 feet 6 inches ; breadth, 39 feet 4 inches ; depth of hold, 23 feet 6 inches ; moulded depth, 25 feet 1 inch ; freeboard amidships, 5 feet.

It is curious to note that when every tendency in shipbuilding was towards bigger ships, *Pericles* was about 100 tons smaller than George Thompson's previous passenger ship, the lordly *Aristides*, which was launched in 1876, a year before the *Pericles*. From this fact we may conclude that the famous Aberdeen firm were not in favour of the big ship, for they never built another sailing ship as big as the *Aristides*, and she was only 1,661 tons, no great size for a passenger ship even at that date.

Pericles was built alongside Duthie's *Brilliant*, and as both ships were intended for the Sydney trade, there was tremendous rivalry between the two yards, not only as to which ship should be the first off the ways, but in everything to do with their construction and outfit. No doubt there are men alive in Aberdeen to-day who took part in this shipbuilding contest, and can remember not only the intense interest which it aroused, but the hustling and driving of the different foremen, and the extreme difficulty of satisfying the overlookers. We may be sure that none but the most skilled craftsmen could hold down their jobs, whilst material with the slightest defect was condemned without a moment's hesitation. It is in such rivalry that shipbuilding becomes a matter of supreme craft rather than of driving rivets and bolting unsympathetic lengths and squares of iron together.

Though both ships were as perfect in build, as handsome in appearance, and as up-to-date in design as it was possible for a first-class iron clipper of the 'seventies to be, they each had their own character, and differed from each other not only in appearance, but in quality. *Brilliant* was built for cargo, and had a short poop, whereas *Pericles* had the white-painted, half-rounded poop of the passenger ship, 56 feet long, and extended well forward of the mizen mast.

Neither ship crossed skysails, but *Brilliant* was a six-topgallant yard ship, whilst *Pericles* sported a deep single topgallant sail on her mizen mast. It was before the days of the spike bowsprit, and both vessels had very long jib-booms.

It is difficult to award the palm as regards looks. *Brilliant*, with her glossy black sides set off by a brass topgallant rail, was known as Duthie's yacht, but no ship ever looked smarter than an Aberdeen White Star liner with her green topsides, white deck fittings, and white lower masts and doublings.

This shipbuilding race ended in a dead heat; the green *Pericles* and the black *Brilliant* being launched on the same tide in July, 1877. *Pericles* was put in charge of Captain Largie, a very experienced skipper in Thompson's employ, who had previously commanded the first *Centurion*, *Phœnician*, and latterly *Jerusalem*.

On their maiden passages both ships distinguished themselves. Unfortunately, *Brilliant* could not get loaded in time to get away with the *Pericles*, which left Plymouth at 11 p.m. on September 20th, with 489 emigrants on board. Nevertheless, it will be of interest to note their times between points, which were as follows :

	Pericles.		*Brilliant.*	
Left Plymouth	Sept. 20		Oct. 2 (off Start)	
Crossed Equator..	Oct. 17	27 days out	Oct. 31	29 days out
Crossed Greenwich Meridian ..	Nov. 3			
Crossed Cape Meridian ..	Nov. 7	48 „	Nov. 26	55 „
Passed S.W. Cape, Tasmania ..	Nov. 30	71 „	Dec. 10 (off Otway)	69 „
Passed Gabo Light (11 p.m.) ..	Dec. 2			
Arrived Sydney	Dec. 3	74 „	Dec. 20	79 „

Both ships were very hard driven, especially in the " roaring forties," when they proved their qualities, both as to speed and seaworthiness.

Pericles made her best week's work in a gale of hurricane force which overtook her in 44° 11′ S. 87° 48′ E., on November 21st. Between the 23rd and 24th, when it was blowing its hardest, the green clipper covered 354 sea miles in the 23½-hour day of 44° S., when going East. The *Brilliant*, though she did not succeed in running off quite so many knots of line in a day's work, did wonderfully between the Cape Meridian and the Otway. Largie won a new hat, but if *Brilliant* had had any luck at all on the coast, he would have lost it.

The maiden passage of *Pericles* was only beaten by one ship, in 1877, and that was the famous *Cutty Sark*, which did the same run in two days' less time.

On the outward passage in 1879 the two rivals made the closest race of their struggle for supremacy. *Pericles* again got away first, but, unfortunately, went ashore outside Plymouth, and after being floated safely had to return to port, go into dock and discharge cargo. She left Plymouth for the second time on August 29th; meanwhile *Brilliant* had sailed from London, and thus it happened that the two ships took their departure from the Lizard on the same day, August 30th.

In the run to the Line *Pericles* had the best of it, and crossed the Equator on September 25th, with a lead of two days. *Brilliant* lost another day in the South Atlantic, the Cape Meridian being crossed by *Pericles* on October 17th and by *Brilliant* on October 20th.

Running the easting down both ships made splendid time, the *Pericles* passing the Otway on November 10th, 24 days from the Meridian of the Cape, whilst *Brilliant* covered the same distance in 23 days, signalling the Otway on November 12th. Up the coast *Brilliant* gained steadily, but she could not quite overhaul *Pericles*, which anchored in Sydney harbour on November 14th, 76 days out from the Lizard. *Brilliant* arrived on the 15th, a bare 24 hours behind.

In ten passages to Sydney, the average of the *Pericles* was 84 days; Largie's best performance was 71 days in 1886–7, when he left on November 20th and arrived in Port Jackson on January 30th. His run out in 1885 was also a very good one; the pilot was landed at Dartmouth at 5.30 a.m. on July 29th, the Equator was crossed in 17° 30′ W. on August 20th; the Meridian of Greenwich on September 11th in 42° S.; the Meridian of the Cape on

Lorelei

Built 1877 Wood Clipper.

September 15th, and that of the Leeuwin on October 3rd. *Pericles* was off the Otway on October 10th, and entered Sydney Heads at noon on October 13th, 76 days out.

On his arrival in Sydney on April 19th, 1888, Captain Largie was compelled to relinquish his command, owing to trouble with his eyes, and to return home by mail boat. Messrs. George Thompson & Sons rarely appointed a master who had not grown up from a boy in their service, and the sudden loss of Captain Largie at the other end of the world put them in a bit of a quandary.

However, on May 3rd, the little flyer, *Salamis*, arrived at Melbourne, 70 days out from the Channel, and Captain William Phillips was instructed to hand over the *Salamis* to his son and chief officer, and take charge of the *Pericles*. Captain Phillips had commanded the *Salamis* with great success for 13 years, and previous to that had had the *Harlaw*, so the *Pericles* was not likely to lose her reputation in his hands.

Though the *Pericles* invariably loaded out to Sydney whilst she was under the Aberdeen White Star flag, she was not a regular wool clipper, but when she did load wool, she was never allowed more than 85 days to catch the sales, her best passage being 79 days.

Messrs. George Thompson & Sons, when they did divert their ships from the Australian trade, usually sent them across to China, but when *Pericles* came on the scene, the tea trade had been almost entirely captured by the racing steamers. However, both the Calcutta and San Francisco trades were booming ; thus we find *Pericles* being sent up to Calcutta in 1882 to load a jute cargo for New York, and she made several trips across the Pacific in order to bring home a grain cargo from California.

In 1888 *Pericles* was 110 days from San Francisco to Falmouth, whilst in 1889–90 she made a close race of it with the celebrated tea clipper *Titania*, which had been acquired by the Hudson Bay Company for their Vancouver trade.

Titania left Vancouver on September 27th, 1889, whilst *Pericles* left San Francisco on September 28th. *Titania*, which in some half-dozen years of voyaging round the Horn made the most astonishing record in the Vancouver trade, was only 110 days to London, docking on January 15th. *Pericles* arrived in the Thames three days later, and 112 days from the grain port.

In 1890 Captain Phillips had a close race with the fine steel ship *Ardencaple* of 1,737 tons, which belonged to Edmiston & Mitchells, of Glasgow, having been built in 1885 by Alexander Stephen & Sons. *Pericles* and *Ardencaple* both left the Thames on March 17th for Sydney. The big steel ship managed to cross the Line on April 10th, a day ahead of *Pericles*, and this advantage was maintained throughout the race, *Ardencaple* finally dropping her anchor in Watson's Bay on the morning of June 11th, and *Pericles* in the afternoon of the same day.

Captain Phillips commanded the *Pericles* until 1900, when he was succeeded by Captain John Henderson, another very well-known sailing-ship skipper, who had been in charge of the famous *Thermopylæ*, amongst other Aberdeen White Star ships. Captain Henderson had the *Pericles* for three voyages, and each time took her across to the west coast of North America and loaded grain home, his best passage being 112 days to Falmouth from the Golden Gate.

In 1904 *Pericles* was sold to the Norwegians, who robbed her of her mizen yards and put her into the timber trade between Norway and Melbourne.

Pericles was one of those lucky ships which were rarely in trouble and never on the overdue list. When the war broke out the old ship continued her steady voyaging, and not only escaped the submarines, but made a great deal of money for her Norwegian owners. Towards the last she was disguised under the name of *Sjurso ;* in the autumn of 1923 she was sold for what she would fetch, towed to Kiel and broken up.

THE "CIMBA."

THE *Cimba* was built in 1878 for the Australian wool trade by Hood, of Aberdeen, to the order of Alexander Nicol & Co. She was an out-and-out wool clipper, fine lined, heavily sparred and beautifully finished. The word "Cimba," which means lion, was taken from the life-story of Livingstone, the African explorer; it was this word which was shouted by his native boys when he had the recorded adventure with a lion.

The *Cimba's* figure-head was, of course, a lion. It was the conventional lion figure-head which dated back to the days of Charles II, when most of our men-of-war, except the first-rates, had lion figure-heads, and what was known as "the sweep of the lion" gave the first sweet curve of a fiddle-head bow. In the old days great stress was laid on the importance of the conventional curve of the lion's head; the lion itself straddled the stem, and usually held a shield in its fore-paws. In the case of the *Cimba* this shield was the Shield of Scotland, which was closely imitated in Nicol's house flag.

Like all Aberdeen ships, the *Cimba* was beautifully finished, and with her topsides of Aberdeen green, her gilt scrolls, and magnificent figure-head, was always greatly admired wherever she went. Her registered measurements were as follows:—Length, 223 feet; breadth, 34 feet 6 inches; depth, 21 feet 7 inches, with a tonnage of 1,174.

Her sail plan had width more than height, her lower masts being rather short for a ship of her size—the main lower mast was 60 feet from deck to cap. But her iron yards were very heavy, the fore and main lower yards weighing over 4 tons apiece, with a length of 82 feet. She had no skysails, but set big royals (the fore and main royals were 41 feet long) over double topgallants.

Always a tender ship, she was very fast in light winds, but had to be handled carefully in heavy weather, yet she constantly topped the 300 miles in the short 23½-hour day running her easting down. Her best 24-hour run, so far as I have been able to discover from her captain's abstracts, was 336 miles, made in Lat. 37° S., Long. 46° E. on June 8th, 1895. Captain Holmes was driving her before a fresh S.W. gale, and the terse entry, "Lost 2nd mate overboard," shows that the little ship was having a stirring time of it.

Captain J. W. Holmes was *Cimba's* second commander, and this was his first trip in her. Up to 1895 she was in charge of Captain Fimister.

The *Cimba* made 29 voyages under Nicol's house flag; 24 of her outward passages were made to Sydney, two to Brisbane, one to Newcastle, N.S.W., and one to Rockhampton.

Her passages, both out and home, were uniformly good, her best to Sydney being 71 days from the Channel, in 1880, whilst on the homeward run she signalled the Lizard 73 days out from Sydney in 1889, and 75 days out in 1896. On this last passage she had two of Carmichael's fastest ships, *Thessalus* and *Argonaut*, against her. *Argonaut* was not sighted during the passage, and was easily vanquished, but *Thessalus*, which was one of the fastest iron ships ever built, was in company twice during the passage. On each occasion the *Cimba* ran up on her big rival in light winds, and was left behind when the breeze freshened.

On the second occasion the ships were in company for two days, November 24th and 25th, from 41° to 35° S. and 38° to 34° W., the *Cimba's* runs being 190 and 195 miles. By noon on the 25th the wind had increased to a strong gale from N.N.W. *Cimba* had to be snugged down to lower topsails, whilst the more powerful *Thessalus* ran out of sight ahead. Yet, notwithstanding her superior power, *Thessalus* did not get away from *Cimba* very much, for on December 31st at noon, whilst *Thessalus* was signalling the Start, *Cimba* reported off the Lizard. With regard to this encounter, Captain Holmes remarked : " *Thessalus* was a wonderfully fast ship ; I think the five-masted German *Potosi* is the only one I have seen to touch her. *Cimba* came up to *Thessalus* in light winds, but when the latter got the breeze, she just romped away from me as if I were at anchor."

Cimba twice encountered the famous nitrate clipper, *Potosi*, the first occasion being in 1895, on the previous voyage to her race with *Thessalus*. It was the *Potosi's* maiden voyage. She left Iquique, homeward bound, on October 26th, sighted Diego Ramirez on November 15th, and was in company with *Cimba* from November 27th to 29th—*Cimba* had left Sydney on October 16th, and rounded the Horn on November 12th. Whilst the two ships were in company, *Cimba's* daily runs were 88, 205, and 211 miles. Once again the little wool clipper was overpowered as soon as the wind freshened. *Potosi* crossed the Line on December 14th, and *Cimba* four days later, on the 18th ; but from the Line to Soundings the five-master had much the best of it, and made the Lizard on January 2nd, a fortnight ahead of *Cimba*, having averaged 11 knots from Lat. 27° N., Long. 38° W.

In the autumn of 1902 the little *Cimba* once more came up against the gigantic nitrate clipper. Both ships were outward bound. *Cimba* took her departure from the Lizard at 11 p.m. on September 20th, and *Potosi* passed Prawle Point on September 24th. On October 17th, in Lat. 6° 58′ N., Long. 21° 31′ W., *Cimba* was battling south against a strong and squally head wind, when *Potosi* showed up seven miles to windward. A week later, in 2° 31′ S. 21° 10′ W., with the wind still in the south, but more moderate, *Potosi* again showed over the horizon, but this time she was seven miles to leeward. By noon on the following day, October 25th, *Cimba* had made 161 miles, in spite of a dead muzzler, but she could not hold on to the five-master, which was now five miles ahead. By dark *Potosi* was almost out of sight ahead, and she was not seen again. With the possible exception of the bigger five-mast ship, *Preussen*, *Potosi* was considered the fastest of all Laeisz's fleet, and claimed to have logged 17½ knots on many occasions.

There were not many clippers capable of running the *Cimba* below the horizon. It is true that the *Cutty Sark* did so on their famous encounter up the Australian coast in 1890, when she passed *Cimba* between Wilson's Promontory and Gabo Island in a hard south-easter, and beat her by 12 hours to Sydney from the Promontory. But on this occasion Woodget thrashed the *Cutty Sark* through it under all plain sail, whilst Fimister only shook out the reefs in his upper topsails when he saw his rival showing her royals over the horizon astern.

In her old age *Cimba* was twice unable to get a wool cargo, and had to cross the Pacific to the West Coast of South America for a homeward freight. In 1903 she left Brisbane in ballast, drawing 14 feet with 650 tons of stiffening, for Talcahuano, where she arrived 45 days out, beating a fast four-mast barque, with which she had been in company for five days. Loading nitrate at Valparaiso, she made the run home round the Horn to Browhead in 80 days.

In 1905 *Cimba* again crossed the Pacific, taking coal from Newcastle, N.S.W., to Callao, where she anchored on May 18th, 60 days out, after a stormy passage. From Callao she was sent on to Iquique, and broke the sailing-ship record between these two ports. Leaving Callao at 7 p.m. on July 2nd, she anchored in Iquique at 2 a.m. on the 17th, having covered 2,080 miles in 14 days. This is a very difficult passage to make, the winds being usually

"Cimbra"

Built 1878 Wood Clipper

from the S.E. and right in one's teeth. The *Cimba's* best run was only 246 miles, and she had the yards on the backstays the whole way.

She finally loaded for home at Caleta Buena, and, sailing on September 14th, 1905, rounded the Horn on October 12th, crossed the Equator on November 10th, and anchored in Falmouth Harbour at 2 p.m. on December 8th, having covered 11,885 miles at an average of 140 per day. It was her last passage under the Red Ensign, for in March, 1906, owing to the death of her owner, she was sold in Rotterdam to the Norwegians. Her new owners stripped the yards off her mizen and kept her at work without paint or varnish.

In 1911 she still had the green sides, yellow strake and fancy scrolls, but the beautiful teak of her deck-houses was bare of paint, some of the doors had come off and been replaced by deal ones, and the old clipper looked thoroughly forlorn and unkempt. Yet she still gave many a taste of her speed, and it was about this date that she is credited with the remarkable run of 14 days from Dublin to the St. Lawrence. Her usual cargo was now Baltic timber, and she continued to be a constant visitor to the Aberdeen Bay, E.I. Dock, though firewood and deals came out of her hatches instead of wool. I believe the old ship was wrecked about 1916. Her old master, Captain Holmes, was still hale and hearty when last I heard from him.

There is just one more note to make concerning this ship. Captain Holmes was a firm believer in the advantage of perforated sails in light winds, and so the *Cimba* was given holes in the clews of her staysails and along the foot of her squaresails. Captain Holmes took every opportunity of testing this device when in company with other ships. He had sandbags made, with which he could plug the holes, so as to be able to note the difference in sailing when the holes were plugged and when they were not. The idea of perforated sails is to get rid of the dead wind held in the belly of a sail. This acts as a cushion to the true wind, thus taking off much of its effect.

The most noted advocates of perforated sails were Captains Holmes of the *Cimba*, Pattman of the *Loch Torridon*, Poppy of the *Aristides*, and Cutler of the *Port Jackson*. As all these men were noted passage-makers, there must be something in the idea, though to the uninitiated it must appear an absurdity. I do not believe it has ever been tried in yacht racing. If Captain Holmes is right in his theory, racing yachts should certainly have a hole in the belly of their spinnakers!

THE "LOCH TORRIDON."

ABOUT 1875 the rapid development of trade between Great Britain, her Colonies, India and America called not only for more ships, but for bigger ships. The broker of the 'fifties and 'sixties often found a difficulty in Colonial ports in finding sufficient cargo for a ship of over 1,000 tons, and thus the saying that a big ship was a big mistake was still held to be true by most British shipowners of the mid-Victorian era. But by the middle of the 'seventies there were such vast amounts of grain, wool and jute ready for shipment in such ports as San Francisco, Melbourne, Sydney and Calcutta that the small ships of the 'sixties were quite unable to cope with them. At the same time iron plates and wire rigging had solved the chief difficulty of the shipbuilder—that of working wood in unwieldy sizes and supporting the huge masts and spars. Yet, in spite of the use of iron and wire, it was soon found that three-masted full-rig ships of over 1,500 tons were by no means economical to run; and so the four-mast ship, which for a dozen years was a very familiar sight in the port of Calcutta, was designed. This was quickly followed by the four-mast barque, which proved to be very nearly as fast as the ship, without requiring so large a crew.

The famous Loch Line, of Glasgow, were not long in following the fashion. In 1877 Messrs. Barclay, Curle & Co. launched the first four-mast barque, the *Tweedsdale*, of 1,460 tons, for J. and A. Roxburgh; three years later they received an order from Messrs. Aitken & Lilburn, of the Loch Line, for a couple of 2,000-ton four-mast barques, the *Lochs Torridon* and *Moidart*. The latter only had a short life, being wrecked on the Dutch coast in 1890, when bound for Hamburg from Pisagua with a cargo of nitrate.

But the *Loch Torridon* became famous as one of the most perfect four-mast barques ever built. A few of her chief measurements should, therefore, be of interest. She was 287 feet 4 inches long, 42 feet 6 inches beam, and had 24 feet depth of hold. She was not only well sparred, but her sail plan was perfectly balanced, making her a very handy ship, and easy on her helm, which was not a very common virtue amongst the great fleet of four-masted sailing ships which covered the seas during the 'eighties and 'nineties. Her main and mizen masts, from deck to truck, measured 152 feet, her foremast 148 feet.

The sails were interchangeable on all three masts, a handy and economical arrangement, commonly followed in the last days of sail. Her lower yards measured 88 feet, lower topsail 78, upper topsail 74, topgallant 56, and royal 42½. She had no skysails, but her royals were 18 feet deep at the bunt. In 1881 the spike bowsprit had not come into fashion, and *Loch Torridon* had the bowsprit and jib-boom in two spars, which measured 56 feet over all.

One can have no better testimony as to her lines than that of Sir W. H. White, the Naval Architect to the Admiralty, who wrote in 1892: "*Loch Torridon* is, perhaps, one of the most graceful and elegant models ever launched from the Glasgow shipyards."

In the spring of 1882 the *Loch Torridon* loaded a heavy Clyde cargo for Melbourne. Her commander was Captain Pinder. Her first passage gave little indication of her sailing capabilities, as she took 105 days to Hobson's Bay. This was not good enough to give her a place amongst the wool clippers, and she was sent up to Calcutta with the usual cargo of horses. On August 22nd, 1882, she left Calcutta with a cargo of jute. All went well until she was off the Cape, when, on October 9th, she ran into a heavy W.N.W. gale. Captain Pinder hove her to on the starboard tack under a close-reefed main topsail. Then he wore her round on to the port tack, but with the squalls increasing she lay down, and put her starboard rail under ; he thereupon decided to wear her back again on to the starboard tack.

The mate begged him to set the foresail before he put his helm up, but Captain Pinder having been lucky the first time, determined to risk it. The consequence was that when she got off before the wind there was not enough way on her, and a tremendous sea broke over the poop and carried Captain Pinder, the 2nd mate, man at the wheel, sailmaker, and a boy, overboard. The mate was also swept away, but saved by a turn of the main-brace holding him by the leg. The men overboard could not be rescued in such a sea and were never seen again, the mate bringing the ship home.

In the matter of finding a new commander for the *Loch Torridon*, Messrs. Aitken & Lilburn were lucky in being able to persuade Captain Robert Pattman to give up the command of Messrs. R. and S. Craig's four-mast ship, *County of Selkirk*, in order to take over the Loch liner. Not only was Captain Pattman a fine passage-maker and safe navigator, but he took great trouble in picking a crew, and being a firm believer in the superiority of his own nationality as sailors, his fo'c'sle was often wholly composed of Britishers. He was also one of those men who really trained apprentices and taught them their profession.

Captain Pattman sailed the *Loch Torridon* for 26 years and 9 months, making 25 voyages round the world without a serious mishap, and with hardly a passage which was not well above the average. Space will not permit of more than a few notes on some of the best :

1882–3. Glasgow to Melbourne (with 59 passengers and 12 prize stallions)—74 days.

Melbourne to Calcutta (with 320 horses)—42 days. The horse trade between Australia and India was a very paying one in those days, and the *Loch Torridon* cleared £1,250 on the trip.

Calcutta to London—103 days. It was always very difficult for long-voyage iron ships to make a good homeward passage owing to the growth of weed and barnacles which foul an iron bottom. Occasionally ships were dry-docked for the homeward passage—this was generally the case with the wool clippers, but very rare with other vessels.

1883–4. Glasgow to Melbourne (with 61 passengers)—79 days.

Newcastle, N.S.W., to San Francisco—58 days.

On the following voyage she again crossed the Pacific from Newcastle, N.S.W., to San Francisco in 58 days. On each of these occasions she beat a number of well-known ships.

For the next five voyages she was in the Indian trade, but in 1891 she went out to Sydney and loaded wool home. It was her first wool cargo, and all the regular ships sailed ahead of her. No fewer than 77 magnificent sailing ships loaded wool that year for the London market.

"Loch Torridon"
Built 1881 Wool Clipper.

The *Loch Torridon* was looked upon as an outsider, and did not leave Sydney until March 27th. Captain Pattman was 40 days to the Horn, having passed to the north of New Zealand, and met with nothing but easterly winds. Soon after he had rounded the corner he found himself amongst the ice, which was very plentiful in the earlier 'nineties, vast masses of drift-ice, and ice-islands from 1,000 to 1,500 feet high, having evidently broken off from the Antarctic barrier, and been driven north by wind and current until the track of the homeward-bound Cape Horners was almost blocked.

Loch Torridon, however, was fortunate in clearing the ice this year in 12 hours, and she made a record run up the Atlantic, being only 41 days from the Horn to the Lizard, her whole passage totalling 81 days, which was the best of the season. Notwithstanding this splendid performance Captain Pattman could get no cargo in London, and he was forced to go out to Melbourne in ballast in 1892–3. With a high side the *Loch Torridon* made great running, and reached Melbourne only 69 days out.

Her best week's work in the " roaring forties " was 2,119 miles, and she made the following consecutive runs : 303, 290, 288, 272, 285, 327 and 341.

In 1893 *Loch Torridon* went out to Melbourne with timber from Frederikstadt in 87 days, or 77 days from Ushant.

In 1894 she took coke and railway iron from Barry to Port Pirrie in 72 days, her best 24-hour run being 327 miles.

On each of these three voyages she loaded for home at Melbourne, her passages being between 90 and 96 days.

In 1895 the export trade from the United Kingdom to Victoria was so bad that Captain Pattman thought himself lucky to get a good charter for Cape Town. The *Loch Torridon* went from London to Table Bay in 55 days. Here she was visited and greatly admired by Lord Brassey. From Cape Town she cleared for Melbourne, but finding homeward freights no better in the Colonies loaded coal at Newcastle, N.S.W., for Valparaiso.

The record from Australia to the West Coast of South America had been 32 days. Though the *Loch Torridon* broke this record she was beaten in her turn by the four-mast ship *Wendur*. The two vessels left Newcastle together on January 1st, 1896. *Wendur* anchored in Valparaiso Bay at 8 p.m. on January 29th, 29 days out, but *Loch Torridon* was held up in the offing by fog and calm, and did not arrive until six hours later. Curiously enough the *Wendur* also took the record from Frederikstadt to Melbourne from *Loch Torridon*, her time being 81 days. On the west coast *Loch Torridon* loaded at Tocopilla for Hamburg. With a foul bottom her run home was a poor one, and she had her decks badly swept off the Horn, which necessitated a big repair bill on her return to Glasgow.

In 1896–7 Captain Pattman reached Adelaide, only 71 days out from Glasgow, then crossed from Newcastle, N.S.W., to 'Frisco in 46 days, and came home with grain to Falmouth in 113 days.

In 1898–9 *Loch Torridon* went out to Sydney in 72 days, and came home from Port Lyttelton in 86 days.

Right up to 1908 Captain Pattman kept the old ship in the front rank, her best performances being London to Adelaide 79 days in 1902, Newcastle, N.S.W., to 'Frisco 45 days in 1903, Glasgow to Sydney 77 days in 1904, Melbourne to London 86 days in 1908, and Melbourne to London 87 days in 1909. On September 5th, 1909, Captain Pattman resigned the command of the *Loch Torridon*, his reason being the ever-increasing difficulty in finding competent officers and crews. It must have caused him many a heart pang to leave the *Loch Torridon*. One might even conclude that he left his luck behind on his

old vessel, for, after being singularly free from accident during his long career in sail, he had no sooner gone into steam than he was smashed up by a sea on his own bridge, his leg being so badly broken that he died in hospital, after being landed at Falmouth.

The *Loch Torridon* survived until 1915. Just two years before the war she was sold to the Russians. Towards the end of January, 1915, she was off the west coast of Ireland bound for the Channel with a cargo of timber. The newspaper report stated that she was abandoned owing to a leak, her captain and crew being taken off by the s.s. *Orduna*, whose captain, 1st and 2nd officers, and boats' crew were rewarded for a gallant rescue by the Shipwreck and Humane Society of Liverpool. To all lovers of the old ship this end must seem very unsatisfactory. She was close to a port, had a buoyant cargo, and yet, at a time when ships were worth their weight in gold, was abandoned owing to a leak ! One is forced to the conclusion that a British crew would have saved her.

THE "PORT JACKSON."

THIS beautiful four-mast barque is best remembered as one of Devitt & Moore's celebrated cadet ships ; and there must be a great number of officers in the Mercantile Marine who look back to their time in the *Port Jackson* with that warm-hearted feeling which shore-goers keep for an old school.

The *Port Jackson* was built in 1882 by the famous firm of Hall, of Aberdeen, for the equally famous firm of Duthie Bros., who intended the vessel for the Australian trade, in which they had been amongst the earliest pioneers. She was designed by Mr. Alexander Duthie, and registered 2,132 tons, 286 feet 2 inches in length, 41 feet 1 inch beam, and 25 feet 2 inches depth of hold. She cost £29,000 to build, or at the rate of £13 a ton, and the Duthie Brothers, being expert shipbuilders themselves, overlooked every detail of her construction with the utmost care.

The fashion in four-mast barques had only come in a few years, and in the early 'eighties every builder of any repute was striving to produce a vessel which would prove superior to her rivals, not only in design and rig, but in strength and seaworthiness. Members of Lloyd's will, I know, bear me out in my testimony to the everlasting qualities of these iron ships, to the strength of their plates, the perfection of their riveting, and their perfect finish down to the most insignificant detail. One and all, these iron sailing ships have outlasted the later steel ships, which with competition ever growing keener and freights falling steadily, were jerry-built compared with their iron predecessors.

As a specimen of an iron ship of this era, the *Port Jackson* was certainly hard to beat. She was always celebrated for her good looks, and her performances equalled them. The *Port Jackson* spent most of her life trading to that wonderful harbour from which she took her name. Through the 'eighties she was commanded by Captain Crombie.

On her maiden passage she reached Sydney 77 days out from the Channel, being the first four-mast barque to make the trip in under 80 days. Her best run in the 24 hours was 345 miles. Her passages both out and home were very regular, averaging from 80 to 85 days outward, and 10 days or so more coming home.

There is very little incident to record in these steady passages to and from Australia until 1893. She arrived out on May 14th, and then nearly came to her end by fire. The damage sustained on this occasion is briefly described as follows :—" Ship scorched throughout, 13 hold beams very badly burnt amidships, about 100 feet of the lower deck burnt, main-deck plates bent and a good deal of the main-deck planking requiring replacement." Exclusive of sails, ropes and provisions, the repairs were estimated at £4,100. After being repaired, she loaded wool at Newcastle, and sailing on November 29th, reached London 107 days out.

During the 'nineties the *Port Jackson* was commanded by Captain Hodge. She continued to hold her own against the steam tramp until well into the 20th century. At last, with charters hard to get and freights at the very bottom, her owners reluctantly laid her up

in the Thames. Here she lay idle for two years, before being purchased by Messrs. Devitt & Moore. In 1906 Messrs. Devitt & Moore contracted to take out 100 *Warspite* boys for the round trip to Australia and back in one of their sailing ships. This venture was arranged by the Marine Society for training fo'c'sle hands, and aroused a great deal of interest amongst those who had the manning of our Mercantile Marine at heart.

But Devitt & Moore were in somewhat of a quandary. They had only lately sold their *Macquarie*, and they had no other suitable ship available; thus they jumped at the opportunity presented by the *Port Jackson*, which lay in the Thames awaiting a buyer. As soon as the ship was taken over she was given a thorough refit, whilst a deck-house, 60 feet long, was erected between her main and mizen masts, where the 100 boys could sling their hammocks.

The start of her first passage as a Devitt & Moore training ship was not a very lucky one. To begin with, their most experienced and trusted Commander, Captain Cutler, to whom they had entrusted the ship, died about three weeks before she was ready to sail. A successor was found in Captain Ward.

Next, in hauling out of the S.W. India Dock on May 21st, 1906, the *Port Jackson* damaged some of her plates against the dock side, which necessitated the discharge of some 200 or 300 tons of cargo, sundry repairs, and a few days' delay in her start.

The third disaster was a much more serious affair. Whilst she lay at anchor in the Downs in a thick fog, the German steamer *Pyrgos* crashed into her and cut her down to the water-line. The *Port Jackson* heeled over under the shock, and at first it was thought that the ship was doomed. It was a trying situation for the *Warspite* boys on their first deep-sea passage, but they behaved admirably. Chief Instructor Glynn at once ordered the bugler to blow the "still," at which every boy stood to attention, silently awaiting whatever was to be. Then came the order: "Divisions fall in on the deck-house." The boys lined up, as steady as veterans, amidst the crash and rending of plates and timbers, whilst the towering bow of the steamer loomed up through the fog, apparently right on top of the sailing ship's topgallant fo'c'sle.

The sharp cutwater of the *Pyrgos* had in fact penetrated eight feet into the *Port Jackson*, making a hole just abaft the forward collision bulkhead which measured 10 feet by 12. Luckily the steamer had a clipper bow or it would have been all up with the sailing ship. As it was, the hole was above the water-line, the full force of the blow being taken by the starboard anchor and the heavy iron cathead. The cathead was bent double, whilst the anchor was stove right through the topgallant fo'c'sle, destroying all the bunks and seamen's chests. There happened to be only one hand in the fo'c'sle, and he had a marvellous escape.

Captain Ward's first order was, "Life-belts on and boats out." This was carried out swiftly but quietly and without any confusion; however, with no damage done below the water-line, it was soon realized that there was no danger of the ship sinking. Repairs, however, delayed the *Port Jackson* another month. She finally left the Downs at 6 p.m. on June 29th, and, after a very light weather passage, in which no attempt was made to carry on, reached Sydney 126 days out.

With regard to her regular crew, the *Port Jackson*, on this voyage, carried 3 mates, chaplain and doctor, 3 instructors, 3 stewards, 3 cooks, 4 quartermasters, bos'n, sailmaker, carpenter, and 14 A.Bs. This many an old sailing ship owner would have called "regular Blackwall fashion o' doing things." Though the result of this deep-sea-training voyage was eminently successful, it was undoubtedly too expensive an experiment to repeat, and on her return home the *Port Jackson* was put into Devitt & Moore's cadet-training service.

Of the *Warspite* boys, whose ages ranged from 14 to 18 years, 94 shipped straight away as ordinary seamen in the Mercantile Marine, the remaining six joining the Royal Navy.

Port Jackson

Built 1882 Wool Clipper

Eight of the boys went away in sailing ships, 21 entered the Cunard employ, whilst the rest went into tramp steamers at a wage of £2 per month.

For the next seven years the *Port Jackson* sailed regularly to Australia with cadets under that well-known commander, Captain Maitland.

On the outbreak of the war she was laid up at Grimsby. But it was not long before every ship was wanted by the British Empire in this titanic struggle, and after only a few months of idleness the *Port Jackson* was towed round to the Thames with coal in her hold.

She next took in cement at Northfleet and sailed for Buenos Ayres ; from the River Plate she took linseed to New York, where she loaded case oil, which was safely delivered at Adelaide. From Adelaide she sailed to Nantes, where Captain Maitland retired from the sea and left her in charge of the mate. The mate took her safely out to Buenos Ayres in ballast. This time she loaded wheat for the United Kingdom.

The *Port Jackson* left Buenos Ayres on January 17th, 1917. So far she had escaped mine, submarine, and raider, but her luck was not to last. On April 28th, in 51° N. 16° 20′ W., she was sunk without warning by a German submarine. Her crew took to the boats, the mate and 14 men being eventually picked up and landed at Queenstown, but nothing was ever heard of her master and the remaining 12 men of her crew.

THE "MOUNT STEWART."

IN Lloyd's Register of 1923–4 only 28 British-owned sailing ships of over 1,000 tons are listed ; and of these the only vessel which was still under her original house flag was the *Mount Stewart*, owned by Donaldson, Rose & Co. Shipowners are credited by most seafarers with stony hearts and hard business heads ; yet the fact that sailing ships are still making voyages proves that there is a strong dash of sentiment in the make-up of the man who earns a livelihood through his ships. And this has always been so.

Owners have always had their pet ships, vessels upon which they have lavished money, often without any hope of a return. Of all man-made creations, the ship has always possessed a curious power of gaining a place in the inmost recesses of the human heart. This is easy to understand in the case of a captain or even a foremast-hand, who from long association has come to love his vessel like a home ; who has learnt to appreciate her character, delight in her beauty and glory in her brave seaworthiness. But, with owners, who have little opportunity of really knowing their ships, who rarely see them except when alongside a wharf, loading or discharging or in the grip of a tug, inward or outward bound, this affection, which very often makes a heavy inroad on the bank account, is a tribute both to man and ship.

Of these ships of sentiment *Mount Stewart* was probably one of the finest still afloat in 1925.

She and her sister ship *Cromdale* were the last two ships to be specially built for the Australian wool trade. Though not so fine lined as their predecessors and designed to carry large cargoes, they were yet vessels of a very fair speed, capable of running up to 300 miles in the 24 hours. Without the necessary speed in light and moderate winds to break records, they could be depended upon to catch the wool sales, and their names were rarely seen in the overdue list.

Mount Stewart was launched from the yard of Barclay, Curle & Co. in May, 1891. In this year, besides her sister ship *Cromdale*, Barclay, Curle built the well-known full-rig ship, *Talus*, 1,954 tons, for Carmichael's Golden Fleece Line.

It would be hard to name a more sightly trio than these three ships or to give finer examples of the very last phase of the full-rig ship. Built of steel, finely proportioned, perfectly sparred, with the dainty skysail yard at the main, they were a delight to the sailor's eye and received the admiration of the shipping fraternity wherever they went.

Mount Stewart registered 1,903 tons. She measured 271 feet 6 inches in length ; 40 feet 1 inch breadth ; 23 feet 4 inches depth ; moulded depth, 25 feet 1 inch, with a freeboard amidships of 5 feet 3 inches. Her poop was the short one of the cargo carrier, not the long one of the passenger sailing ship, and barely reached to the mizen mast, being just 41 feet in length.

There is one aspect of sea life which is rarely to be found on board a steamship, and that is the homelike aspect. In many a square-rigged, "deep waterman," captains took their wives and children to sea for voyage after voyage. Such vessels were floating homes, and provided the wives were women of the right sort, were invariably happy, peaceful ships. One has, of course, met old shell-backs who shuddered at the very idea of a woman aboard ship, but these men are the rare exceptions who had been unlucky enough to be shipmates with one of those captain's wives who, having subdued her own husband, followed this conquest up by subjecting the whole ship's company to a rule of either the meanest type of economy or the bitterest kind of virulent terrorism. A few cases of such women could be recalled, but as a general rule the skipper's wife helped to make a peaceful, happy ship and most seamen will agree that the hardness of the life is very appreciably softened by the feminine presence aboard.

Of these homes on deep water the old *Mount Stewart* was a fine example. Her commander, Captain M. C. McColm, took charge of her in 1908 and remained in her until 1925, a period of 17 years. He never was in steam. His wife, an Australian lady, was at sea with him for a little over 13 years. But a still greater testimony to the peaceful, homelike life of the ship is the fact that the *Mount Stewart's* sailmaker was in her for 16 years, and her cook for 11 years.

In August, 1913, an interesting letter to his father from one of the *Mount Stewart's* apprentices appeared in a Sydney newspaper. This letter, describing his passage home, is of value as showing the life and training experienced by an apprentice in a first-class sailing ship during the last days of sail, and I therefore take the liberty of giving a few extracts. The boy, who was 16 years of age, was making his first deep-water trip, after an early training in the old *John Murray*. He writes from Queenstown as follows :

" We have had a fairly decent trip, though a long one. I liked it all right and have learnt a good bit, including decent steering. I have had plenty of practice in Morse and Semaphore, as there is a fairly decent crew, mostly young. . . . On the 25th the ' Old Man ' gave all the boys each a turn at furling the mizen royal, but out of 12 of us none could beat me. . . . "

And here are two samples of the windjammer virile methods of discipline :

" Tuesday we were running under fore and main topsails, mizen lower and fore and afters. The next day a dollop sent me gasping into the lee scuppers. Do you remember Chips ? Well, the same morning the 2nd mate wanted him to chock off the fore topgallant mast. The ship was rolling a good bit and Chips would not go. The 2nd mate promptly gave him a lesson on how to fight, and both were rolling about on the wet deck ; then the ' Old Man ' came forward, and on learning the cause of the fight, gave Chips a gentle reminder in his port sidelight, and poor old Chips went up like a lamb. . . Sunday, 23rd of March, I had a fight with a seaman for ordering me about, and lashed into him while the watch were squaring in the cross-jack yards. The mate, who is really a decent chap, saw us from where he was slacking the lee cross-jack braces. He made one rush at both of us, and a minute later I was rolling in the lee scuppers with a lift under my left flying-jib and a severe pain in my stern sheets. When I picked myself up from the scupper he was severely chastising the seaman, and both of us ran to the braces a little sadder, but also a little wiser. . . "

He next gives a very vivid account of a squall, experienced when the ship was nearing the Horn :

" This Sunday the boys were keeping day look-outs, and it was mine from two o'clock till four o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was nice and fine, and I went up in pants

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Fort Stewart

Built 1891 Wool Clipper

and singlet and sea boots, with my oilskins over my arm. It had just gone seven bells, and I was thinking that I would have a sleep in the dog watch, when the mate came forrard to pull on the jib sheets. Mind you, there was a fair breeze blowing, but he had only just got into the forecastle head with a couple of hands when it fell a dead calm. The ' Old Man ' had just gone on to the poop and was looking up aloft. He walked to the wheel, and as I heard afterwards, told the helmsman that he expected a bit of a blow. The ship was then under topsails and staysails. He next turned to the lee side and I happened to look the same way. On the horizon I could see nothing but one mass of froth and tremendous waves. The ' Old Man ' turned, ' Stand by topsail halyards, lower the yards half down,' he shouted, at the same time motioning the wheel hard over. In three seconds the storm had struck us. Talk about hail and spray storms, you could not beat it, and we were very nearly caught aback, when it would have been time to say our prayers. The fore-topsails blew away at once, making a noise like guns firing, and I can tell you I didn't feel exactly at my ease. After the fore-topsails had gone the ' Old Man ' got the mizen topsails in safe, when the main upper blew away. The wind and seas were something terrific. Every time she rolled, under went the lee rail, taking huge dollops, which swept the ship from rail to rail. I was shivering on the forecastle head ; the weather was as cold as ice—absolutely freezing—and I had hail and spray dashing into my face all the time for seven and a half hours, while all hands were aft on the poop.

" Something had gone wrong with the mizen staysail sheet, and two hands were sent on deck to attend to it. The first on deck, a seaman named Reginald Ick, an Australian and a nice young fellow, jumped on to the spar at the weather main-braces to see to it, and in doing so, got a weather sea on top of him, and before he had time to get off the spar, the weather rail went under and a big lee sea sent him head first overboard. The other seaman yelled to the mate, who flung a couple of life-belts, but of no avail. The mountainous seas prevented a boat from being launched, and we had to loop ahead. The ' Old Man ' did his best to put the ship round, but all hands could hardly move the yards. At midnight the wind died down gradually, but the sea was still big. . . . "

Three days later the ship passed within sight of the Diego Ramirez Rocks and headed up to the nor'ard. Then came the time of holystoning, tarring down, cleaning, chipping, scraping, and painting ; and every night in the second dog watch the " Old Man " had the boys aft on the poop and taught them to box. One Saturday in the doldrums, the Line was crossed, " and several of us were put through by Neptune, and after being tarred all over, shaved, dosed with salts by the glassful, and swallowing some curious-looking things they called pills, we were photographed and got our certificate."

The rest of the passage was uneventful, and after getting her orders at Queenstown, the *Mount Stewart* arrived at Barry Dock, after 120 days at sea. This was a long passage and by no means worthy of the old ship. One of her best homeward passages was made in 1893, under Captain G. E. Pryde, when she came home from Sydney in 88 days.

Captain McColm, who succeeded Captain C. Green in 1908, brought the old ship safely through the many dangers of the war, and finally hauled down his flag at Nantes in the summer of 1925. A very young man when he took command, Captain McColm was always a sail-carrier, and in June–July, 1921, drove the *Mount Stewart* from Delagoa Bay to Sydney in 38 days.

As long as it was possible for the sailing ship to get a homeward cargo of wool or wheat, *Mount Stewart* was kept in the London and Sydney trade, but in 1922–3 the ship was laid up for over a year in Milford Haven. Then she was ordered to load salt at Gracie, Beazley's berth in Liverpool. Her presence in the famous sailing ship port of old times raised quite

an excitement amongst the many windjammer men living in retirement along the shores of the Mersey, especially as she was one of the last half-dozen deep-water sailing ships still flying the Red Ensign.

Alas ! it was to be her last voyage. She jogged out to Sydney in 125 days ; crossed to Iquique from Newcastle, N.S.W., and then on her arrival at Nantes from the West Coast of South America, was sold to the ship-breakers. This was a heart-breaking affair for many of the old seamen, who had been a long time in the ship, and one of her hands, who had no home except the *Mount Stewart*, prophesied that he would not survive her long. Sure enough, a few days before the crew were paid off, he fell down the hold, broke his back and died in hospital.

Captain McColm, on giving up command of the *Mount Stewart*, retired with his wife and two young sons, who had never lived in a house ashore, to a dairy farm in New South Wales.

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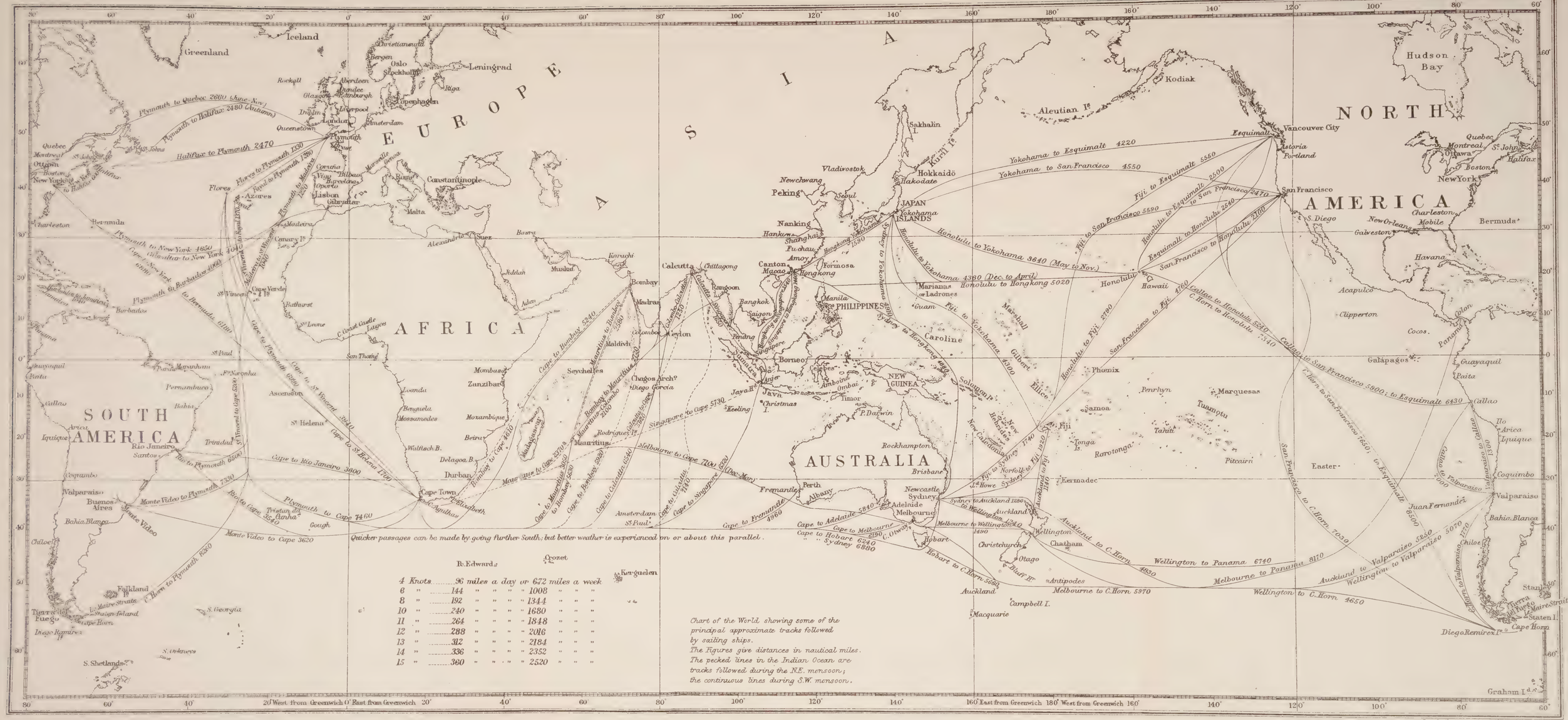
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